

MARVEL

WOLVERINE® & THE BLACK CAT™

CLASH™



JOE LINSNER • JIMMY PALMIOTTI • JUSTIN GREY

WOLVERINE & THE BLACK CAT

アラウ



CLAWZ

WOLVERINE & THE BLACK CAT

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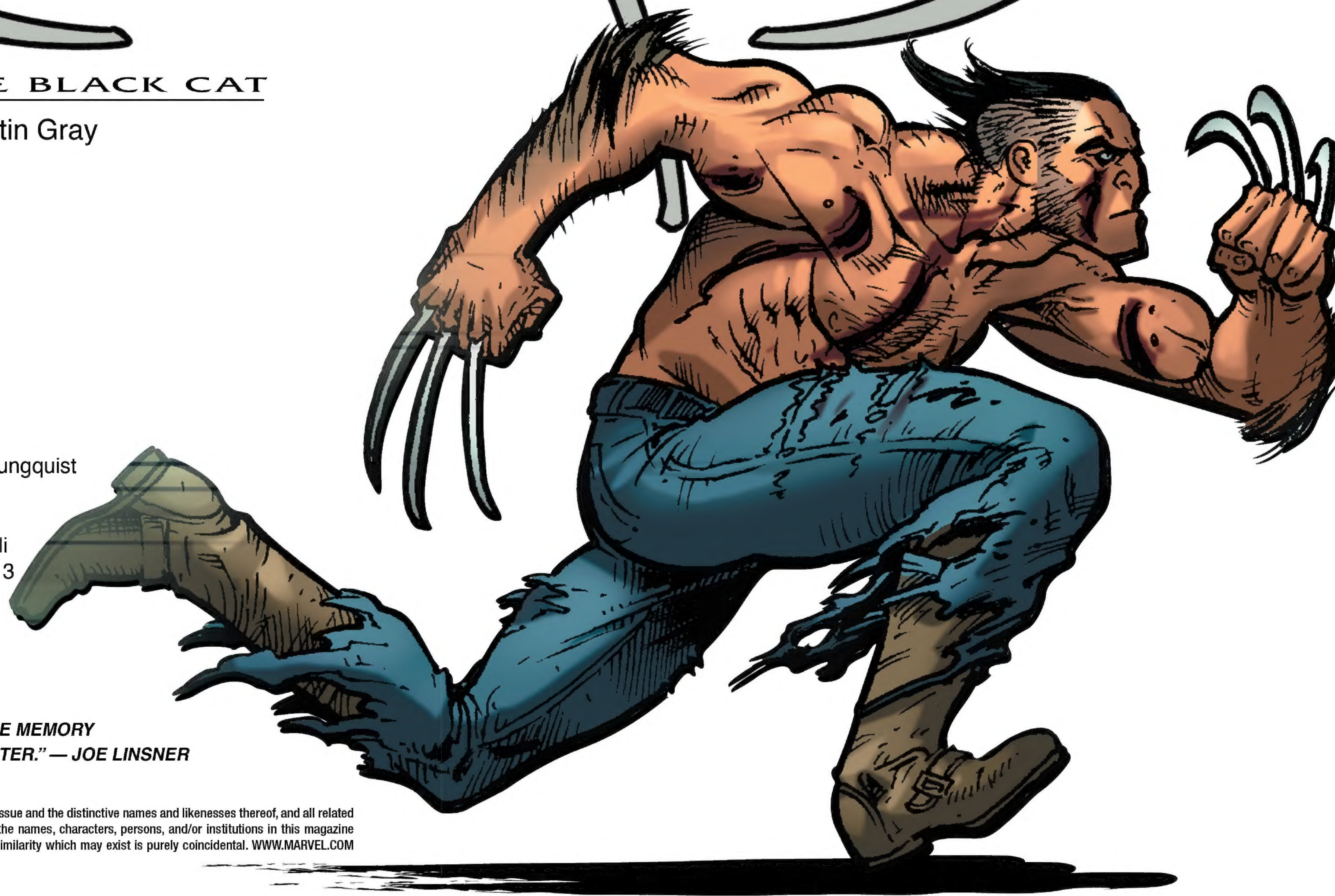
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***"I DEDICATE MY WORK ON THIS BOOK TO THE MEMORY
OF DAVE COCKRUM — A TRUE COMICS MASTER." — JOE LINSNER***



CLAWZ
#1



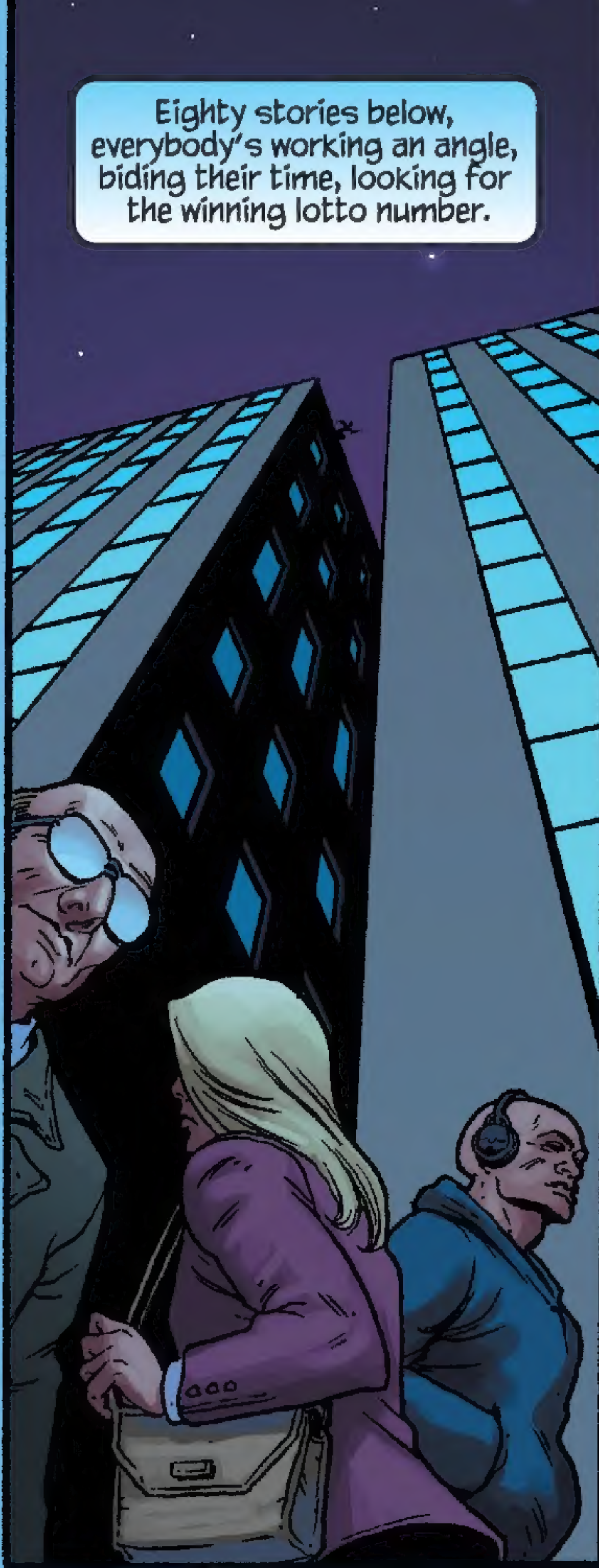
LINCOLN
2005

Manhattan,
New York.

Nothing beats
the adrenaline rush of
traveling by rooftop.

Eighty stories below,
everybody's working an angle,
biding their time, looking for
the winning lotto number.

The retail salesmen, waitresses,
artists, cabdrivers, single moms,
hookers, drug dealers and stock-
brokers are all hoping that
someday their luck will change.



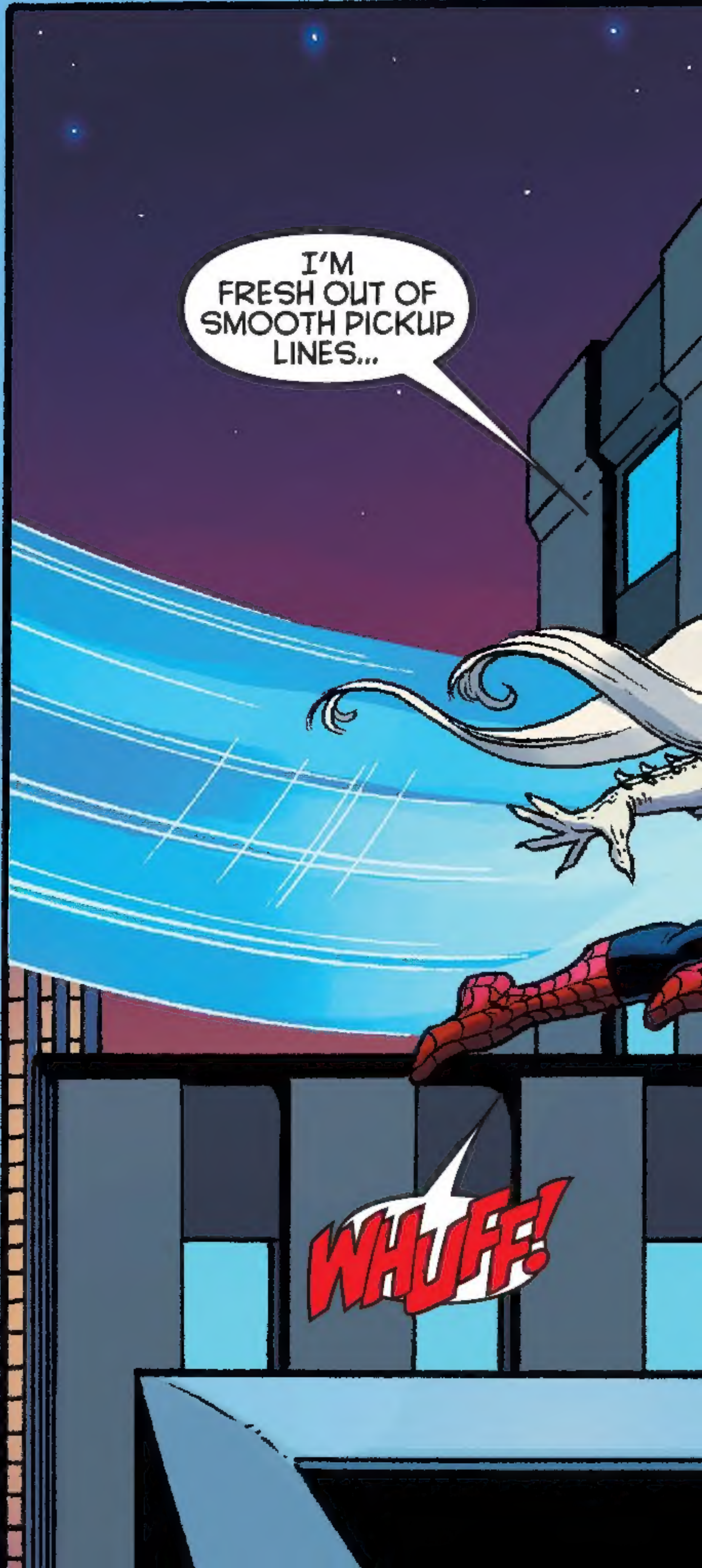
Me? I'm not much for waiting.
If I see something, I take it
and I almost never get caught.



I guess I'm just
lucky that way...



I'M
FRESH OUT OF
SMOOTH PICKUP
LINES...



CLAWS

PART 1 OF 3

...SO
I FIGURED I'D
JUMP RIGHT TO
THE KISS!





YOU'VE *NEVER*
HAD ANY FRESH PICKUP
LINES, SPIDER-MAN.

AND AS FAR
AS SMOOCHING
GOES --



-- PUCKER
UP!

BAD
KITTY!

I SEE YOU IN
THAT OUTFIT AND I THINK
TO MYSELF, AMONG OTHER
THINGS, THAT THIS GIRL IS
UP TO NO GOOD.



FOR YOUR
INFORMATION, I
WAS ON MY WAY TO
THE GYM. I HAVE A
MIDNIGHT SPIN
CLASS.



NICE LAME
EXCUSE.

YOU DON'T CALL, YOU
DON'T SEND FLOWERS, IS THERE
SOMETHING YOU'RE TRYING
TO TELL ME?

YOU'RE
DENSE. GO BE
A HERO AND PULL
A BABY OUT OF
A BURNING
BUILDING OR
SOMETHING.

YOU KNOW,
MOST GIRLS FIND
THAT SORT OF THING
ROMANTIC.

MOST GIRLS
DON'T *KNOW* YOU
LIKE I DO.

AHH,
THE GOOD OLD
DAYS.



SO TELL ME,
WHEN DID YOU BECOME
A MAN-HATER?

I DON'T
HATE *MEN*.



I DETEST MALADJUSTED, EMOTIONALLY STUNTED BOYS IN SKINTIGHT LEOTARDS.

NO, SERIOUSLY, TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL-LUGHHH!!



EVERYTHING'S A BIG JOKE WITH YOU, PARKER...



I WOULDN'T MIND IT SO MUCH IF YOU WERE ACTUALLY FUNNY.

NOW YOU'VE GOT MY SPIDER-SENSES ALL TINGLY.

VERY MATURE.

I'M NOT KNOWN FOR MY MATURITY.



PULL YOUR MASK DOWN. YOU'RE DROOLING.



THWP

HEY,
NO FAIR, YOU
MOVED!



WELL, THAT
WAS *UNLUCKY*.

ISN'T THAT ONE
OF THOSE FAMOUS RED-
TAILED HAWKS THE CITY
LOVES SO MUCH?



IT'S YOUR
FAULT!

\$@#??!!



REALLY? THAT'S
NOT MY BIRD AND I'M
NOT THE ONE WHO SQUIRTS
PARTY-STRING WHEN HE
GETS EXCITED.

CATCH YOU
LATER.

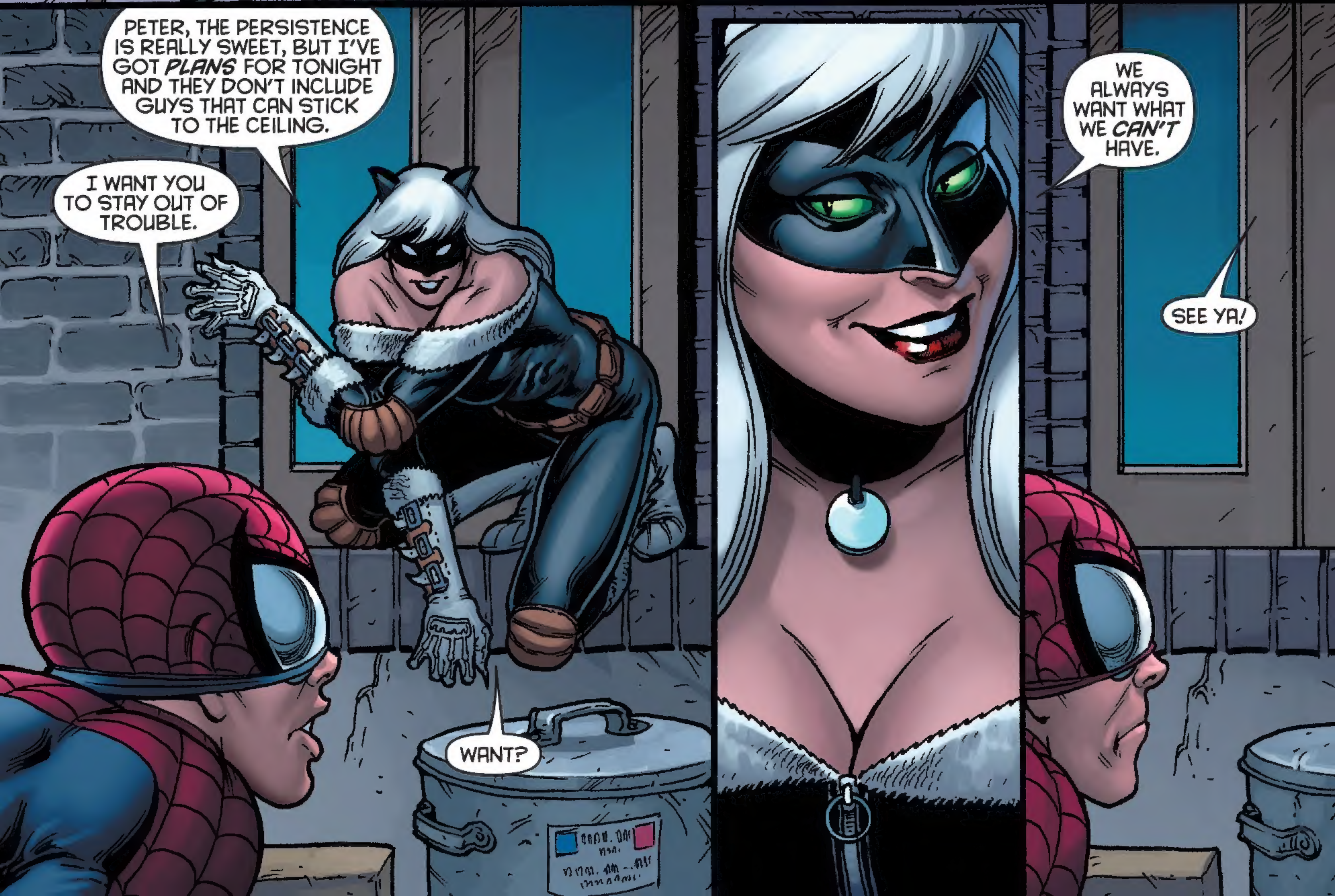


SORRY, BUDDY.
IT'LL DISSOLVE IN A
FEW HOURS, PROMISE. I'LL
BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES.
TILL THEN, DON'T
TELL *PETA*.

H'RUS!



GURK!



PETER, THE PERSISTENCE IS REALLY SWEET, BUT I'VE GOT *PLANS* FOR TONIGHT AND THEY DON'T INCLUDE GUYS THAT CAN STICK TO THE CEILING.

I WANT YOU TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.

WANT?

WE ALWAYS WANT WHAT WE *CAN'T* HAVE.

SEE YA!

Tokyo
International
Airport.

COME ON,
EMMA, ANSWER THE
PHONE.

YOU'VE
REACHED THE OFFICE
OF *EMMA FROST*. I AM
UNAVAILABLE AT THE MOMENT,
BUT IF YOU'LL LEAVE A
NAME AND NUMBER
WHERE YOU CAN BE
REACHED...

DAMMIT!

◀SIR, STEP OVER
HERE, PLEASE. WHAT IS
YOUR NAME?▶

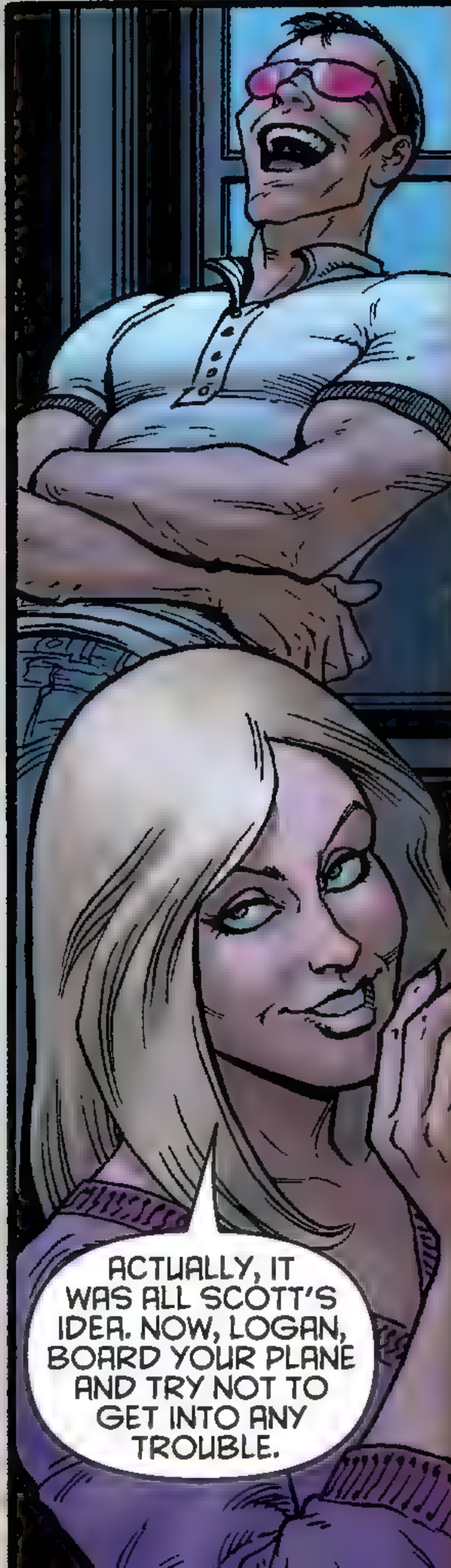
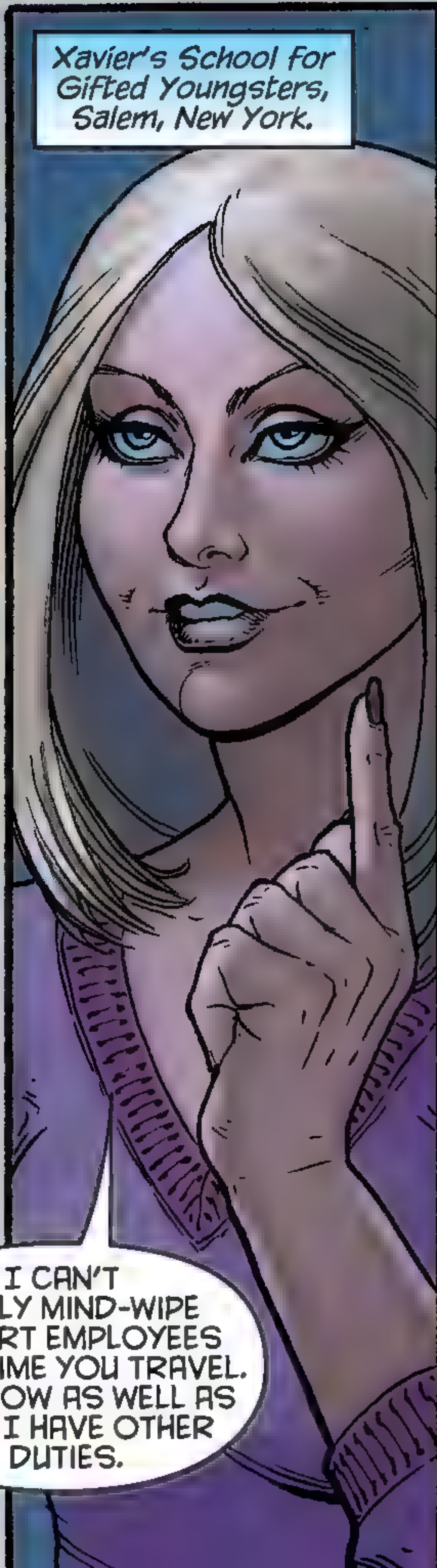
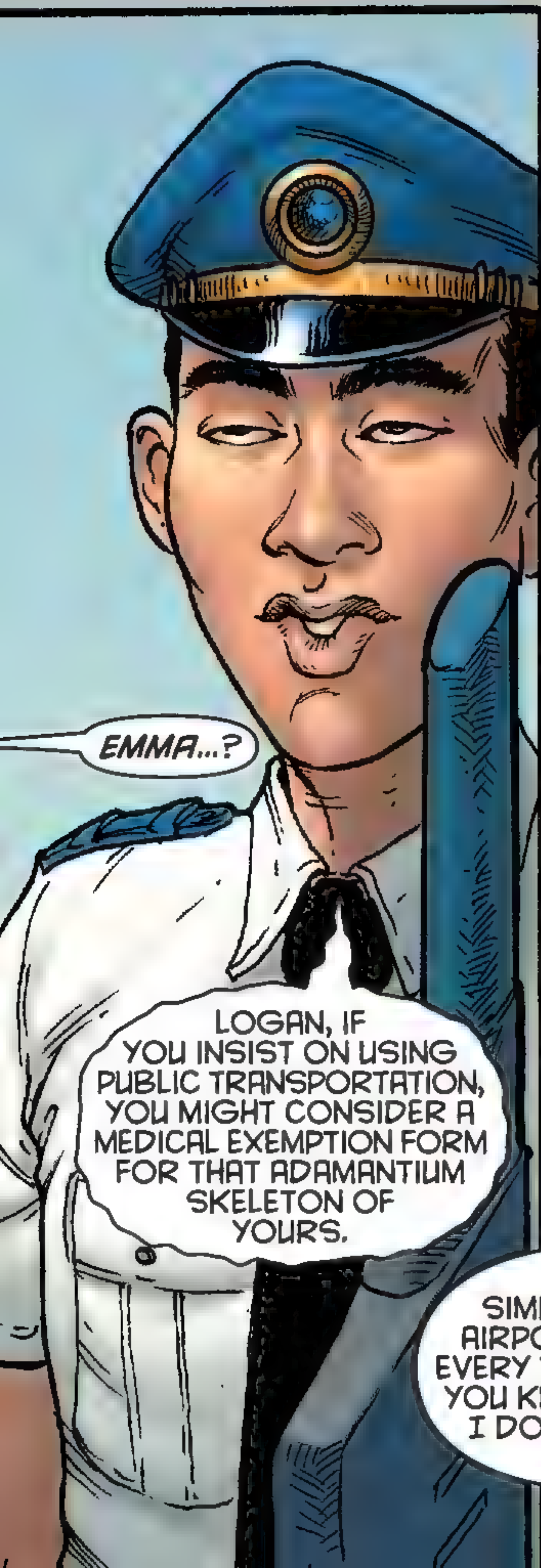
<LOGAN.>

<LOGAN
WHAT?>

<JUST
LOGAN.>

<NO
LAST NAME. VERY
SUSPICIOUS.>

◀LOOK, THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS; I HAVE A METAL PLATE IN MY HEAD.▶



My father was one of the best thieves in the business.

Being Daddy's little girl, I decided to follow in his footsteps.

For years, I sought out the other masters in the business: old-school guys like Freddy "Fingers" Malone out of Chicago, electronics geniuses, security experts, circus acrobats and even martial arts masters.

I used to play mind games with people, convincing them I would bring them bad luck if they crossed me.

Spider-Man pushed me off the path of a career criminal, so now I get to play Robin Hood with my skill-set.

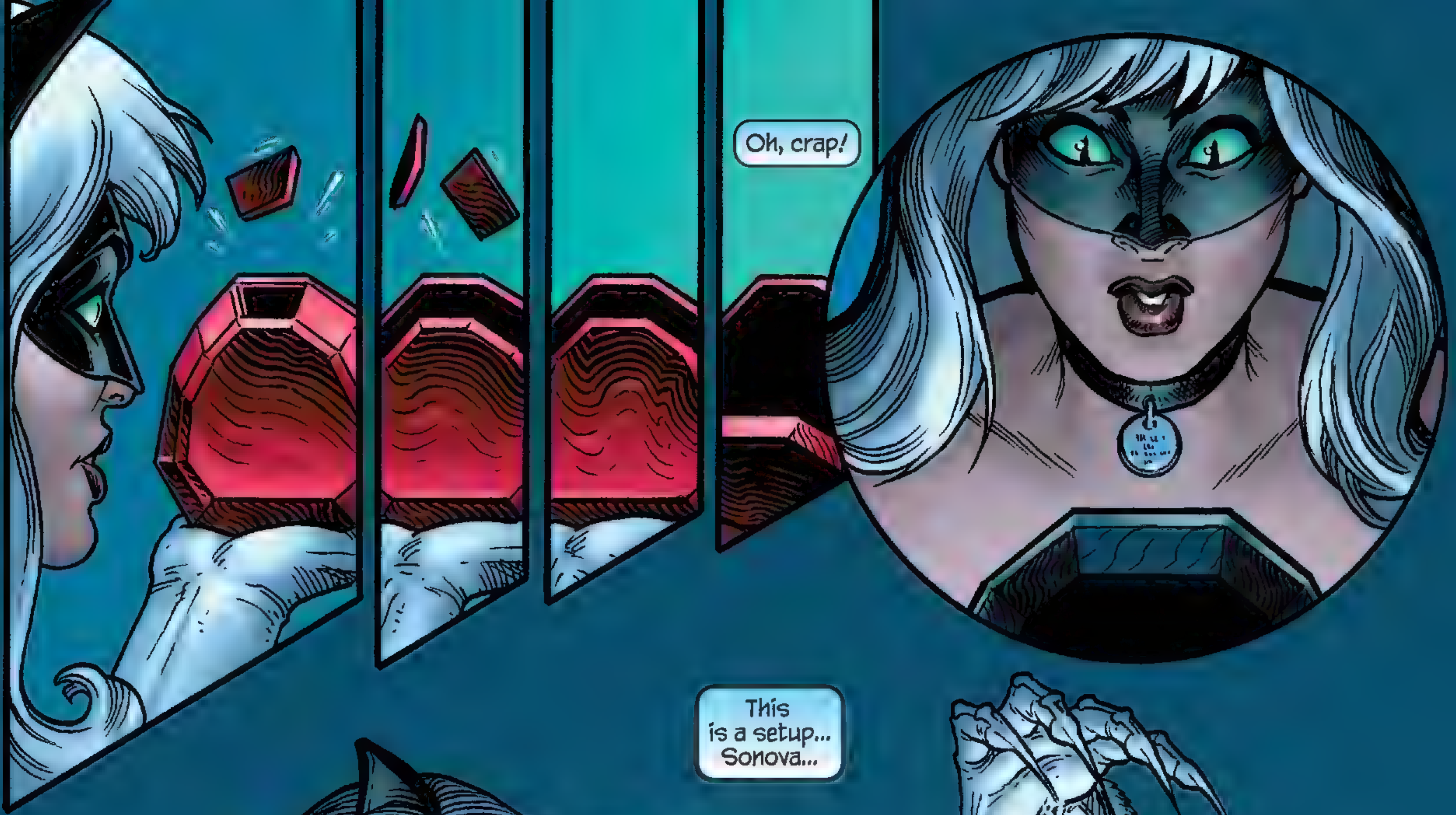
It wasn't until the Kingpin turned his scientists loose on me that I discovered superhuman powers dormant within me.

Now this little kitty is pure bad luck, especially for the owner of this particularly nasty bauble I was hired to pinch.

My employer says it's some kind of occult demonic transportation device --

Whatever that means... I just know it's dangerous and the paycheck is huge.

Hmmmm, that's funny, it feels hollow. It's supposed to...



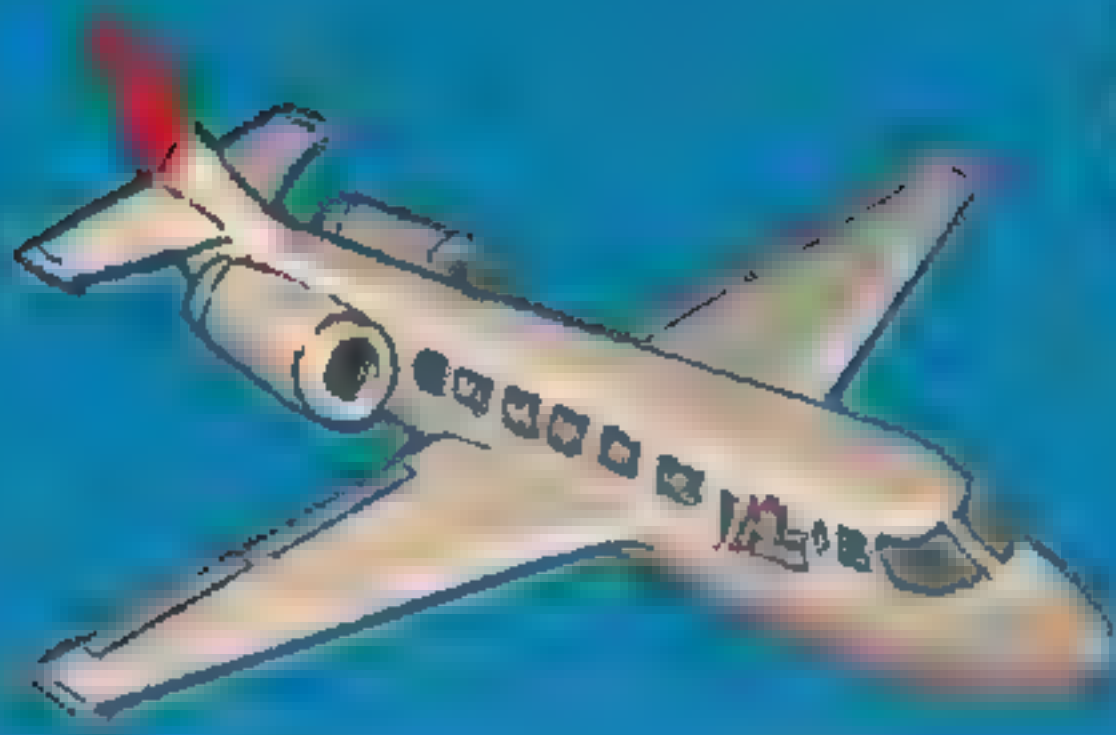
This
is a setup...
Sonova...





Somewhere over the South Pacific.

THE CAPTAIN HAS TURNED OFF THE "FASTEN SEAT BELT" SIGN.



PLEASE FEEL FREE TO MOVE ABOUT THE CABIN.



What the hell...?



Some kind of neurotoxin, I can feel it tightening in my muscles... Got to get to the cockpit...

Have to... focus... fight through this... The main pressure controls are...

SHRIIKT

Oh, that's friggin' great!
So much for the security
door they installed.

MOVE OVER,
FLYBOY!

Have to... focus...
fight through this...
The main pressure
controls are...

Dammit! Dizzy...
Can barely move...

I'm...
not... gonna...
make... it...



BOOM

HE'S
SMALLER THAN I
IMAGINED.

WATCH HIS
CLAWS!

SHE'S EASY
ON THE EYES, THOUGH.
MAYBE SHE MIGHT NEED
SOME TENDERIZING
BEFOREHAND.

HERE
KITTY, KITTY...
KITTY...

DON'T
GET ANY IDEAS,
JACK. WE'RE HERE
ON THIS ISLAND
FOR ONE REASON
ONLY.

I PAID A
LOT FOR THIS
EXPEDITION, AND
I INTEND TO GET
MY MONEY'S
WORTH.

WHEN
ARE THE DRUGS
GONNA WEAR OFF?
IT'S BEEN HOURS
ALREADY...

MAMMA
NEVER
LOVED
ME

RELAX, I'LL
POKE THEM AND
SEE IF THEY COME
AROUND.





SNIKT!!

YOUR QUARRY IS WIDE AWAKE.

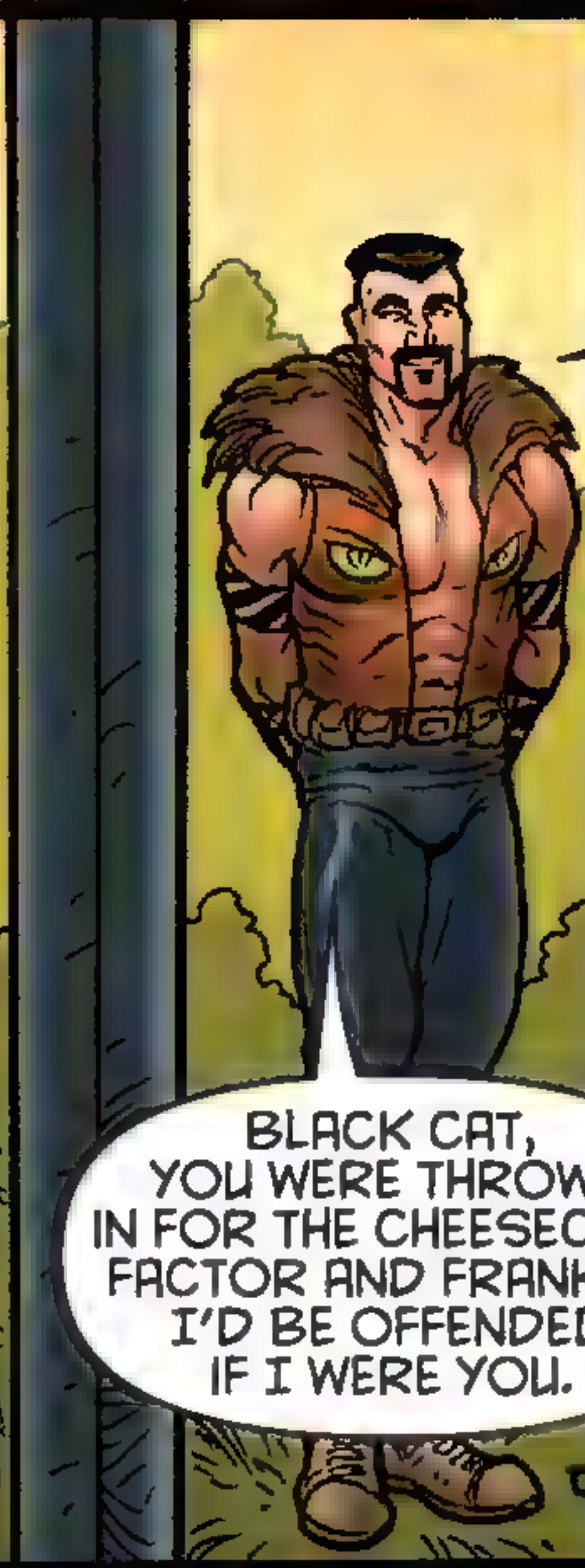
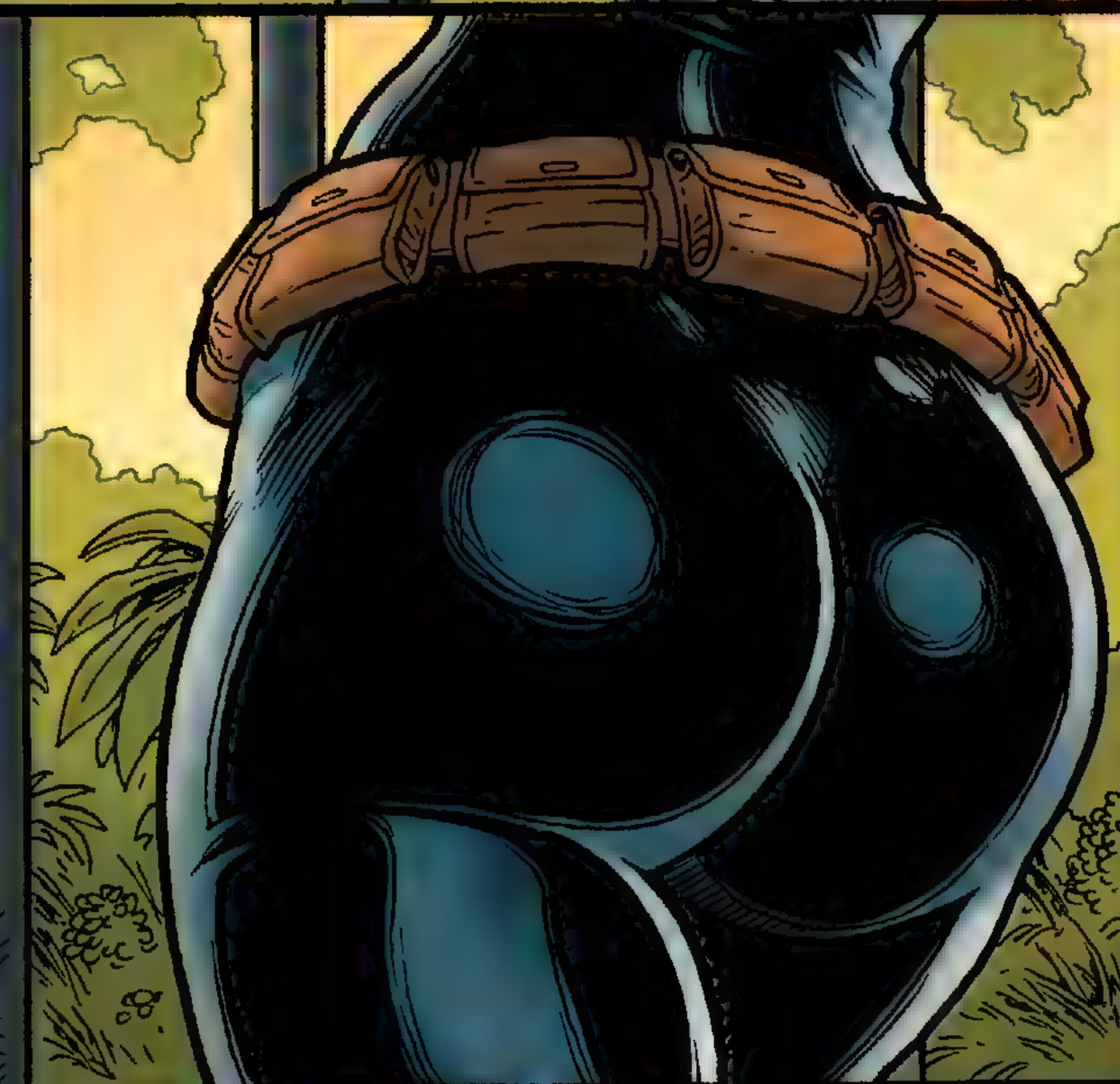
I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THIS TIME TO SET UP YOUR POSITIONS AND PREPARE FOR THE HUNT OF A LIFETIME.

KRAVEN???

KISS ME WHERE IT HURTS



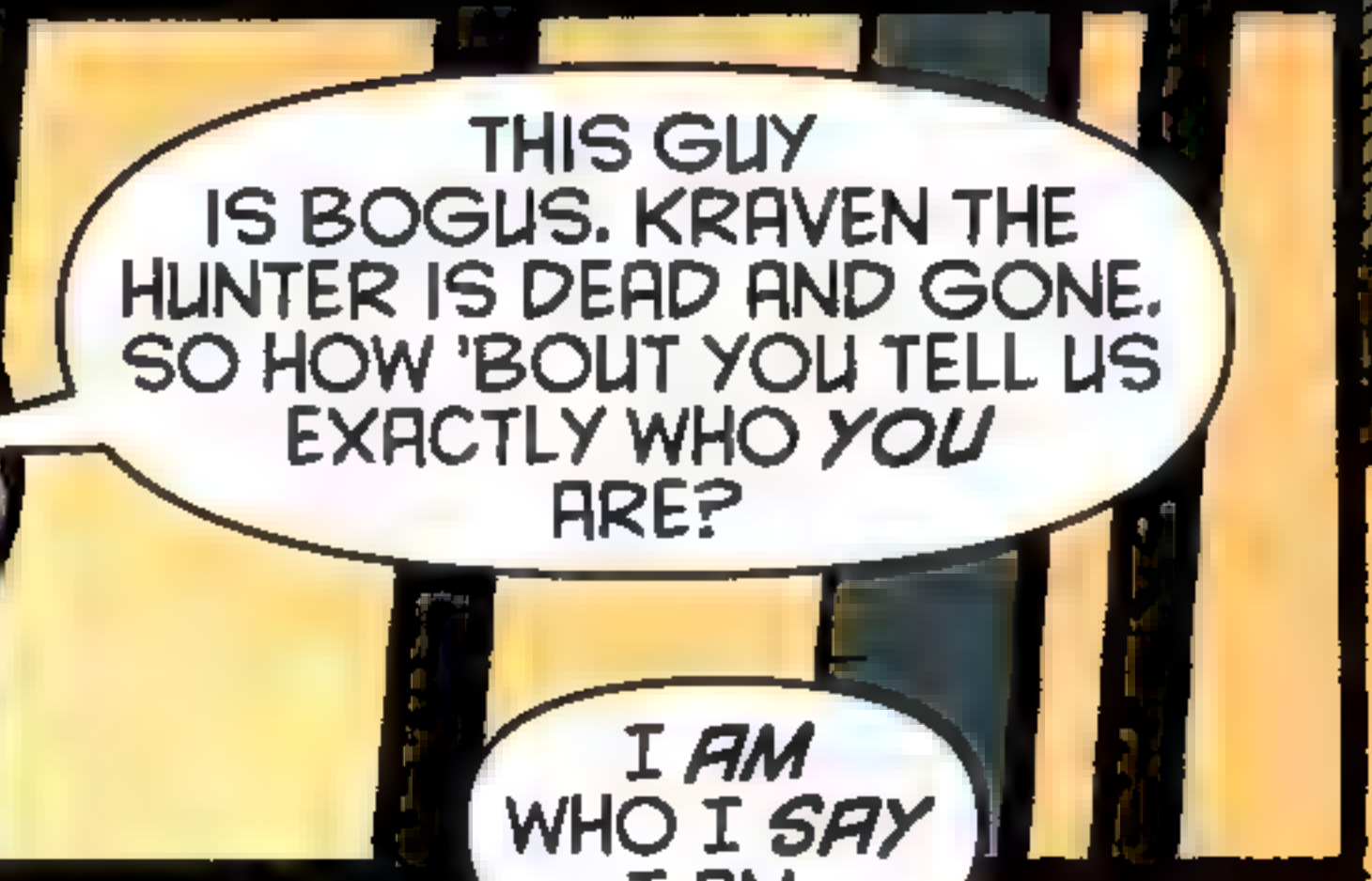
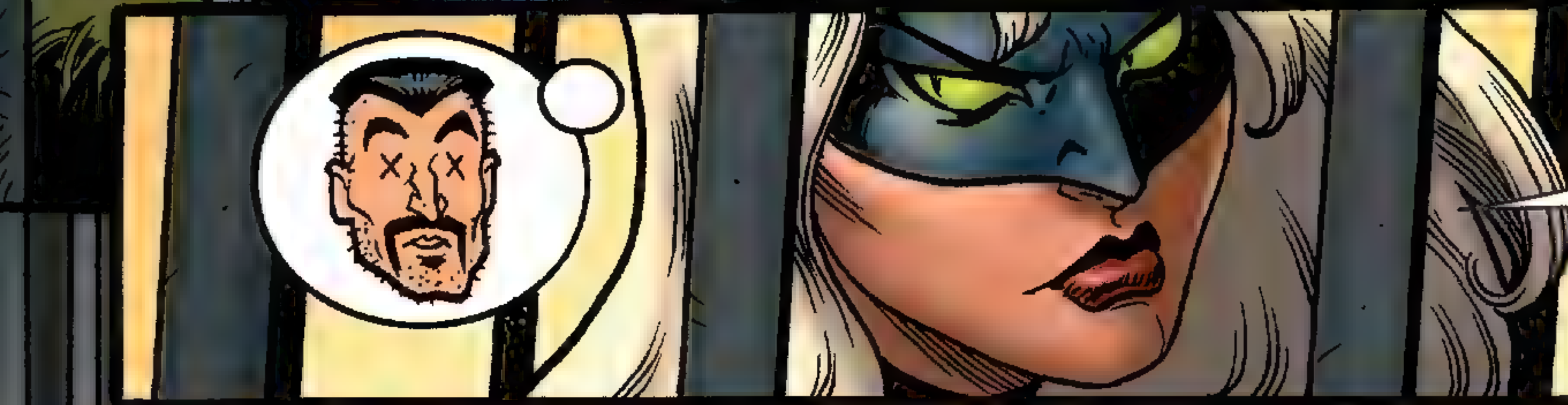
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GOOD REASONS WHY THIS WAS A BAD IDEA.



THE FAMOUS WOLVERINE, MADDEST BASTARD ON THE PLANET, AND YET YOU WERE A SURPRISINGLY EASY CATCH.

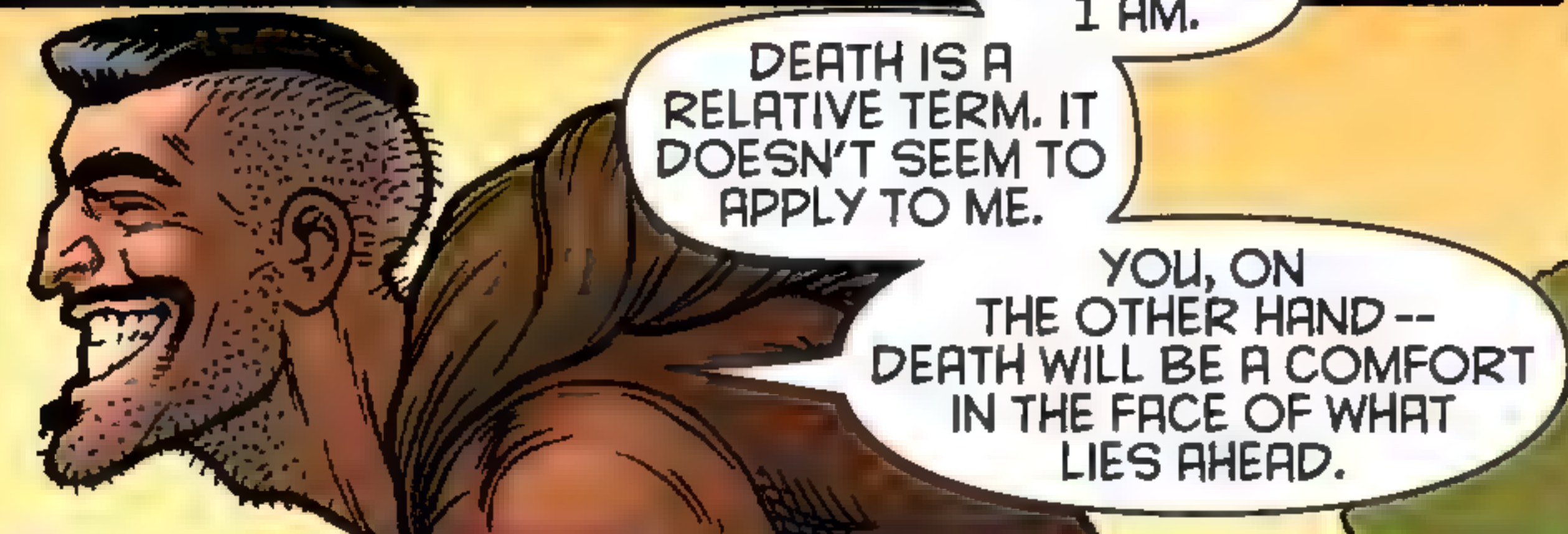
BLACK CAT, YOU WERE THROWN IN FOR THE CHEESECAKE FACTOR AND FRANKLY, I'D BE OFFENDED IF I WERE YOU.

OPEN THE BOX, KRAVEN, AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OTHER SURPRISES!



THIS GUY IS BOGUS. KRAVEN THE HUNTER IS DEAD AND GONE. SO HOW 'BOUT YOU TELL US EXACTLY WHO YOU ARE?

I AM WHO I SAY I AM.



DEATH IS A RELATIVE TERM. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO APPLY TO ME.

YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND -- DEATH WILL BE A COMFORT IN THE FACE OF WHAT LIES AHEAD.



NNGHHRAAA!

LET'S TEST YOUR THEORY!

SHRRRIIKT



ALL IN GOOD TIME, RUNT. HERE ARE THE RULES OF THE HUNT.

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THIS ISLAND IS A BOAT, FUELED UP AND READY TO GO. SIMPLY REACH THAT SHIP AND YOU'RE FREE TO LEAVE.

WHAT'S THE CATCH?

RIGHT. THERE'S *ALWAYS* ONE, ISN'T THERE?



IF FOR ANY REASON, YOU FAIL TO REACH THE BOAT, OR HAPPEN TO BE KILLED BY ONE OF OUR HAPPY HUNTERS...

LOCATED AT THE BASE OF THAT VOLCANO ARE HUNDREDS OF EXPLOSIVES, EXPERTLY PLACED BELOW GROUND TO TRIGGER AN ERUPTION.

ONCE THE HUNTERS ARE OFF, THIS ENTIRE ISLAND WILL BE COVERED IN ASH AND MOLTEN LAVA.



SOMEONE'S BEEN WATCHING WAY TOO MANY JAMES BOND MOVIES. I SUPPOSE *YOU'RE* THE ONE THAT SET ME UP TO STEAL THAT JEWEL?

AND YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING THE WORLD A FAVOR BY HELPING TO DISPOSE OF AN ANCIENT EVIL.

WHO'S BEEN WATCHING TOO MANY MOVIES NOW?



THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOU PEOPLE: YOU'RE SO PREDICTABLE.

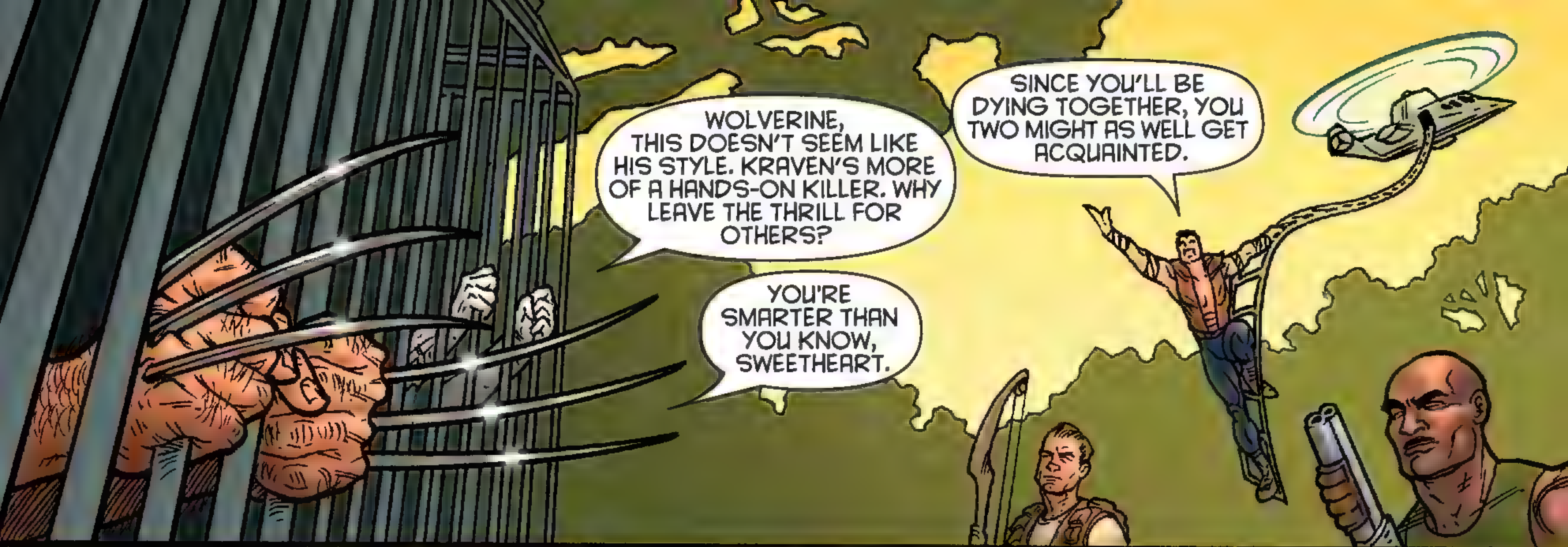


I HAVE A PREDICTION FOR YOU, KRAVEN. IT INVOLVES MY CLAWS AND YOUR INTESTINES.



COLORFUL.

ONE LAST THING. THERE'S A TIME LIMIT. STARTING RIGHT NOW YOU HAVE TWELVE HOURS.



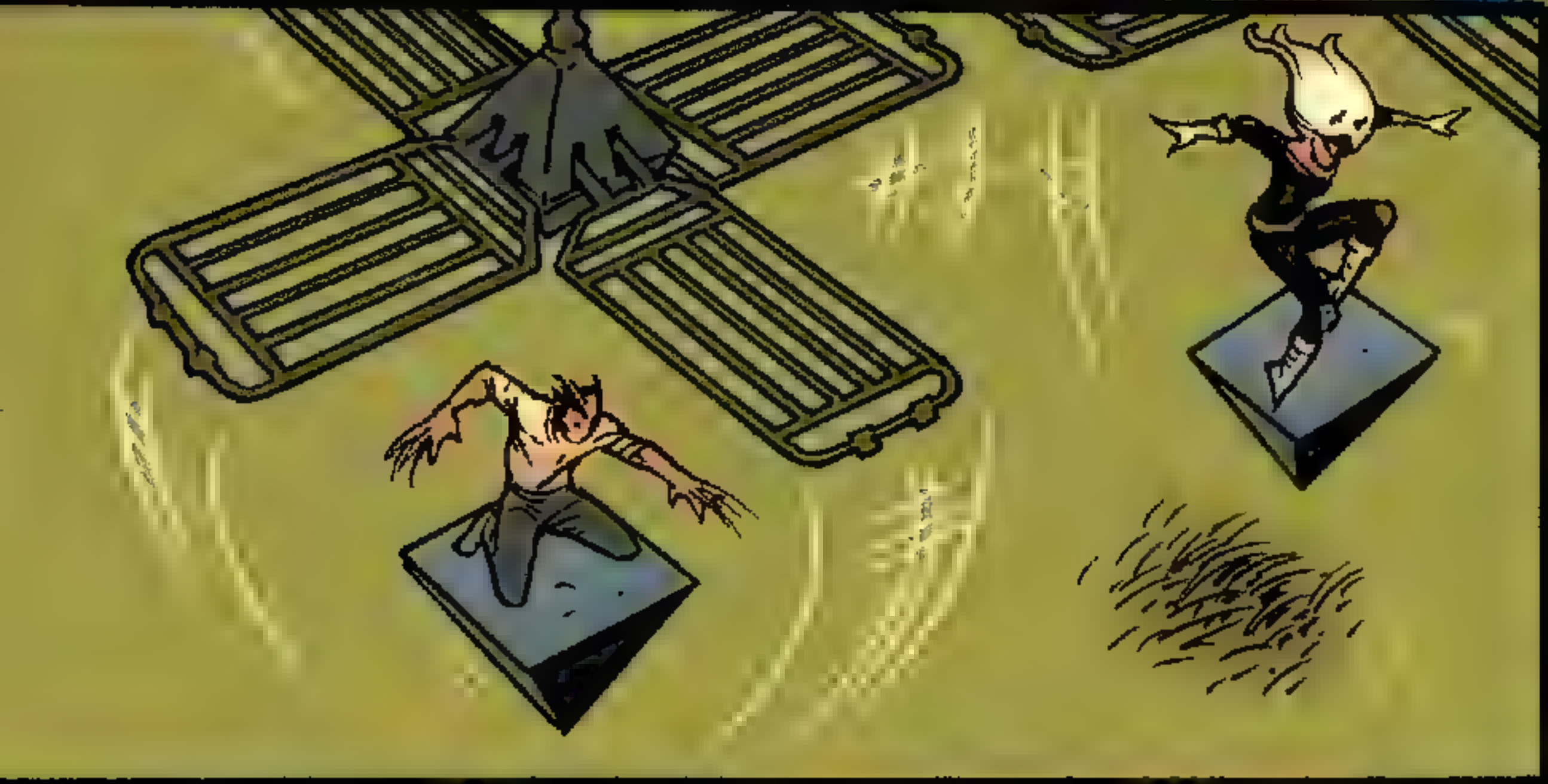
WOLVERINE,
THIS DOESN'T SEEM LIKE
HIS STYLE. KRAVEN'S MORE
OF A HANDS-ON KILLER. WHY
LEAVE THE THRILL FOR
OTHERS?

SINCE YOU'LL BE
DYING TOGETHER, YOU
TWO MIGHT AS WELL GET
ACQUAINTED.

YOU'RE
SMARTER THAN
YOU KNOW,
SWEETHEART.



OKAY, PEOPLE,
WE GOT TWO MINUTES
BEFORE THE CAGES POP OPEN.
LET'S TAKE OUR POSITIONS. SEE
YOU SUPER HEROES
SOON.



YOU'RE
PART ANIMAL OR
SOMETHING, RIGHT?
CAN YOU SMELL THE BEACH
FROM HERE? GIVE US A
DIRECTION TO
MOVE IN?

SCREW
THE BEACH. I'M
GOIN' AFTER THE
HUNTERS.

THAT
SOUNDS LIKE
A REALLY STUPID
IDEA. I JUST WANT
TO GET OFF THIS
ISLAND.

THOSE
PEOPLE SET US
UP. I THINK A LITTLE
PAYBACK IS IN
ORDER.

WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO SCARE
THEM WITH, YOUR
BACK HAIR?

JUST MY
LUCK... TRAPPED
ON AN ISLAND WITH A
SILVER-HAIRED
WISEASS.



SNIPER!

YEAH, NO KIDDIN'!

YOU'RE BULLET-PROOF?

ADAMANTIUM-LACED SKELETON.



WELL, TRY NOT TO BLEED ON ME THERE, HAIRBALL.

SEEING AS HOW YOU'RE INDESTRUCTIBLE, I'LL SIT TIGHT AND YOU GO GET 'EM.



WHY ARE YOU EVEN HERE?

I'M DANGEROUS, BUDDY, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT.



RIGHT.

I AM!



YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP THAT PILE OF FROSTING YOU CALL A HEAD TUCKED DOWN.

CUTE... I'M BEGINNING TO DISLIKE YOU.



LISTEN, SWEETHEART, I COULD NAME HALF A DOZEN CHICKS I'D LIKE TO BE STUCK ON THIS ISLAND WITH AND YOU AIN'T ONE OF THEM.

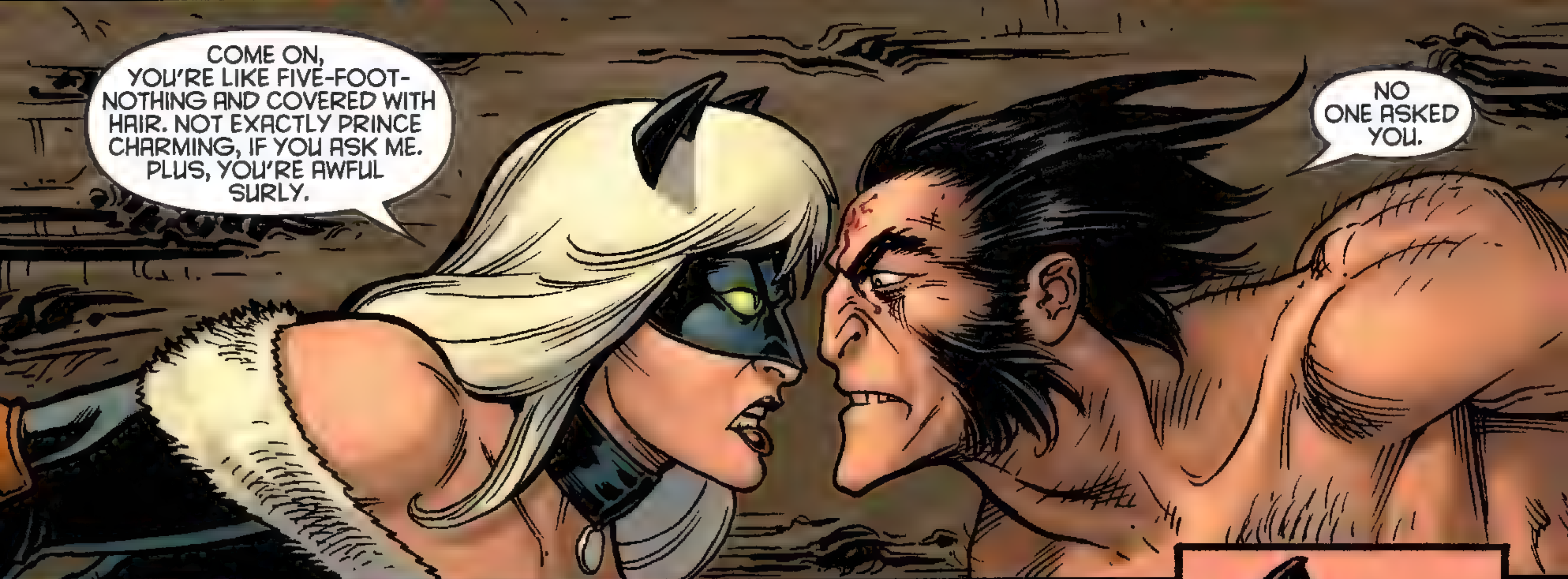
I'M SURE YOU COULD...

THE REAL QUESTION IS, HOW MANY OF THEM WOULD TAKE YOU UP ON THE OFFER?

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

COME ON, YOU'RE LIKE FIVE-FOOT-NOTHING AND COVERED WITH HAIR. NOT EXACTLY PRINCE CHARMING, IF YOU ASK ME. PLUS, YOU'RE AWFUL SURLY.

NO ONE ASKED YOU.

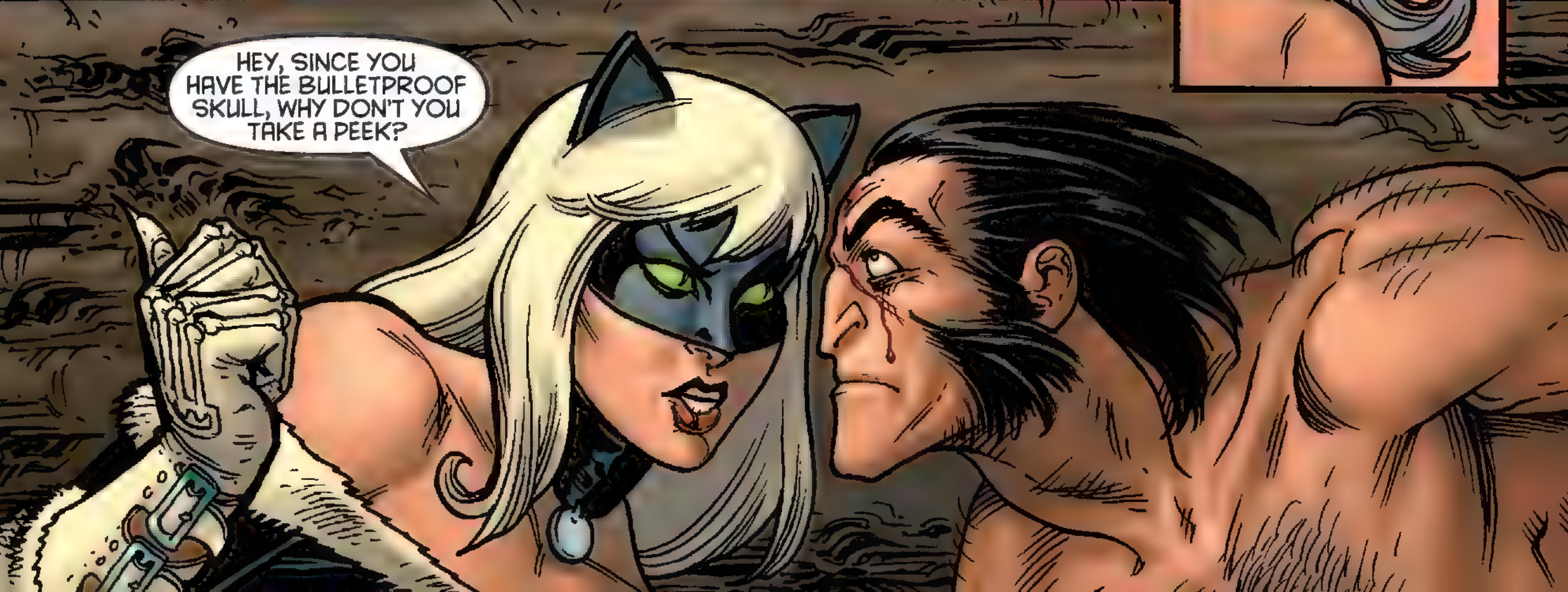


WAIT... WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

WHAT SOUND? THAT BULLET MUST HAVE SHAKEN WHAT LITTLE BRAINS...



HEY, SINCE YOU HAVE THE BULLETPROOF SKULL, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A PEEK?





CLAW

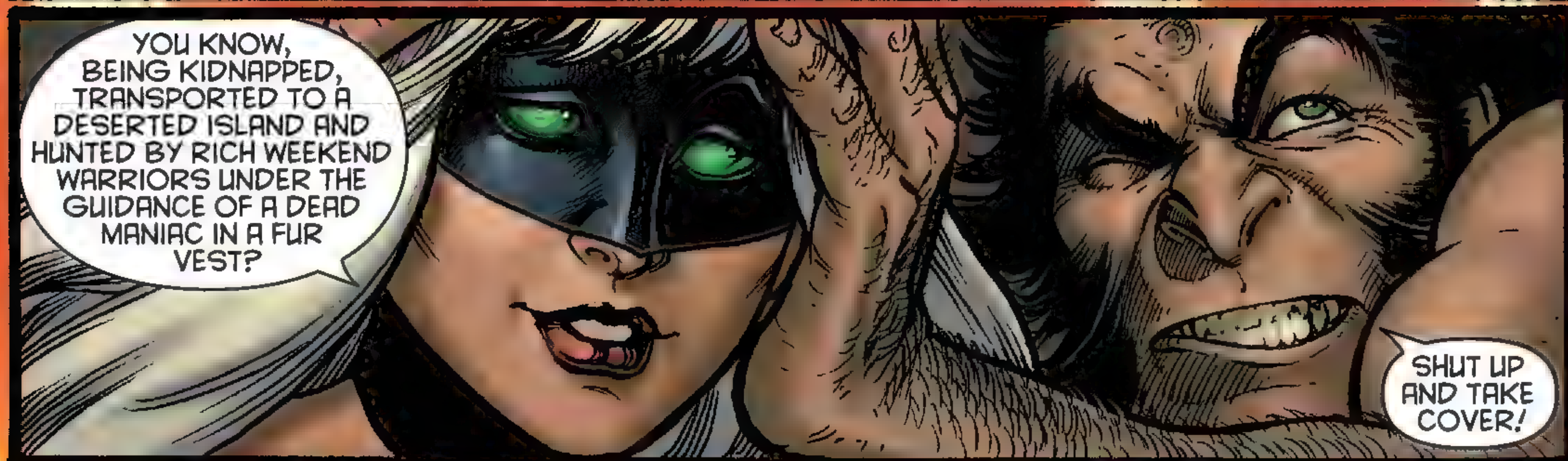
#2





DOES THIS HAPPEN A LOT?

WHAT... ROCKETS?

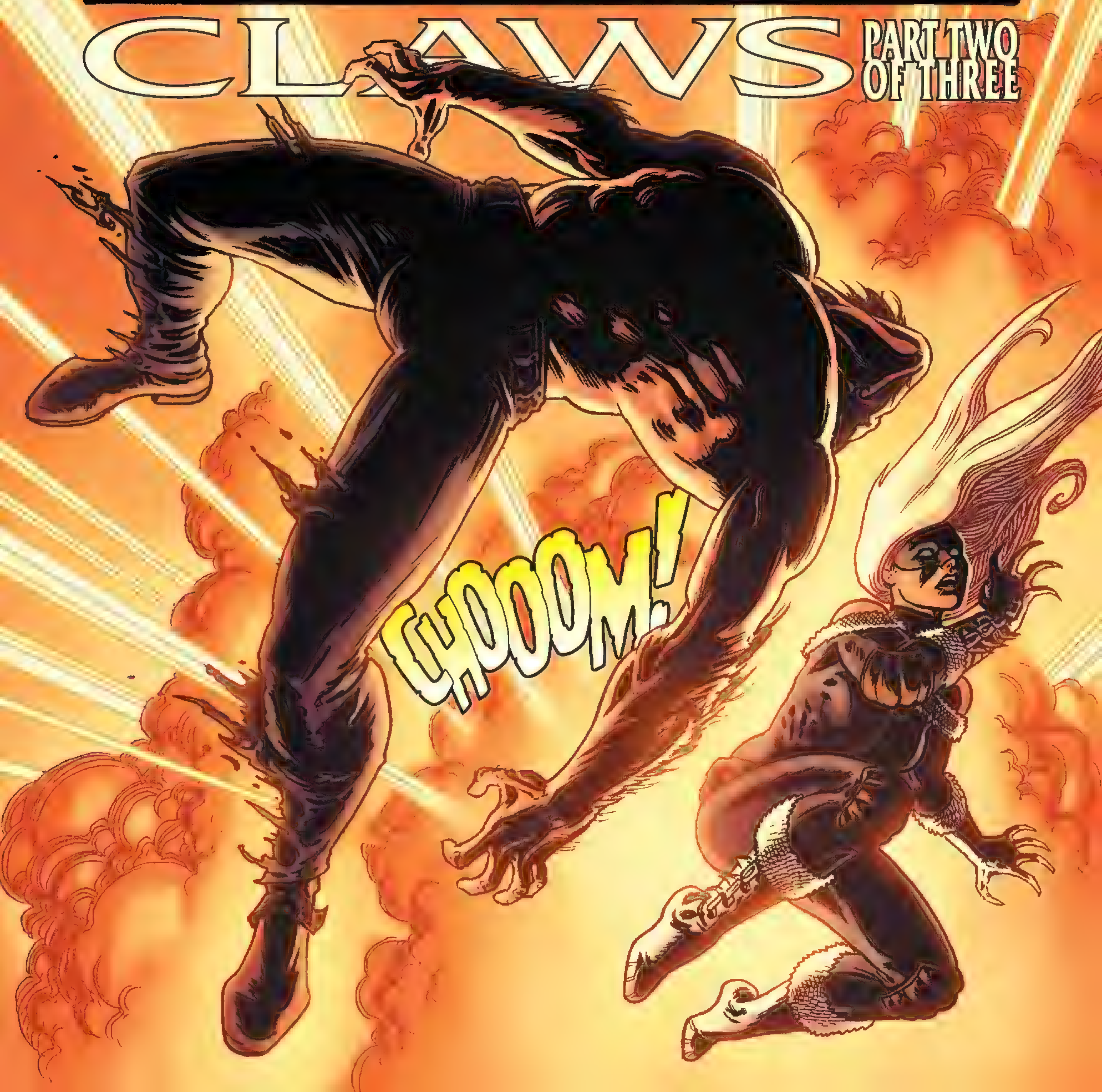


YOU KNOW, BEING KIDNAPPED, TRANSPORTED TO A DESERTED ISLAND AND HUNTED BY RICH WEEKEND WARRIORS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A DEAD MANIAC IN A FUR VEST?

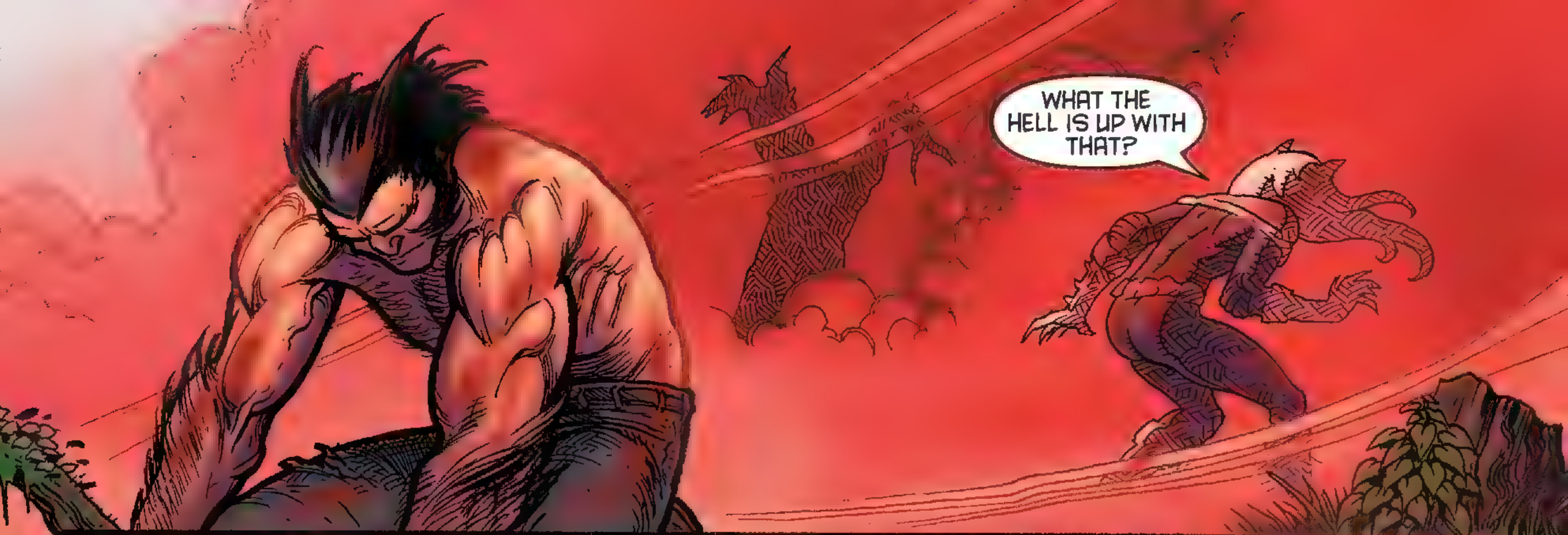
SHUT UP AND TAKE COVER!

CLAWS

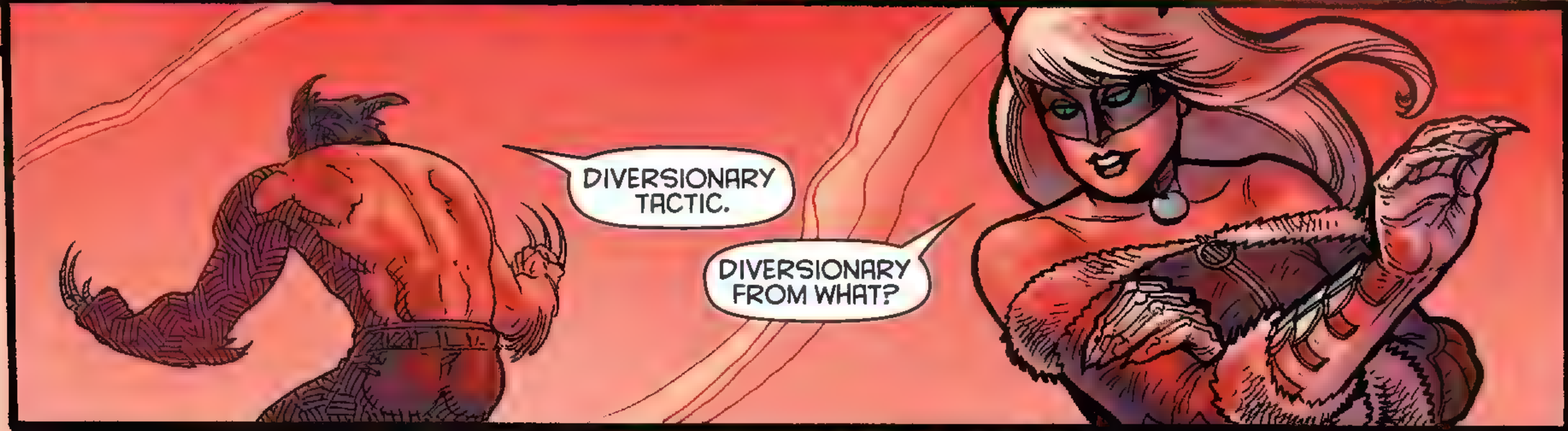
PART TWO OF THREE



BOOM!



WHAT THE HELL IS UP WITH THAT?



DIVERSIONARY TACTIC.

DIVERSIONARY FROM WHAT?



GHRRAAAA!!

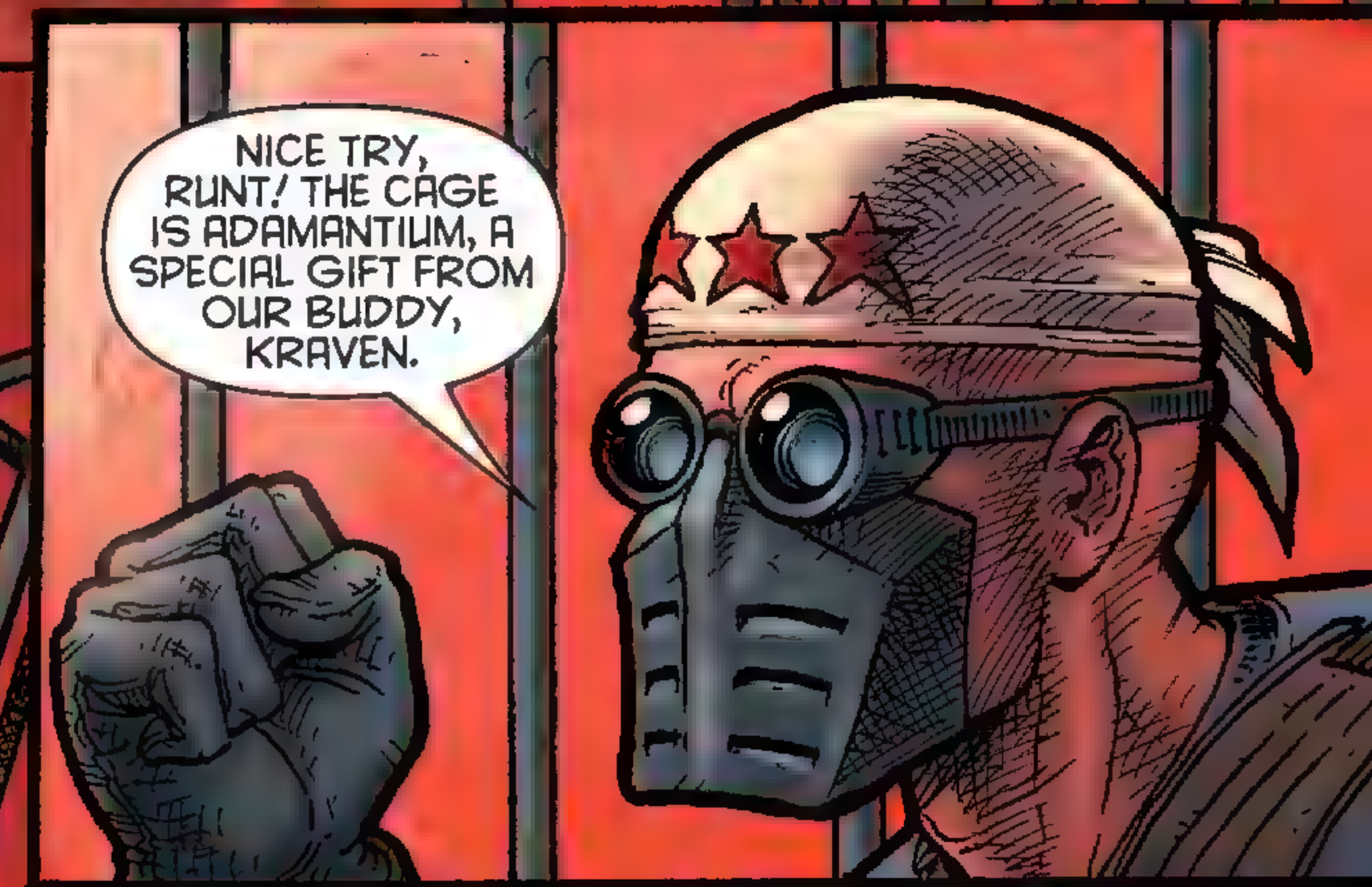


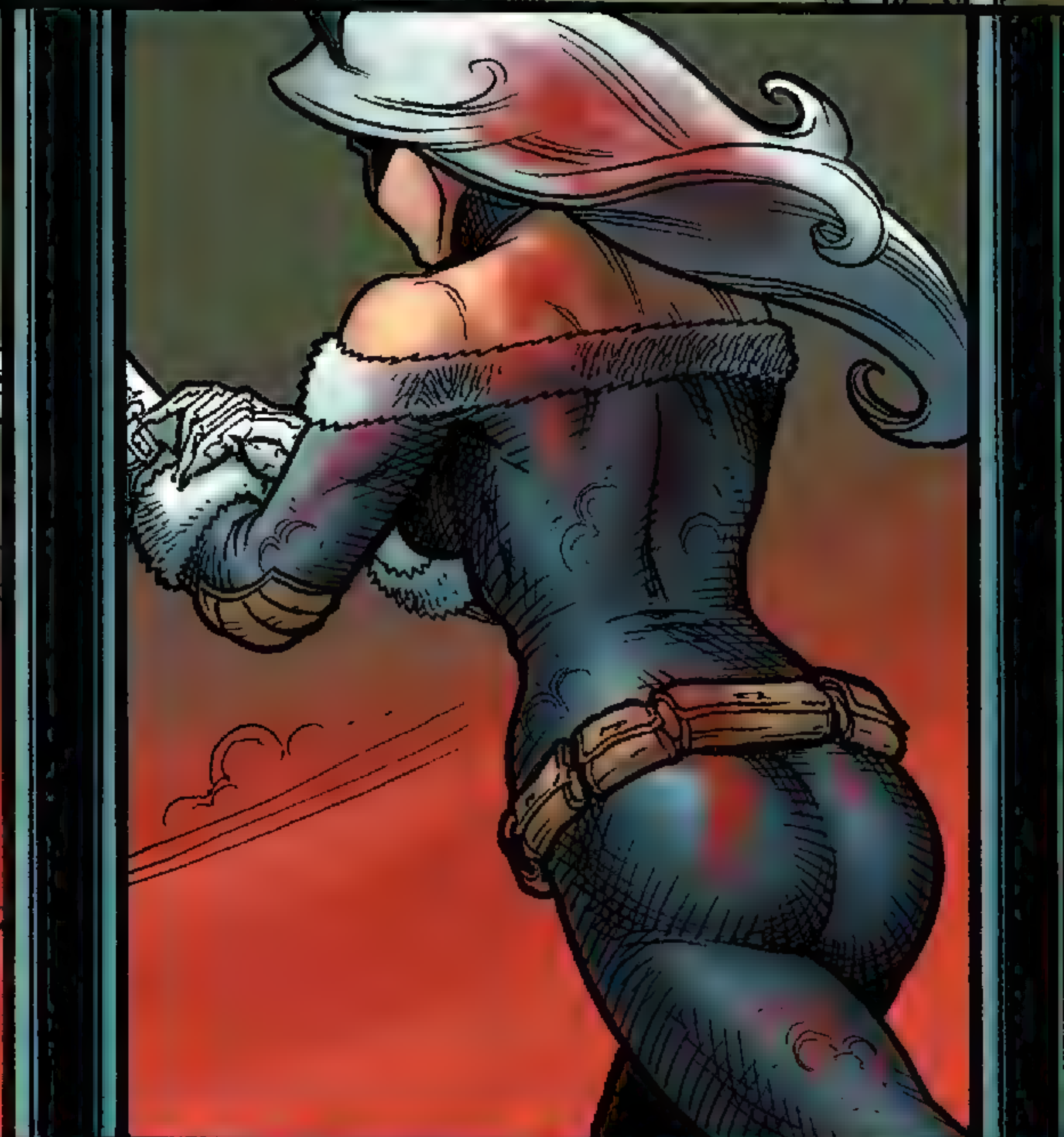
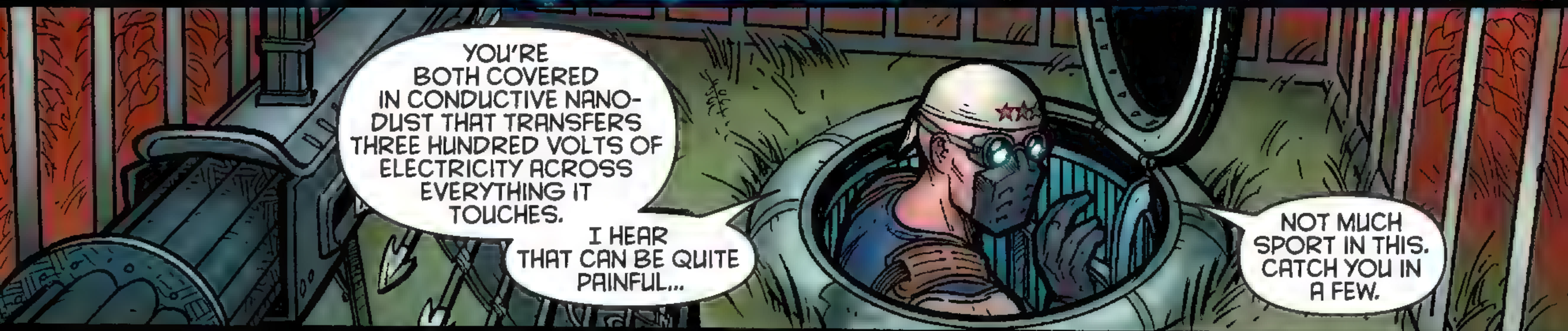
WHAT ARE YOU -- A SANDOMASOCHIST?

MOVE!



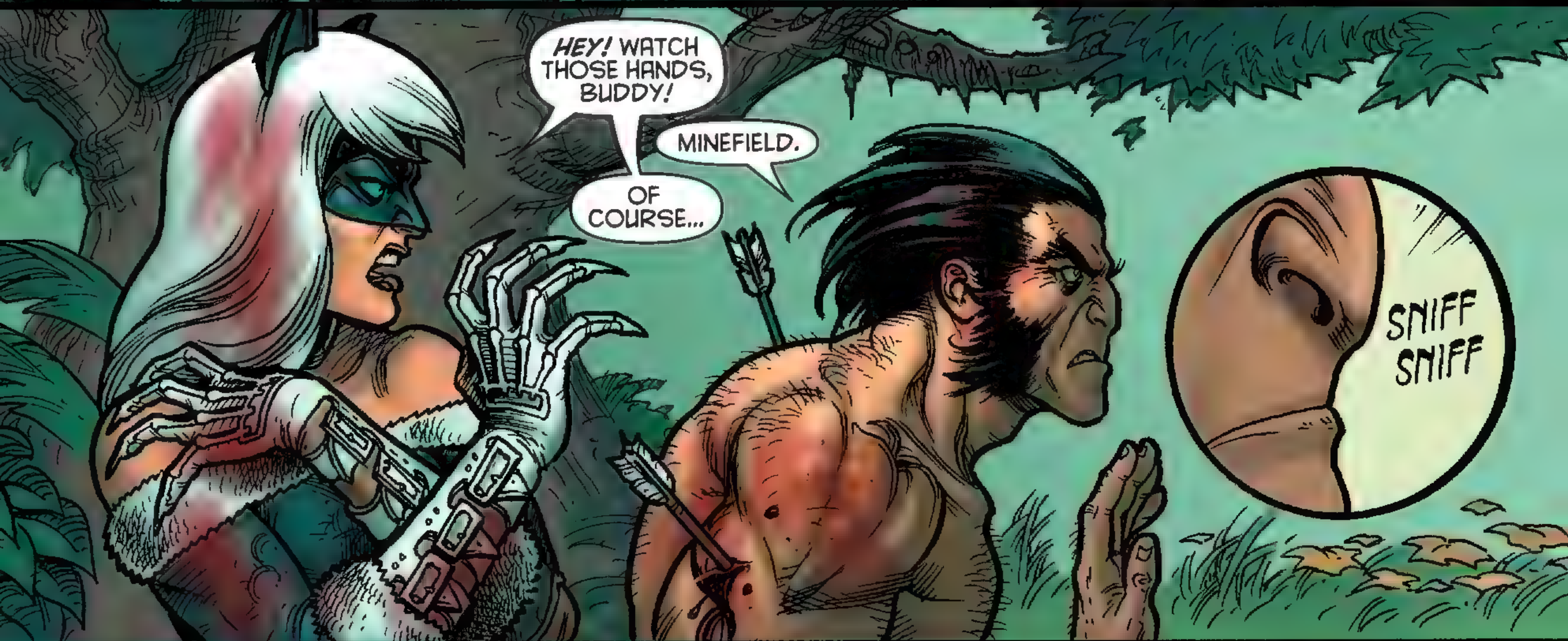
RHHHAARRR!







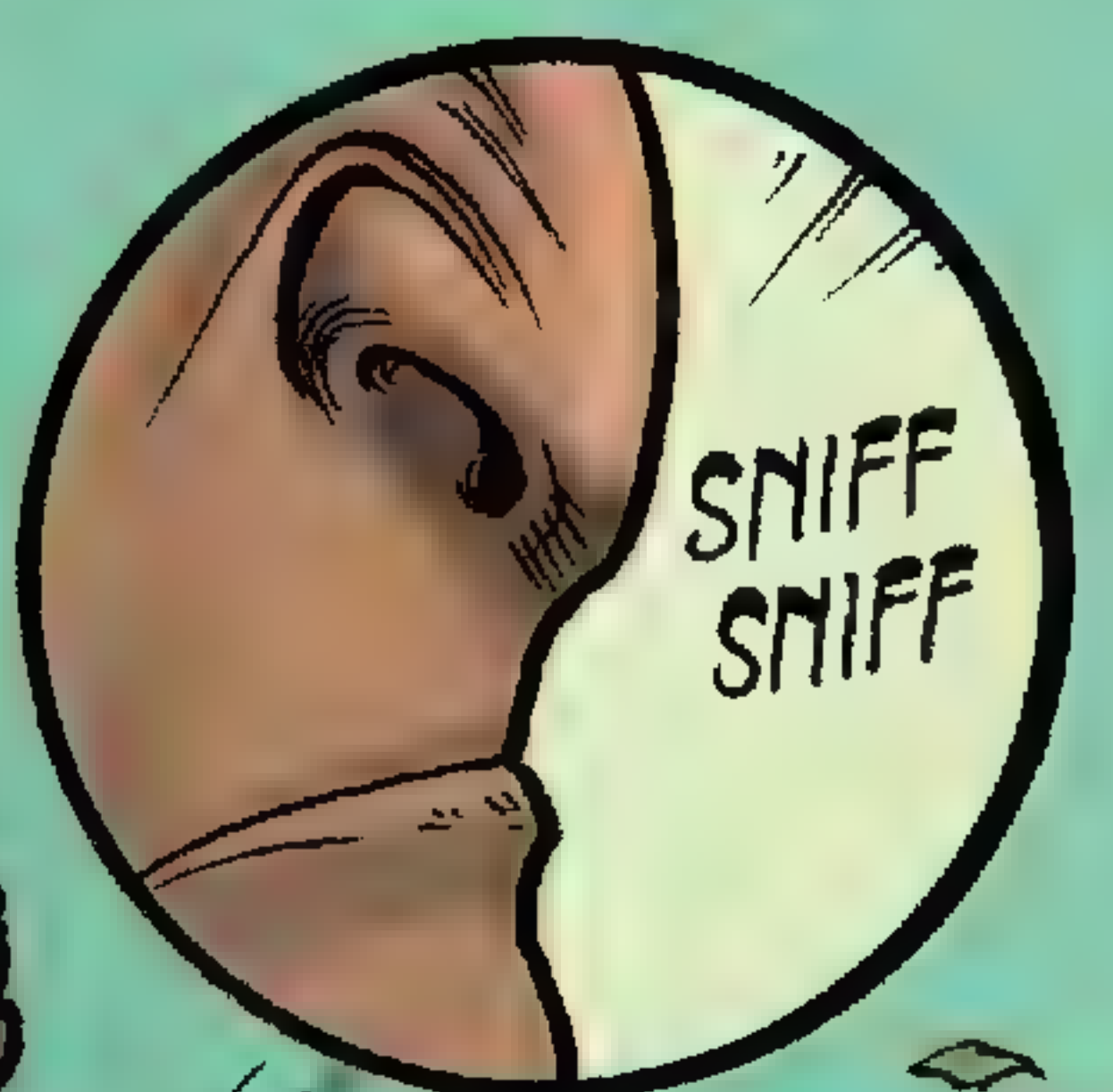
WAIT!



HEY! WATCH THOSE HANDS, BUDDY!

MINEFIELD.

OF COURSE...



SNIFF
SNIFF



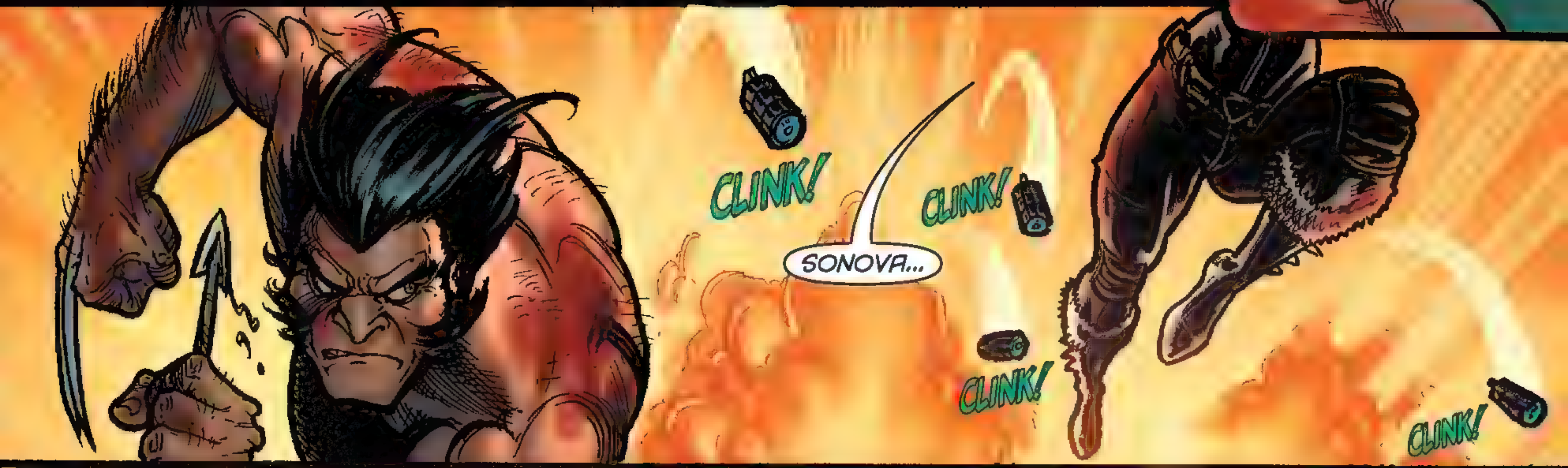
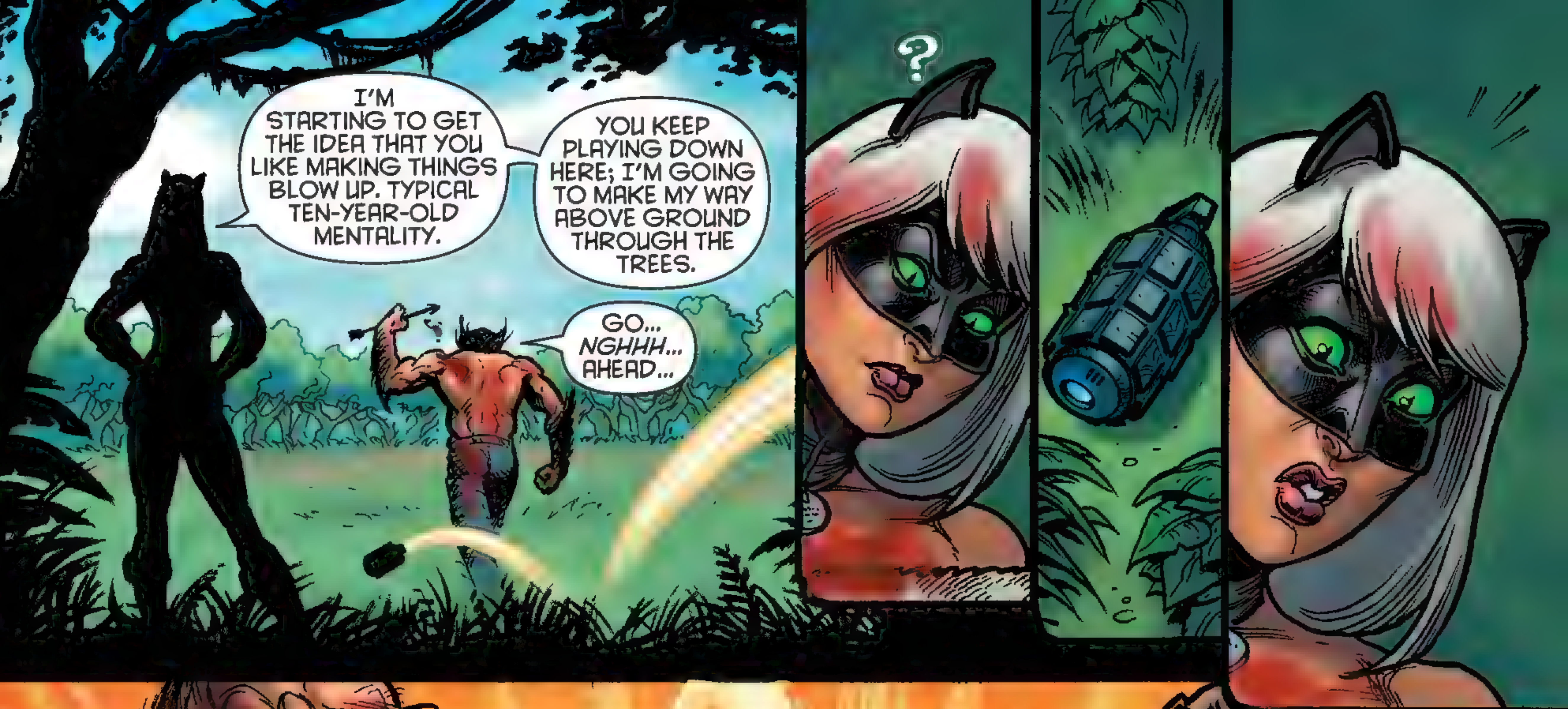
I HAVE AN ORIGINAL IDEA. WHY DON'T WE JUST GO AROUND?

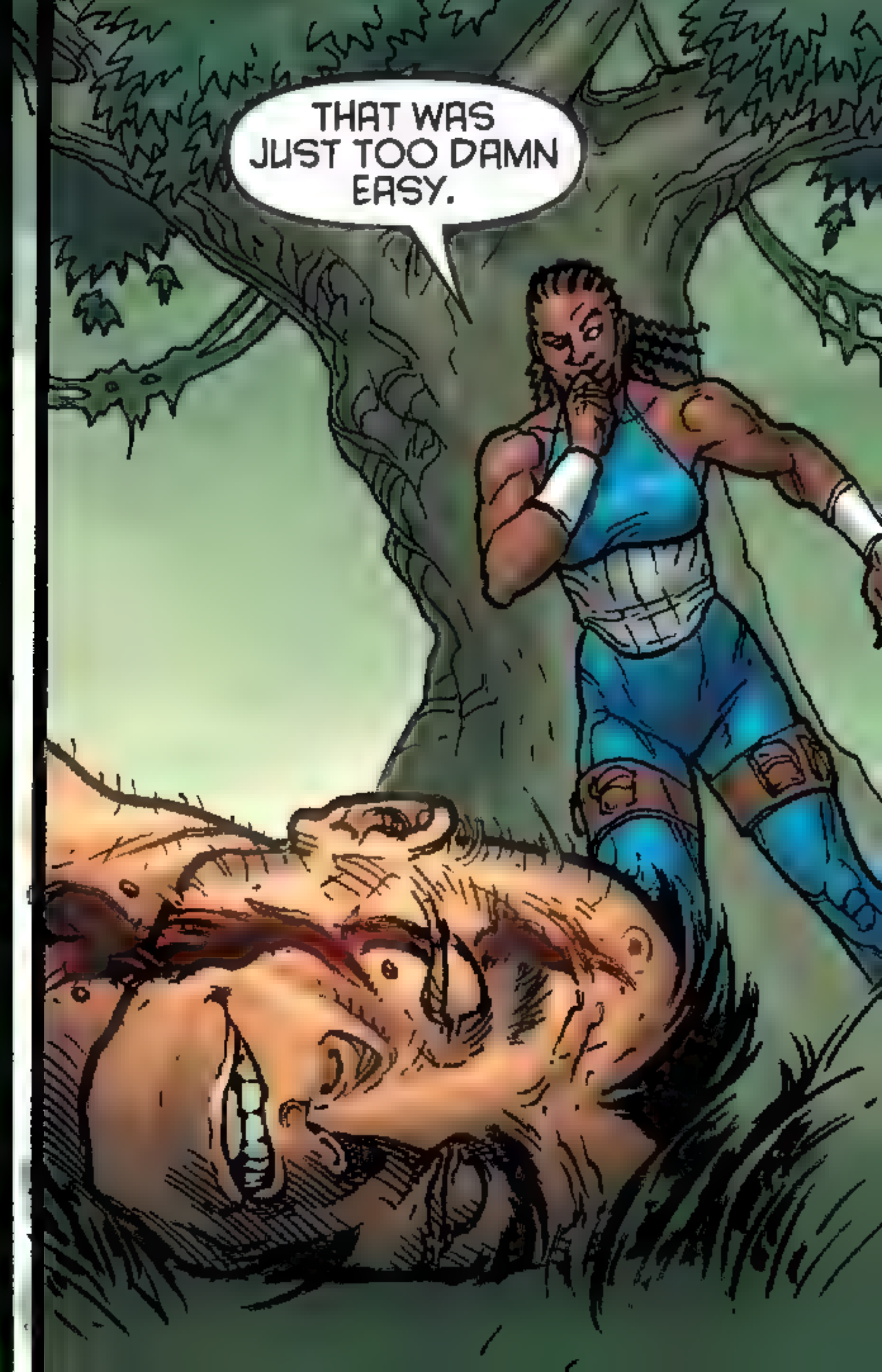
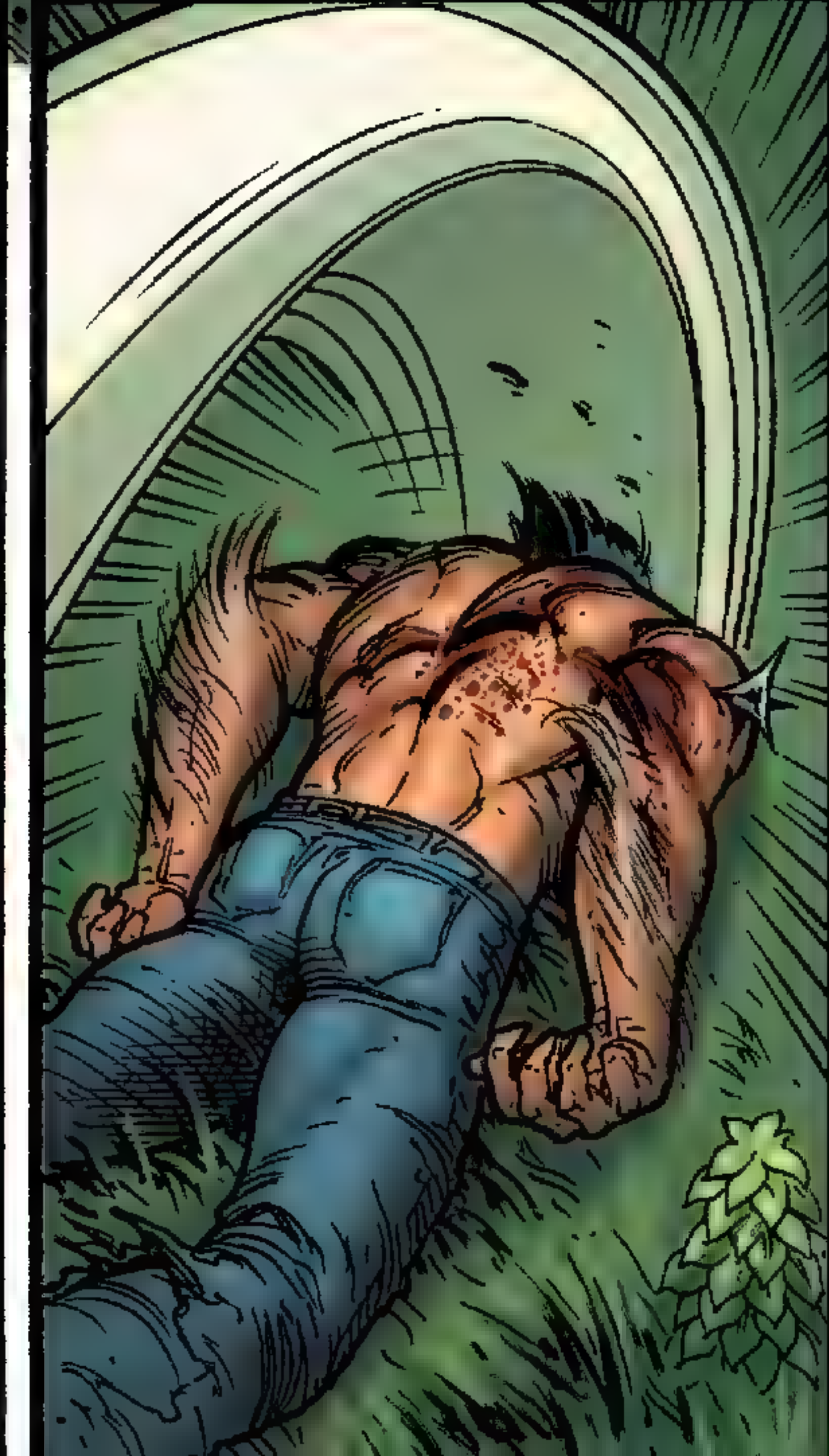
HELLO... ANYBODY HOME?

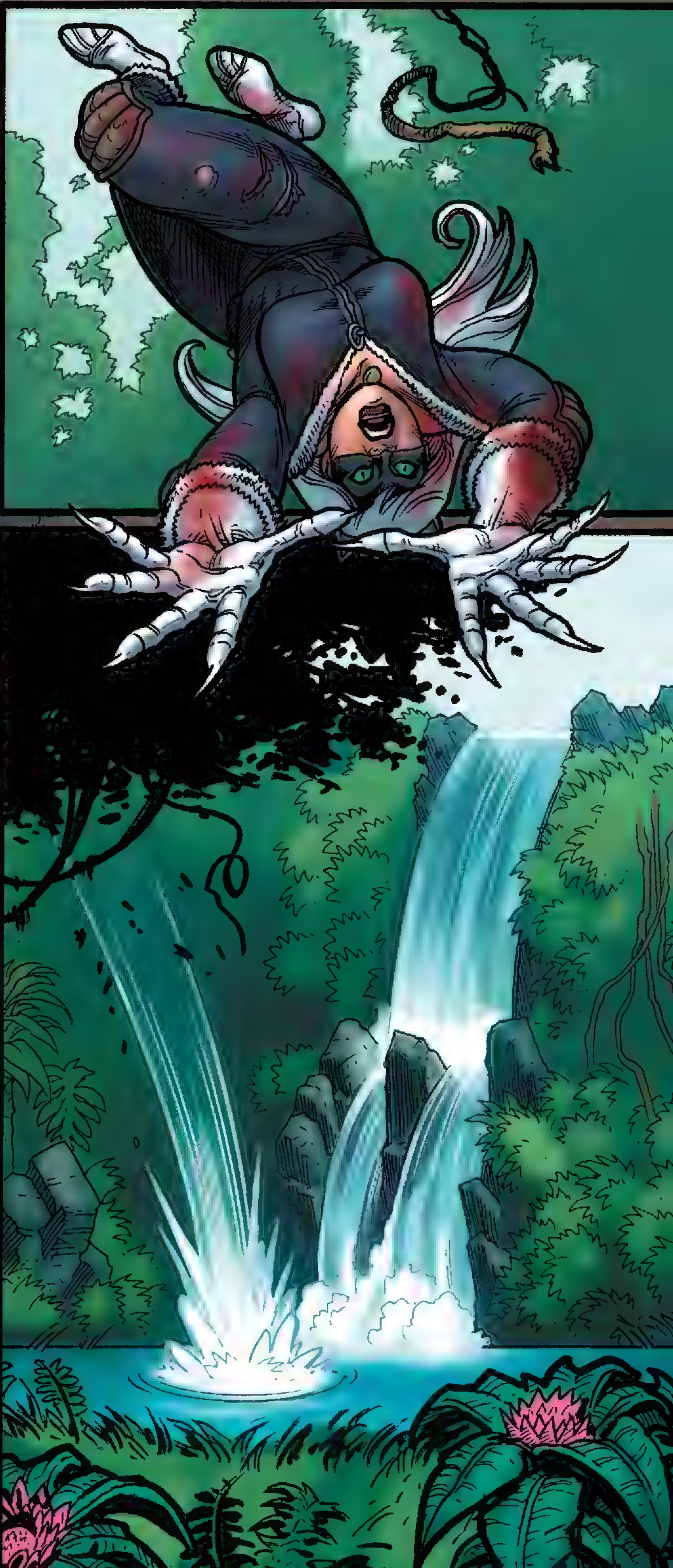
SHUSH.



CHOOOM!









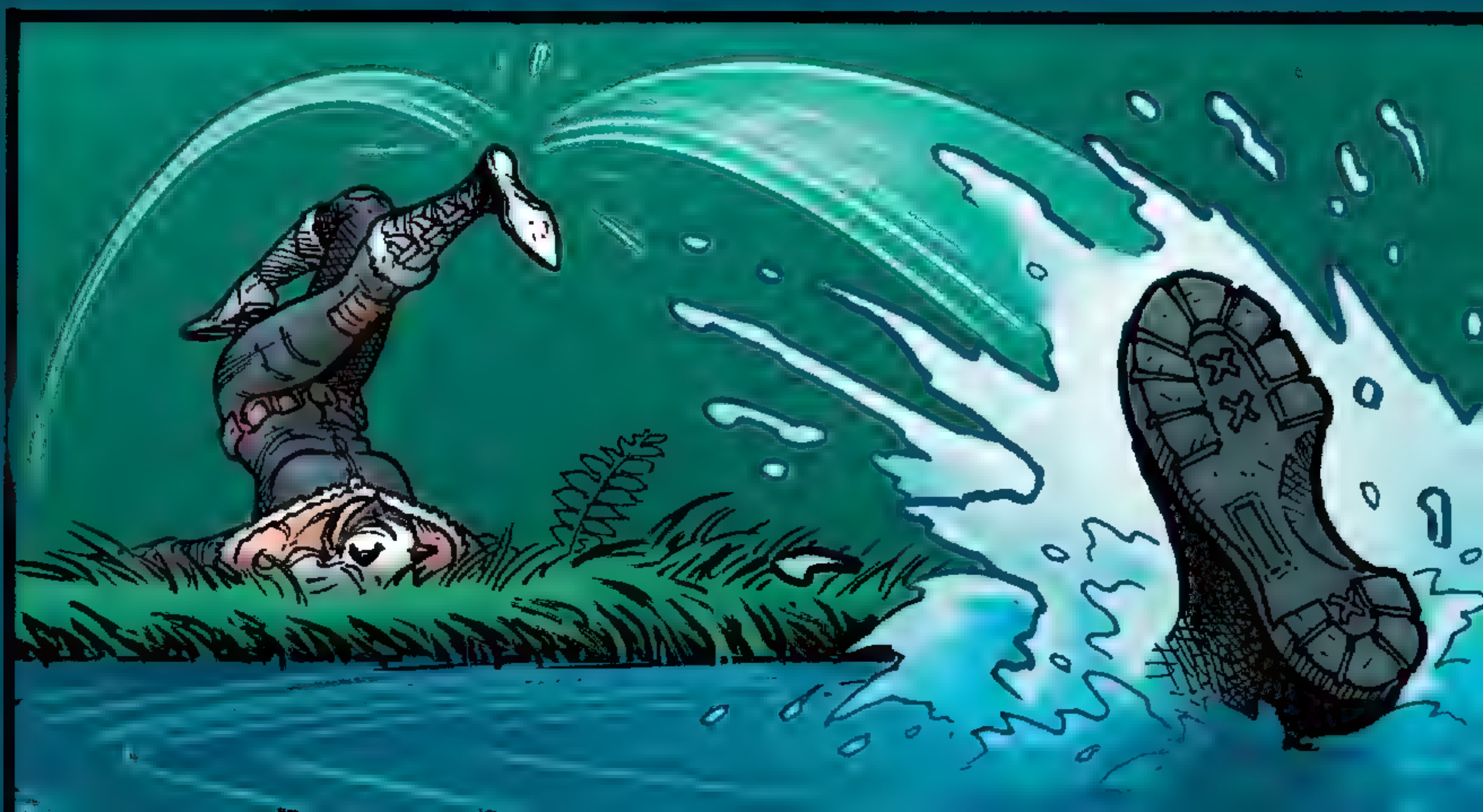
Nothing worse than cowardly snipers.

COME ON OUT AND GET ME.



HOW MANY WAYS CAN YOU SKIN A CAT?

HOW DREADFULLY CLEVER, AND HERE I THOUGHT SPIDER-MAN HAD THE RIGHTS TO ALL THE LAME CAT JOKES.



LUCKY
SHOT, BUT
YOU WON'T GET
ANOTHER
ONE!



HERE
KITTY, KITTY,
KITTY...



THERE IS
NO USE HIDING
FROM ME...



MY FIRST
IMPRESSION -- AND
THEY'RE RARELY WRONG -- IS
THAT SOMEONE AS PATHETIC
AS YOU HAS NEVER REALLY
BEEN IN AN ACTUAL HAND-
TO-HAND FIGHT.

CRACK

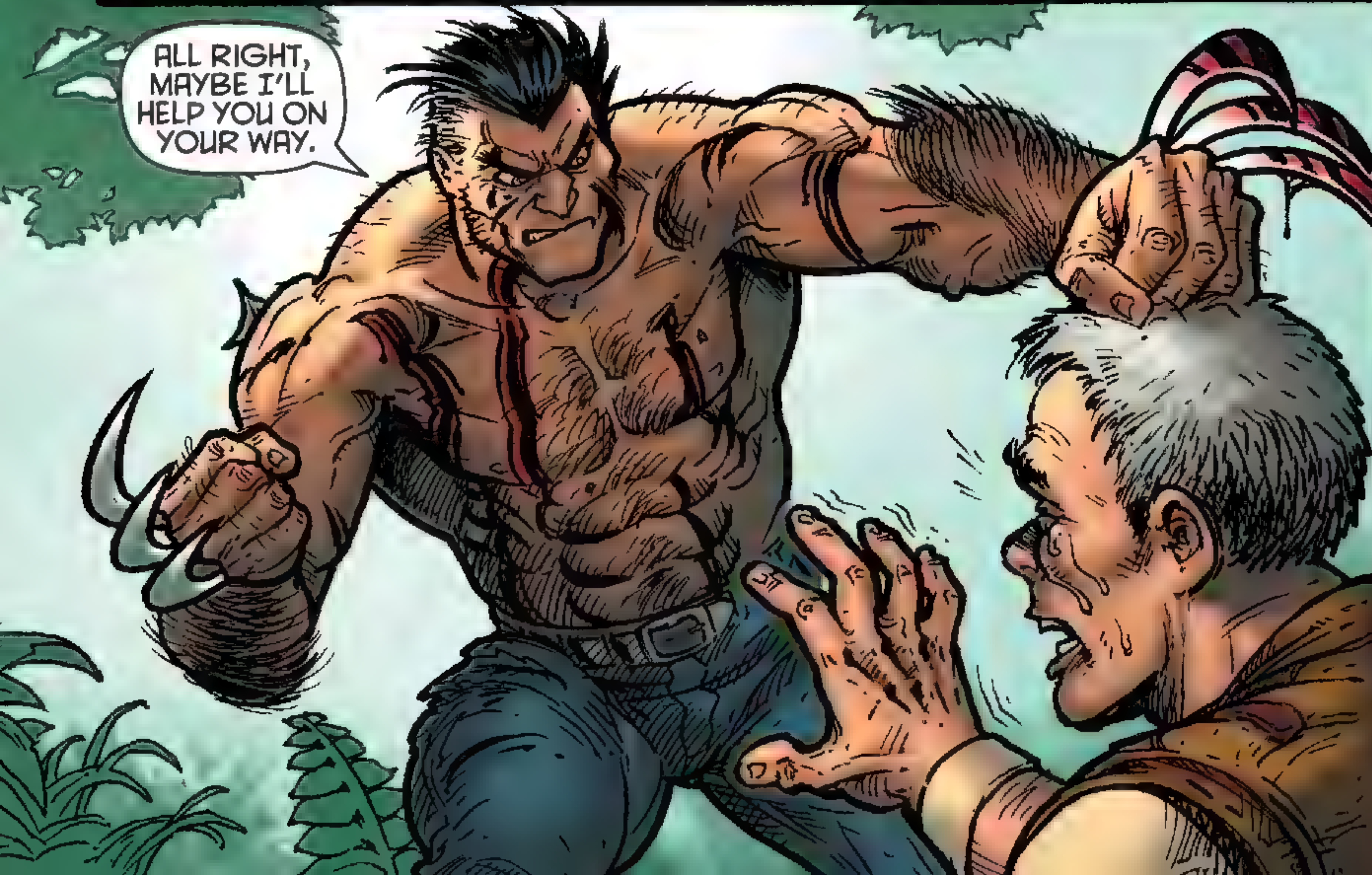


I ALSO SUSPECT
YOU HAVE USUALLY KILLED
YOUR OBLIVIOUS PREY WITH
AN EXTREMELY HIGH-POWERED
WEAPON FROM, AT THE VERY
LEAST, A QUARTER
OF A MILE AWAY.

AND I'M
BETTING THAT
THIS UP CLOSE AND
PERSONAL, YOU'D PASS
OUT AT THE VERY SIGHT
OF YOUR OWN
BLOOD.

LET'S FIND
OUT IF I'M RIGHT...
SHALL WE?







OKAY, WE GET IT. YOU'RE A BADASS. LET'S SEE YOU OUTRUN THREE HUNDRED ROUNDS A MINUTE, WOLVERINE!

URSLA... HELP... ME...

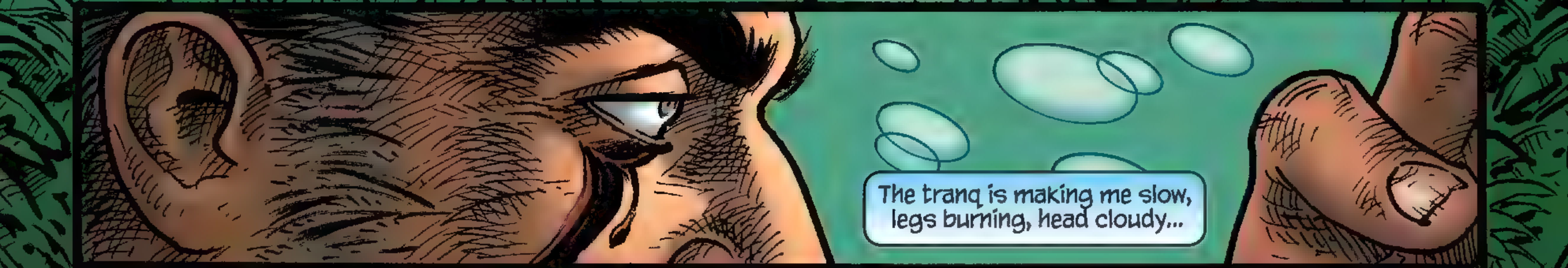
QUIT YOUR WHINING AND DIE LIKE A MAN.



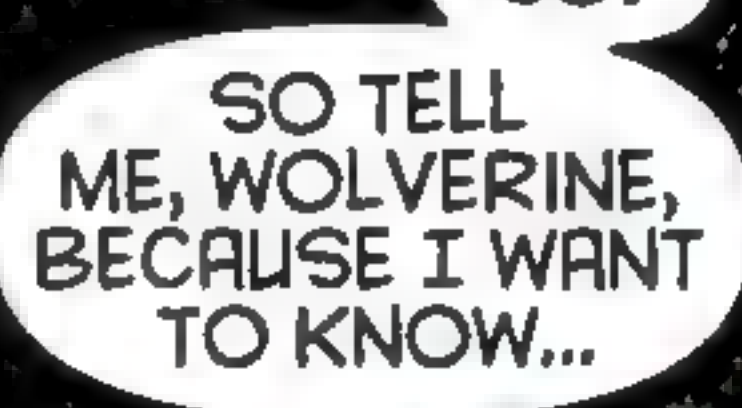
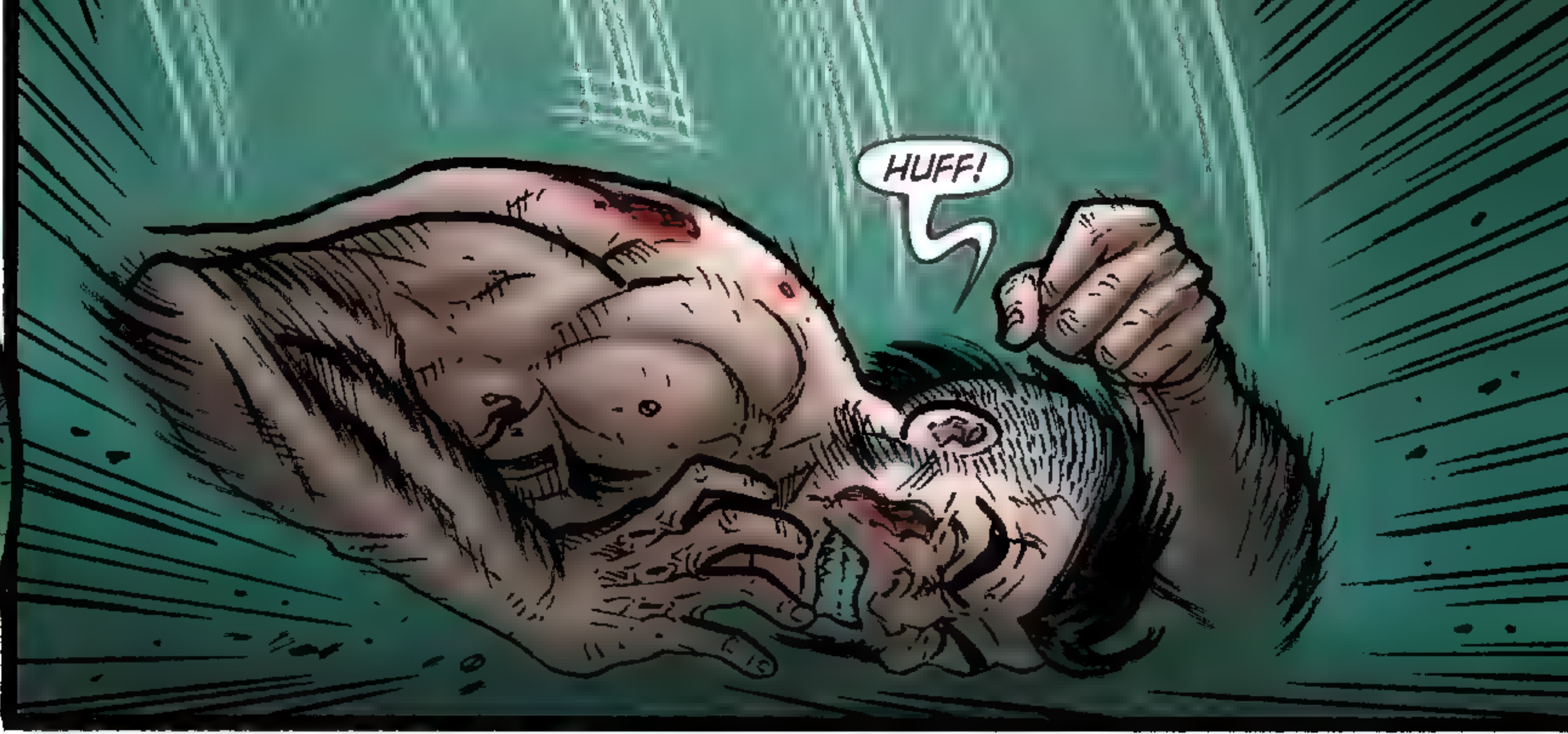
AND GUESS WHO'S NEXT!



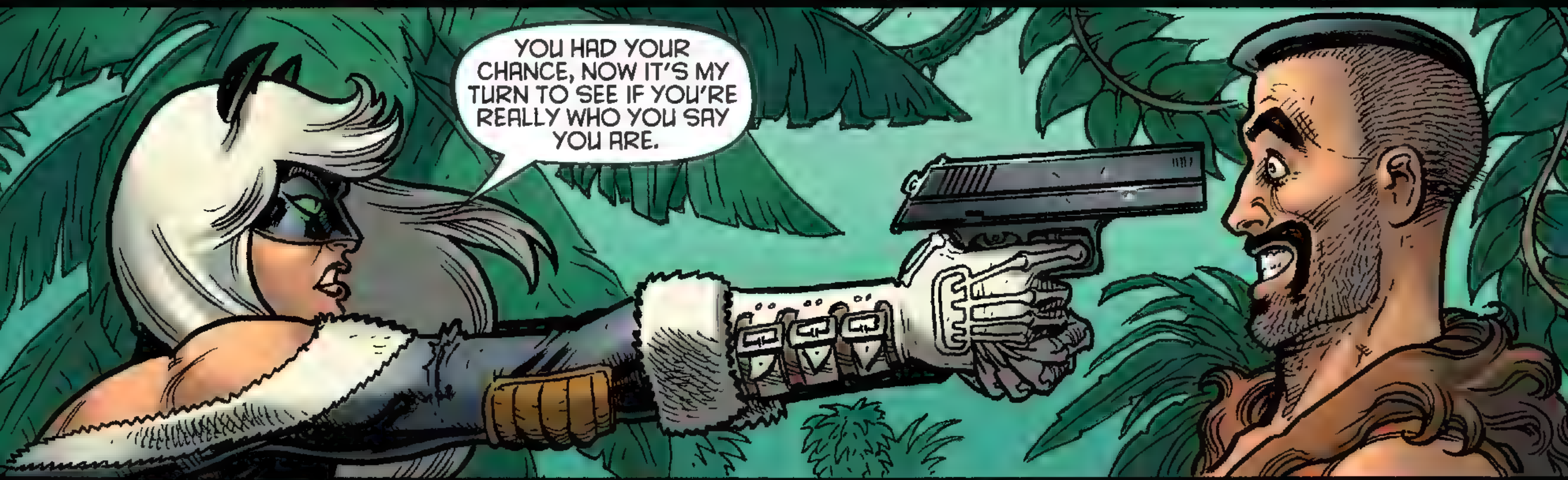
My immune system isn't kicking in fast enough.



The tranq is making me slow, legs burning, head cloudy...







-BLAMMO!!!





YOU CAN COME OUT NOW. THE DANGER'S PASSED.

FUNNY GIRL.



THANKS --

I OWE YA ONE.



NO SWEAT.

AND KRAVEN?



A ROBOT... NOW A ROBOT WITHOUT A HEAD, I MIGHT ADD.



THAT EXPLAINS A LOT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THIS WHOLE DEAL HAS A PARTICULAR STINK TO IT, A FAMILIAR ONE. I COULDN'T GET A SOLID SCENT OFF THE PEOPLE ON THE PLANE WITH ME BEFORE IT WENT DOWN...

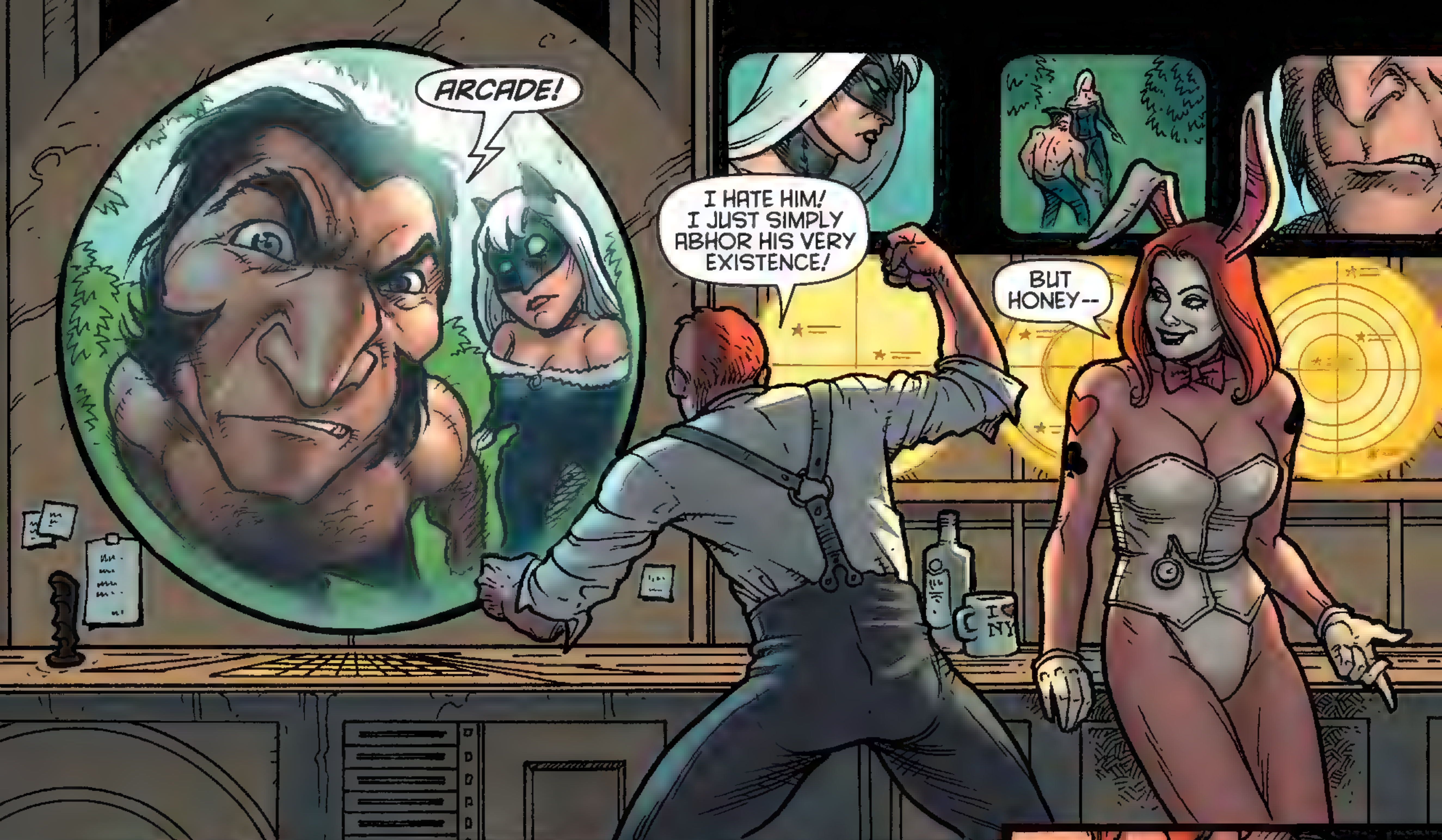


HELLO, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?



SOMEONE'S BEEN KEEPING TABS ON US.

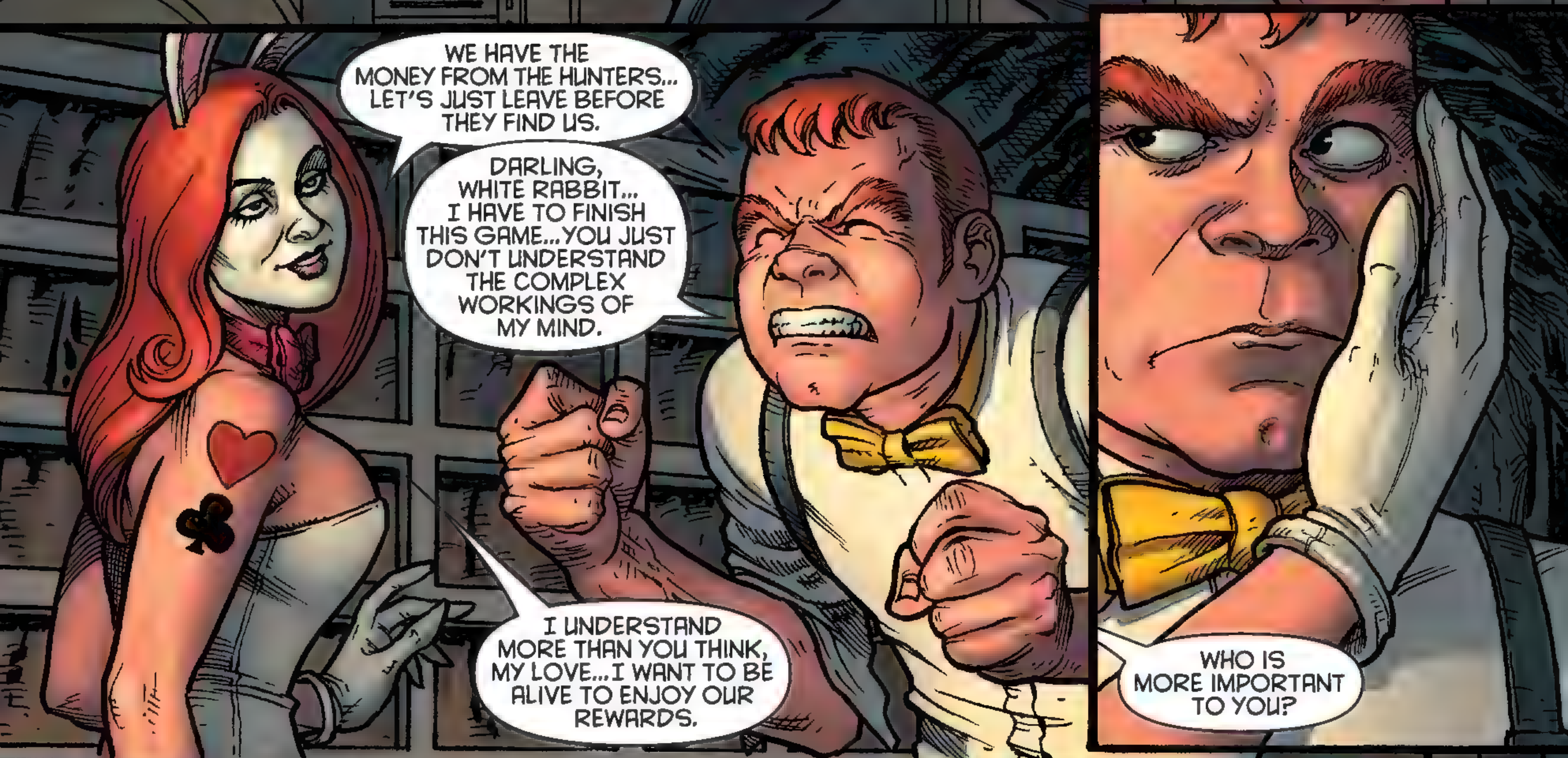
AND I THINK I KNOW WHO IT IS...



ARCADE!

I HATE HIM!
I JUST SIMPLY
ABHOR HIS VERY
EXISTENCE!

BUT
HONEY--



WE HAVE THE
MONEY FROM THE HUNTERS...
LET'S JUST LEAVE BEFORE
THEY FIND US.

DARLING,
WHITE RABBIT...
I HAVE TO FINISH
THIS GAME...YOU JUST
DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE COMPLEX
WORKINGS OF
MY MIND.

I UNDERSTAND
MORE THAN YOU THINK,
MY LOVE...I WANT TO BE
ALIVE TO ENJOY OUR
REWARDS.

WHO IS
MORE IMPORTANT
TO YOU?



YOU ARE...
WITHOUT A DOUBT.
WHAT WAS I
THINKING?

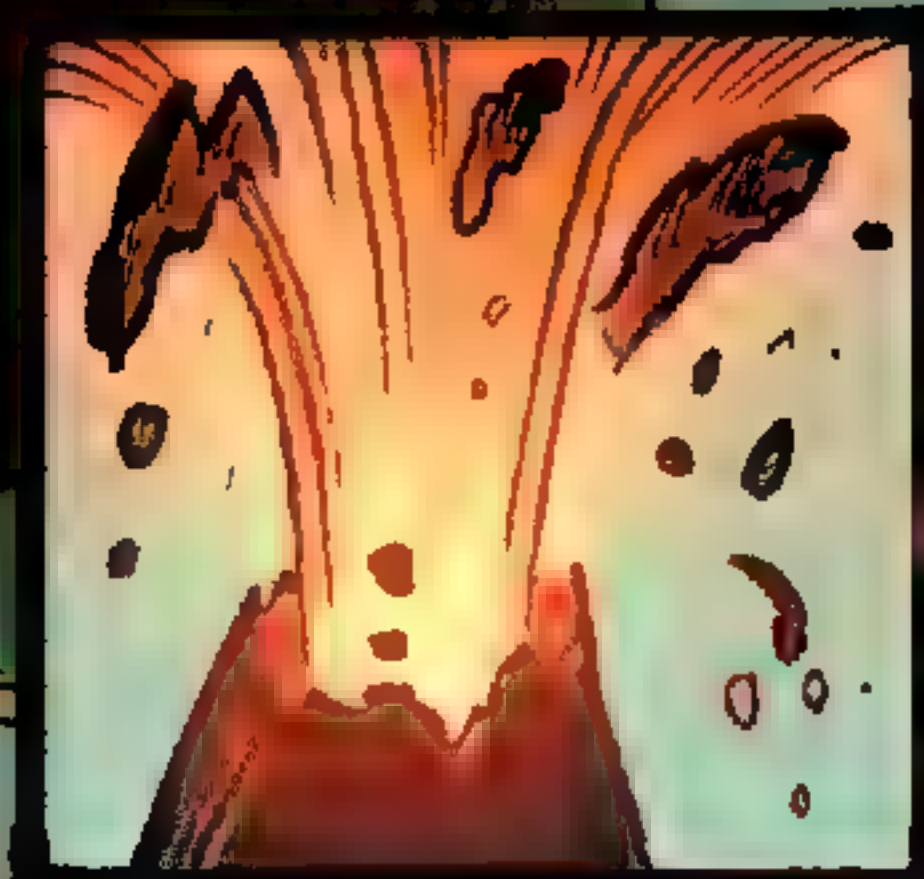
DO NOT
WORRY, DARLING...
LET'S COLLECT OUR
THINGS AND
LEAVE.

FINE, GO
TO THE SHIP... I
STILL HAVE ONE MORE
CARD UP MY SLEEVE TO
PLAY BEFORE WE
TAKE OFF.



"ARCADE"?
WHO'S THAT?

BOOM!



THE GUY
THAT JUST
STARTED
BLOWING UP
THIS ENTIRE
ISLAND...

HE IS THE
PSYCHOTIC SON
OF A TEXAS OIL
MILLIONAIRE.

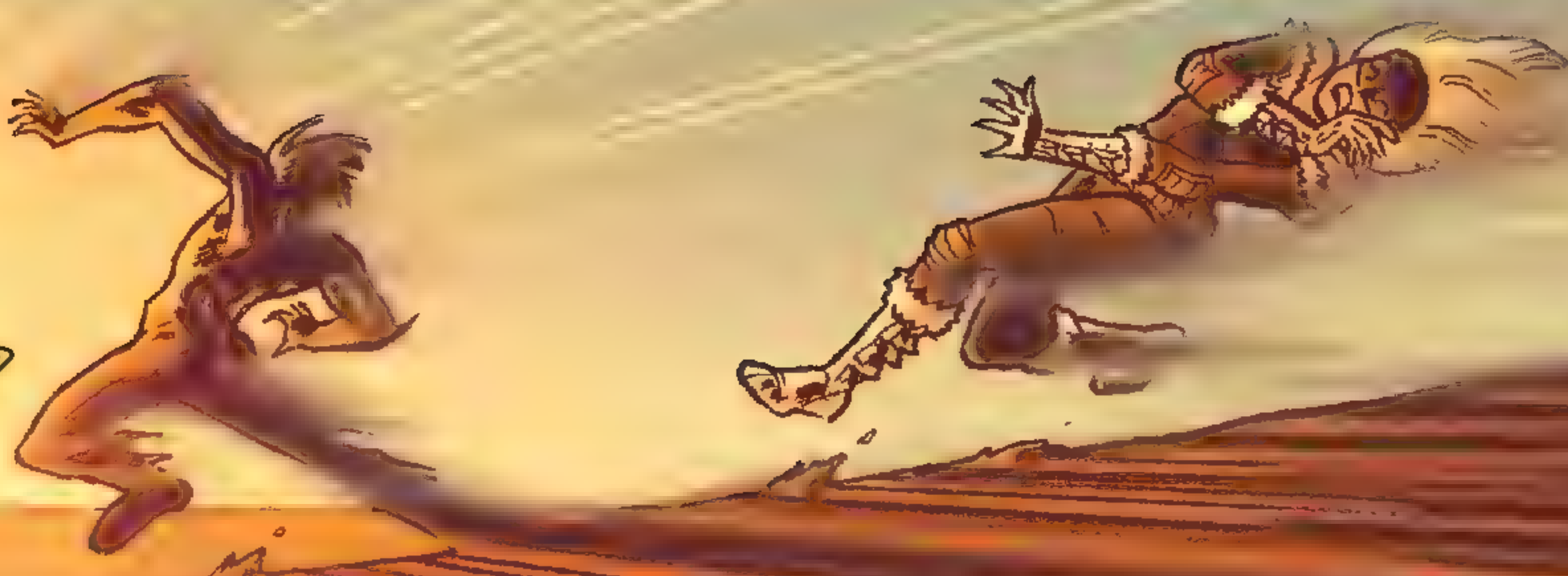
ARCADE
KILLED HIS FATHER
AND USED THE OLD MAN'S
FORTUNE TO CONSTRUCT
MURDERWORLD, AN
ASSASSINATION
THEME PARK.

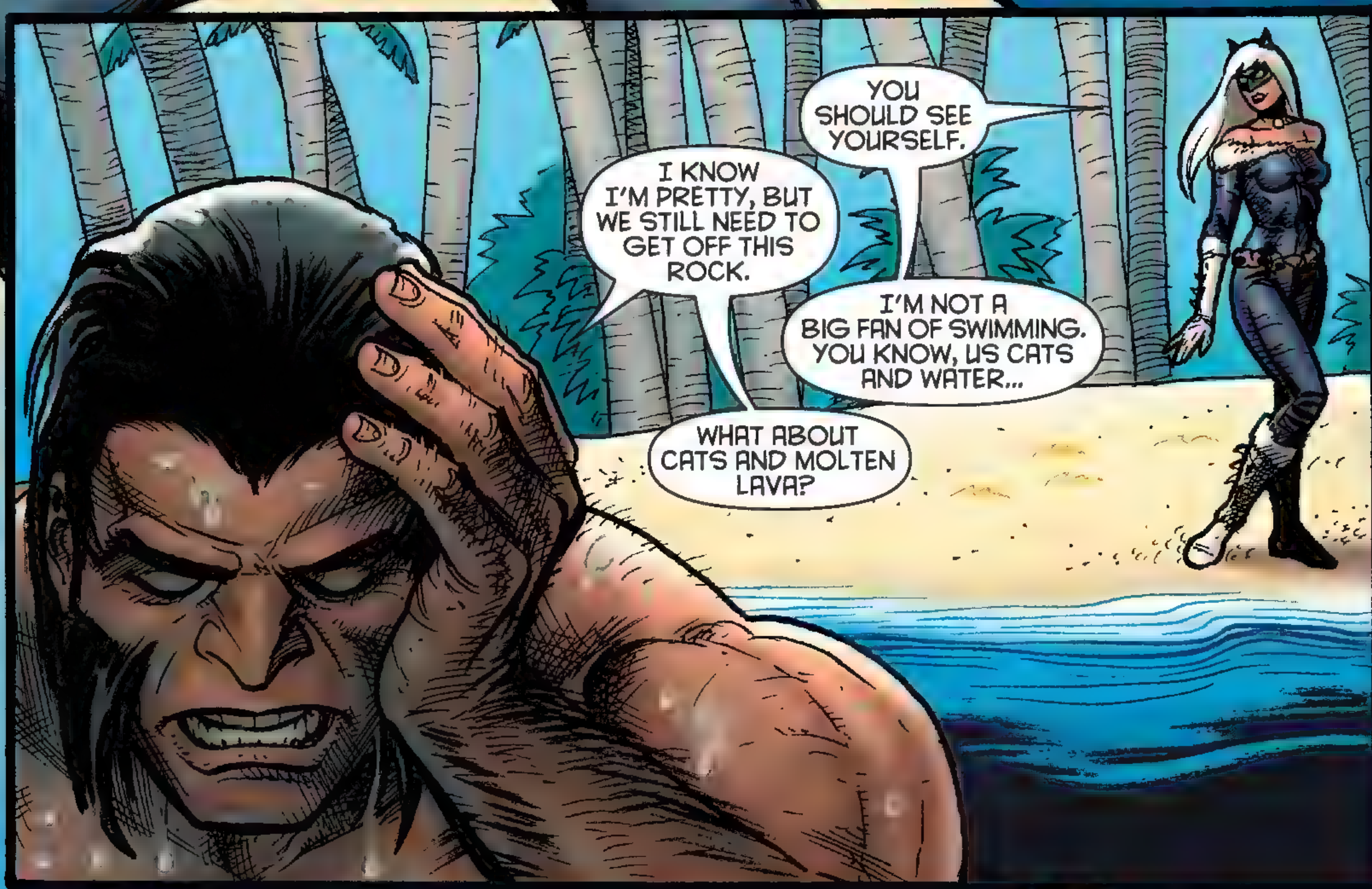


YEAH, WHITE
SUIT AND FRECKLES.
I KNOW THE GUY. HE'S
AN ASS AND THERE'S
THE BOAT!

WE AIN'T
HOME YET,
KID.

CH-BOOM!







SMARTASS.



HOW DO YOU THINK THE REDNECKS ARE GETTING OFF THE ISLAND?

WHAT'S THAT NOISE...?

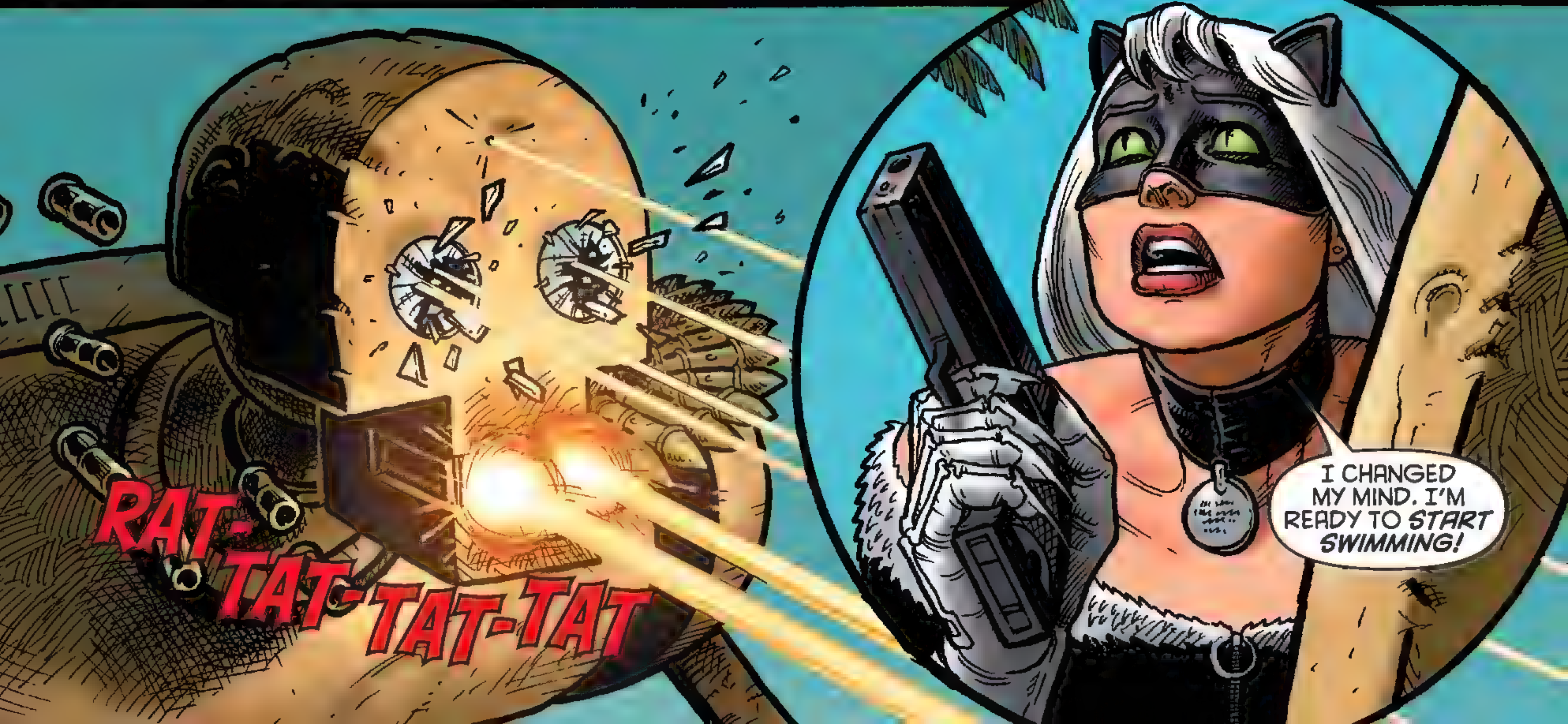
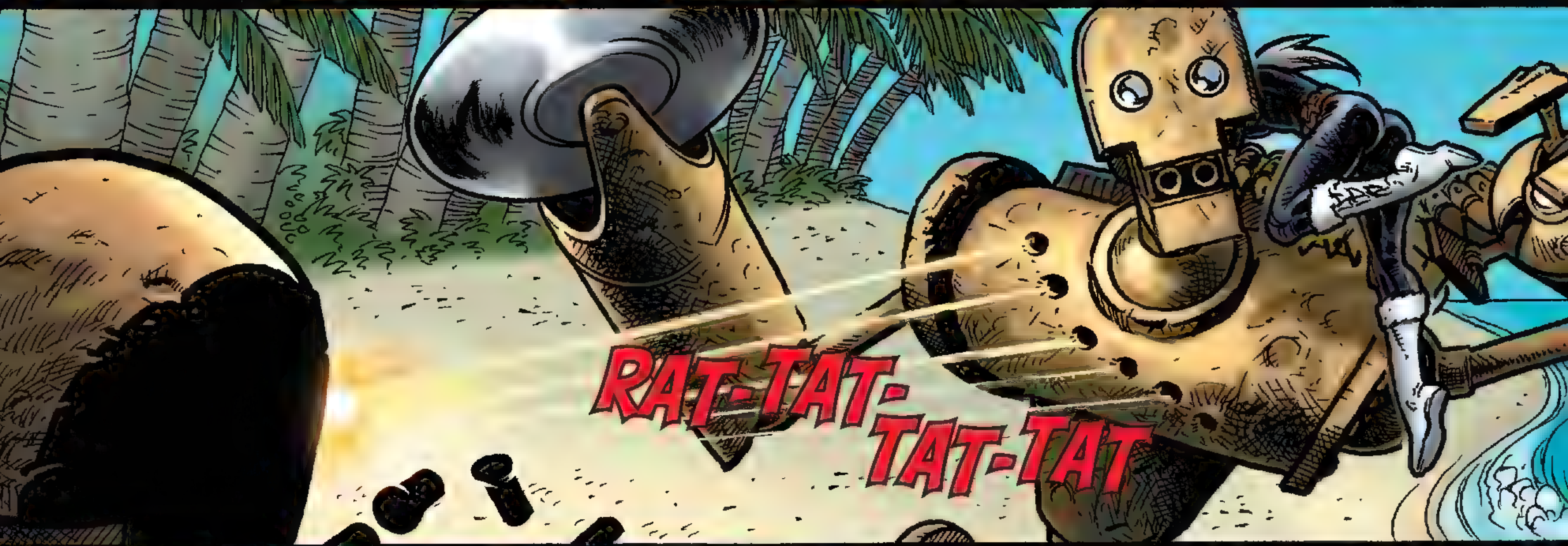
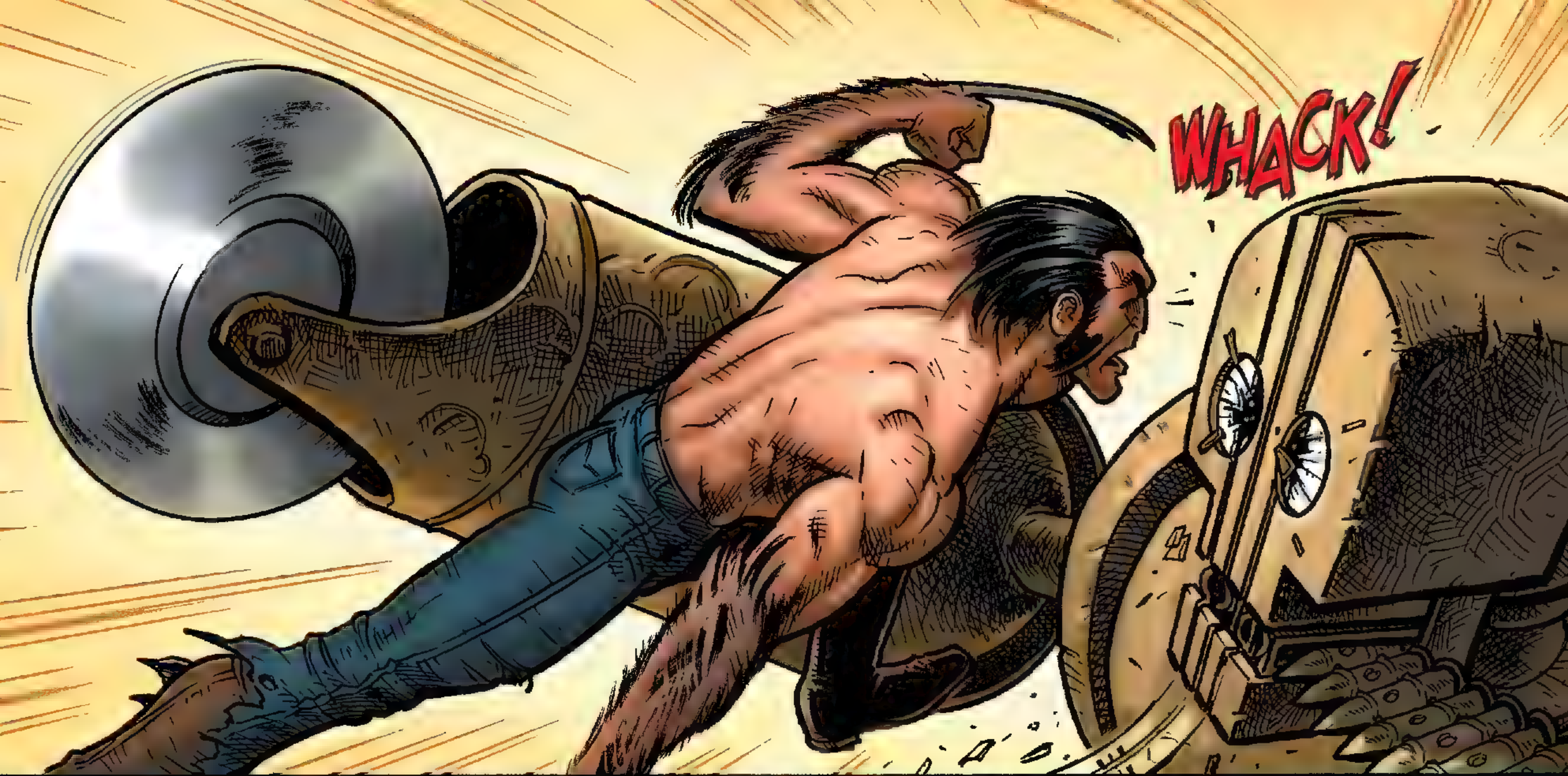
GARRRR



OH, I SEE... DEATH BY LAVA IS TOO SLOW, SO THIS ARCADE FELLOW SENDS IN THE GIANT ROBOTS.

THIS GUY REALLY HAS A UNIQUE SENSE OF HUMOR.

SWISH





CLAW
#3



LINÖNER
2006

Manhattan,
New York.

ARCADE,
SWEETIE, DOES
THIS OUTFIT MAKE
ME LOOK
FAT?

YES,
ENORMOUS...
LARGER
THAN LIFE
ITSELF.

IN FACT,
THE SIGHT OF YOU
DISGUSTS ME. GO
BACK IN THE BATHROOM
AND PUKE UP THE SUSHI
YOU HAD FOR
LUNCH.

I ALREADY
DID THAT AND
SPENT AN
HOUR ON THE
TREADMILL.

THEN ALL
HOPE IS LOST.
I'LL BE TAKING
A PLUMP WHITE
RABBIT TO THE
OPERA.

YOU'RE
SO MEAN TO
ME.

I'M NOT
BEING MEAN. IT IS
CALLED REVERSE
PSYCHOLOGY.

IF I TELL
YOU THAT *IN
FACT* YOU ARE *TOO
SKINNY*, YOUR LITTLE
BUNNY EARS HEAR
SOMETHING
COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT.

YOU HEAR,
"I'M A FAT LIDDLE
WABBIT." *THEREFORE*, TO
KEEP FROM *BUTCHERING*
YOU IN YOUR *SLEEP* OUT OF
SHEER *FRUSTRATION*, I HAVE
TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU
THINK YOU WANT
TO HEAR.

YOU
SEE, WHEN YOU
CONTINUOUSLY ASK
ME QUESTIONS OF
THAT NATURE AND I
RESPOND IN TRUTH,
YOU *DISREGARD*
IT.

SO YOU
ARE SAYING I'M
FAT!

SCHMEED



CAN WE GO NOW?



YES, WE SHOULD CELEBRATE THE DEATH OF WOLVERINE AND BLACK CAT IN STYLE.



YES, THUMPER. THAT IS THE PLAN.

OOH, I LIKE WHEN YOU CALL ME THUMPER.



I NEVER DATED A CUTE GENIUS WITH CHARMING LITTLE FRECKLES BEFORE.



DARLING, PLEASE... YOU DO NOT PINCH THE CHEEKS OF A HOMICIDAL MANIAC!



OH MY GOD! YOU SOUNDED JUST LIKE CARY GRANT! DO IT AGAIN!



MY FORMULA FOR LIVING IS QUITE SIMPLE.

I GET UP IN THE MORNING AND I GO TO BED AT NIGHT.

IN BETWEEN, I MURDER PEOPLE AS BEST I CAN.

YAY! YOU'RE SO GOOD!



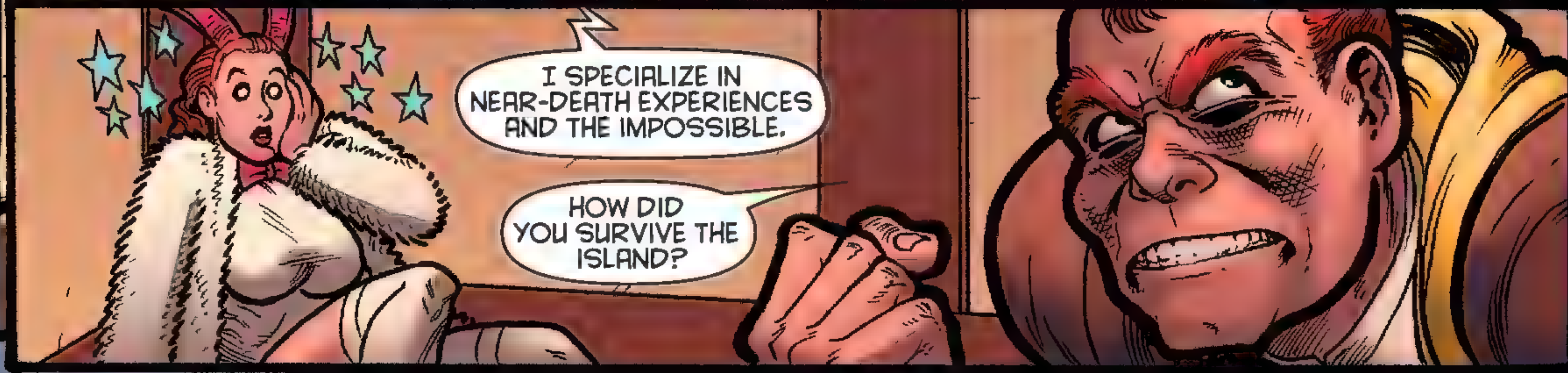
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

RUMBLE!



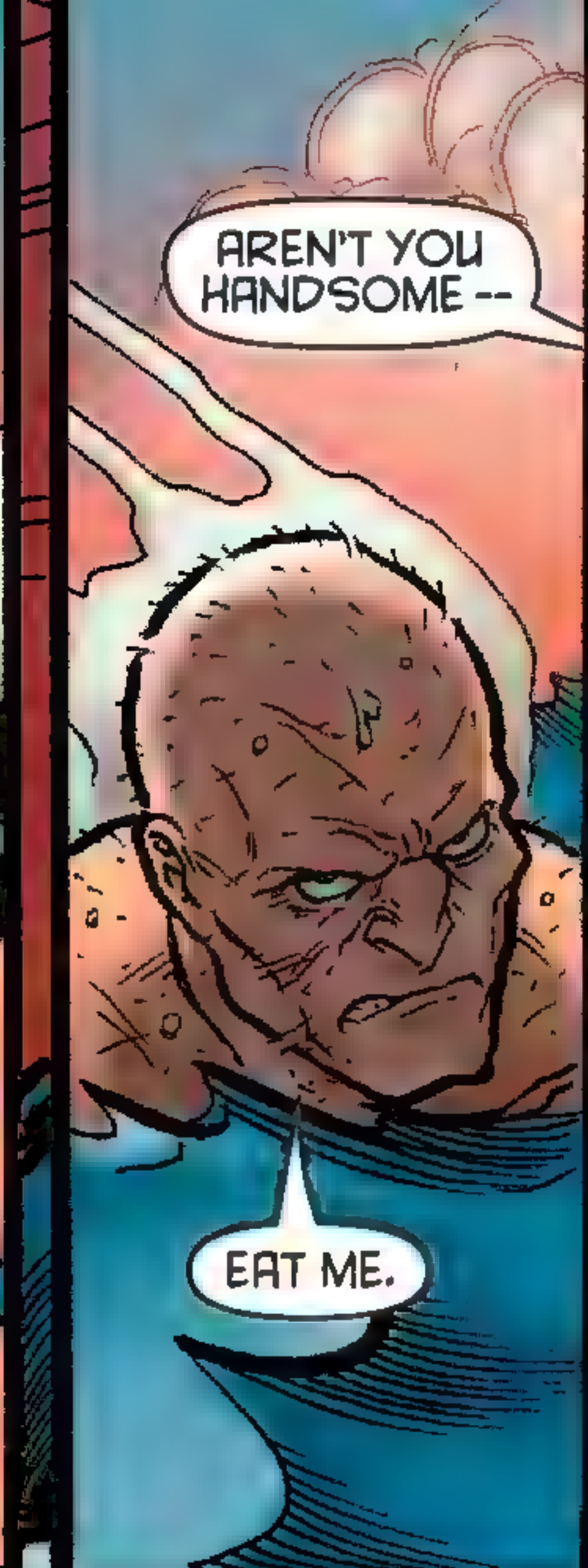
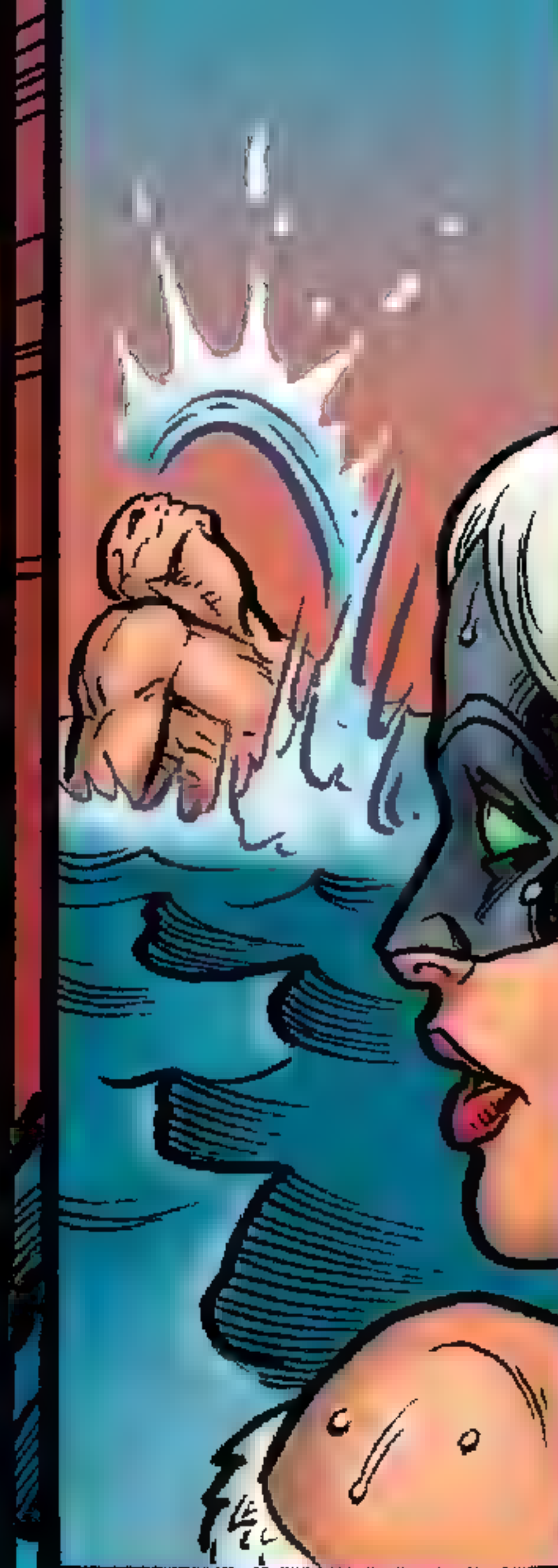
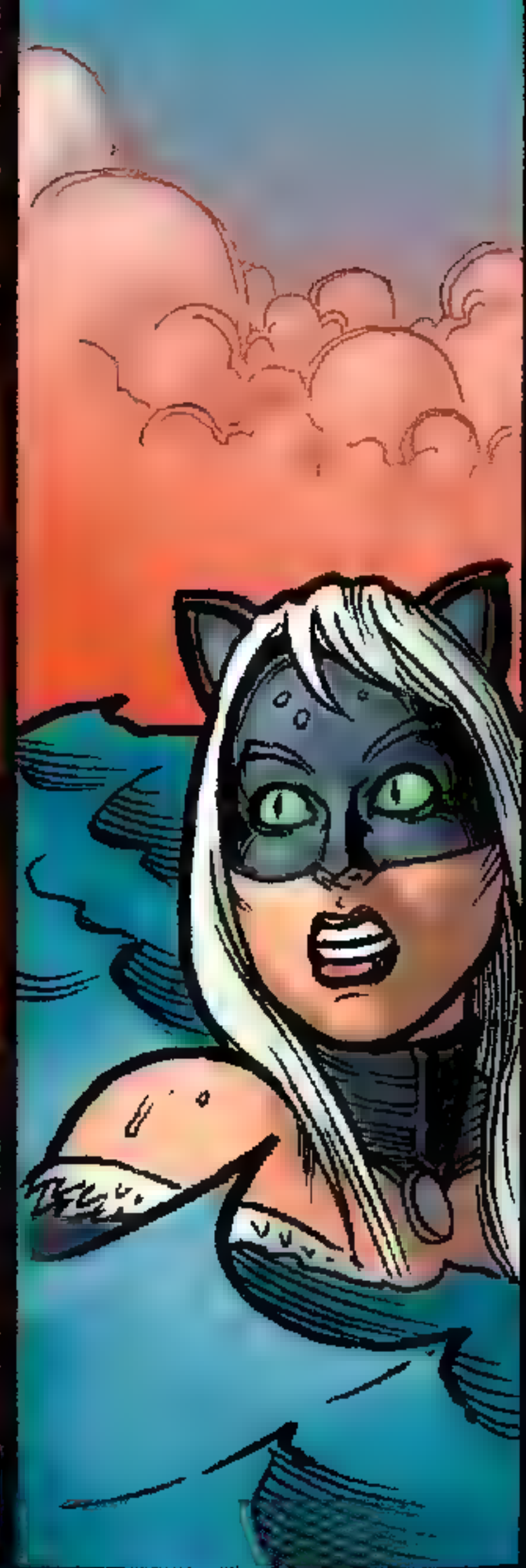
YER GOIN' FOR A RIDE, RABBIT!

THAT VOICE! IMPOSSIBLE!



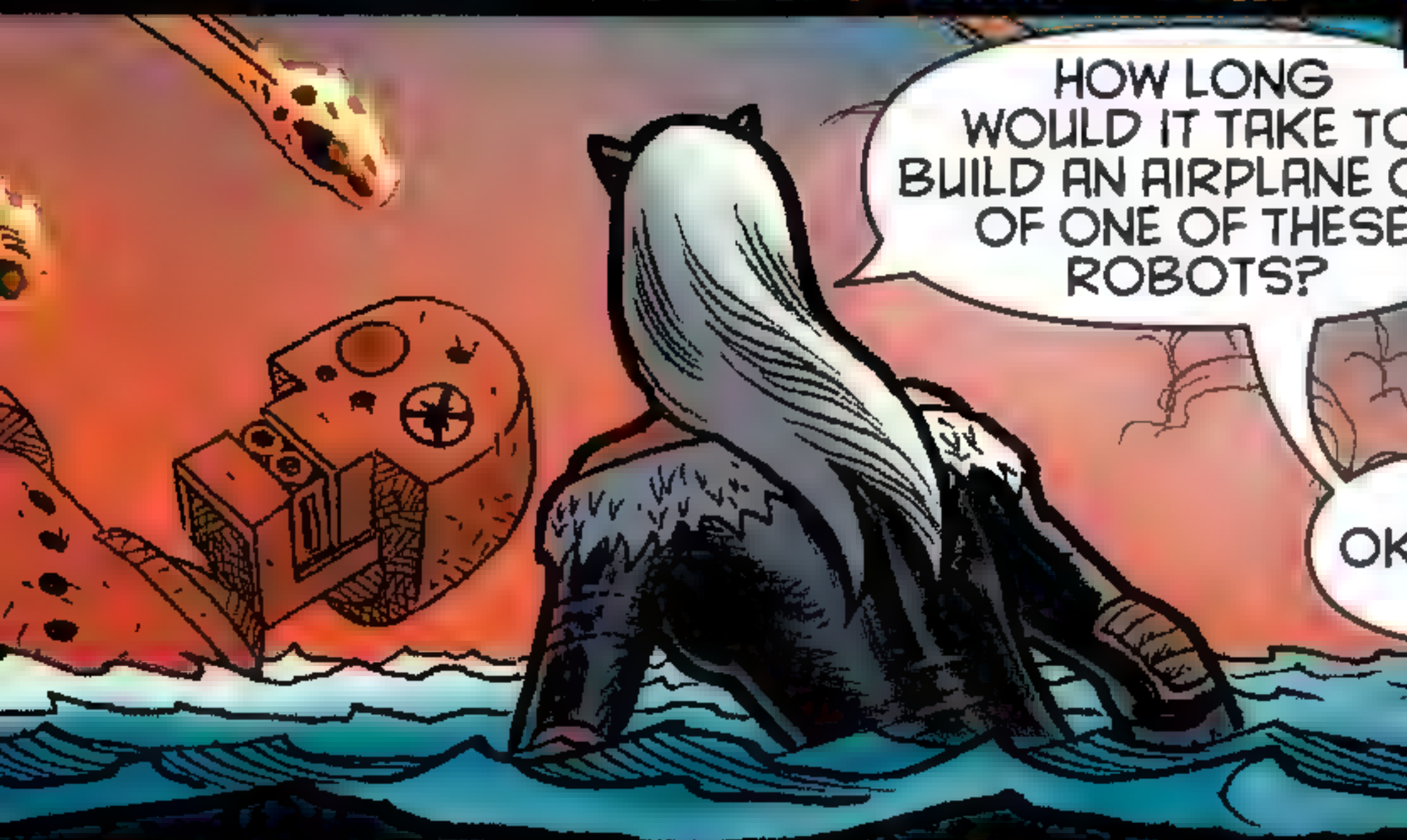


"I'LL TELL YA ALL ABOUT IT."



AREN'T YOU HANDSOME --

EAT ME.

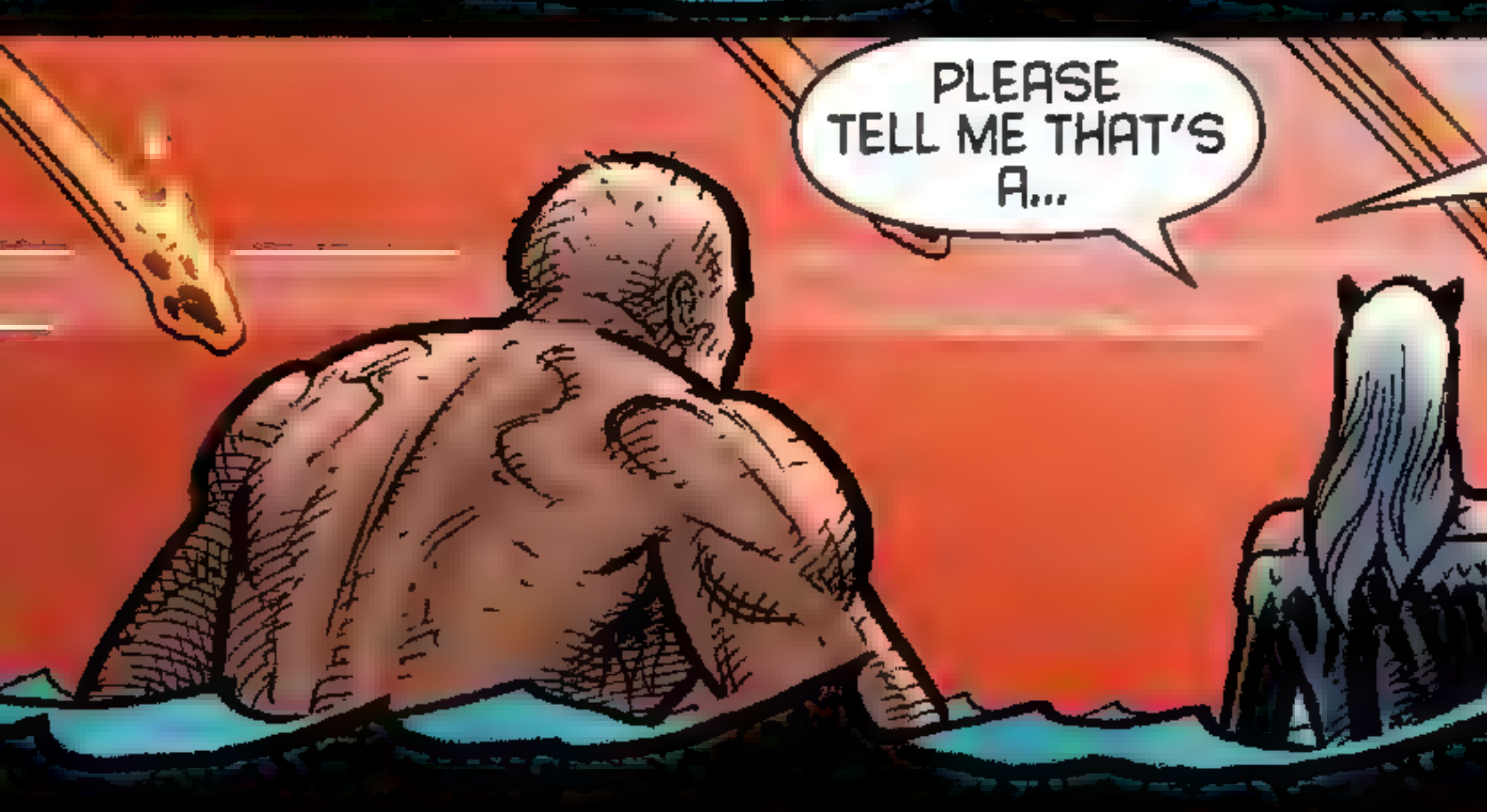
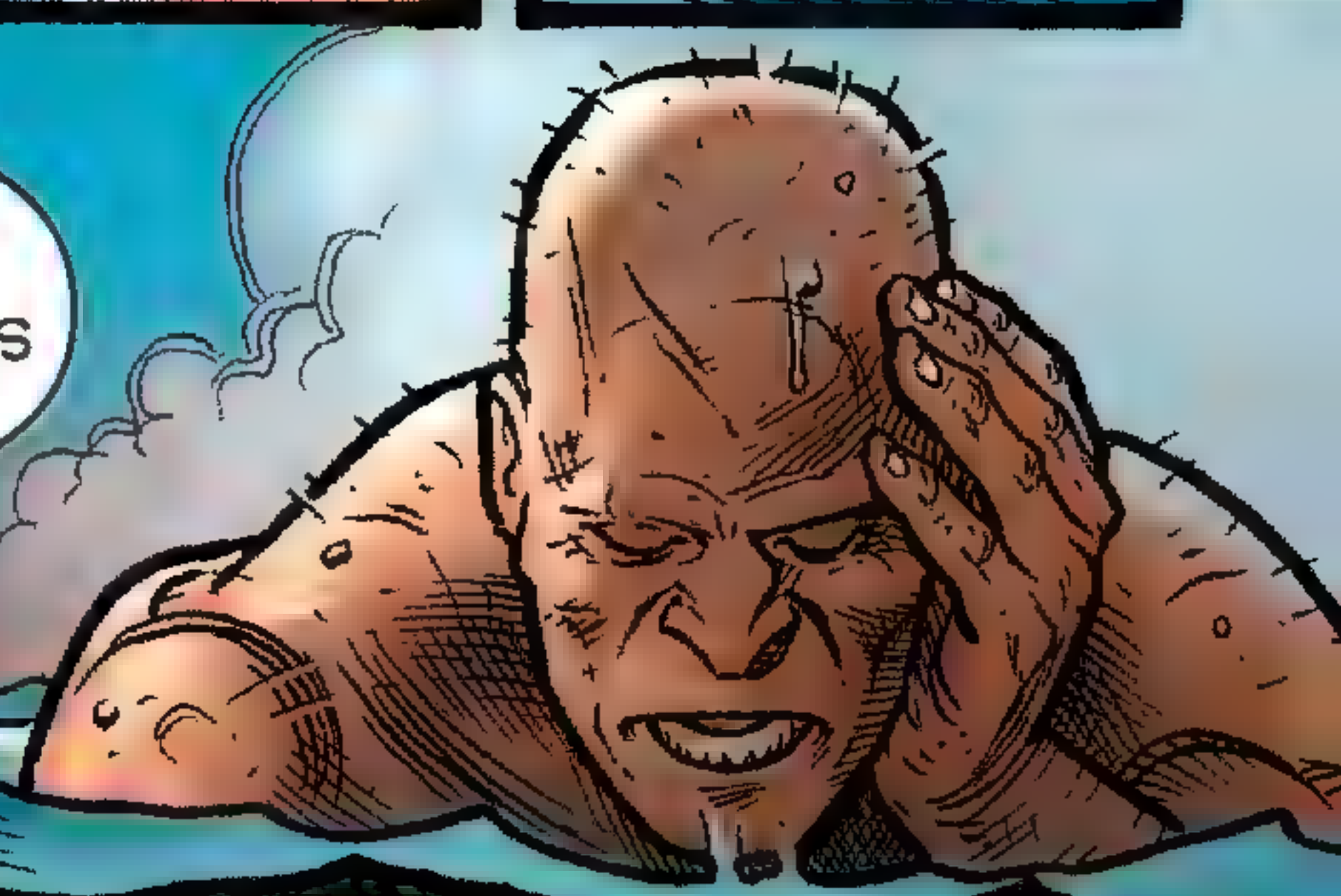


HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE TO BUILD AN AIRPLANE OUT OF ONE OF THESE ROBOTS?

ABOUT THE SAME TIME IT WOULD TAKE FOR YOU TO GIVE BIRTH TO A FRIGGIN' GENIUS SCHOOLED IN AERO-TECHNOLOGY.

YEAH, OKAY... BAD IDEA.

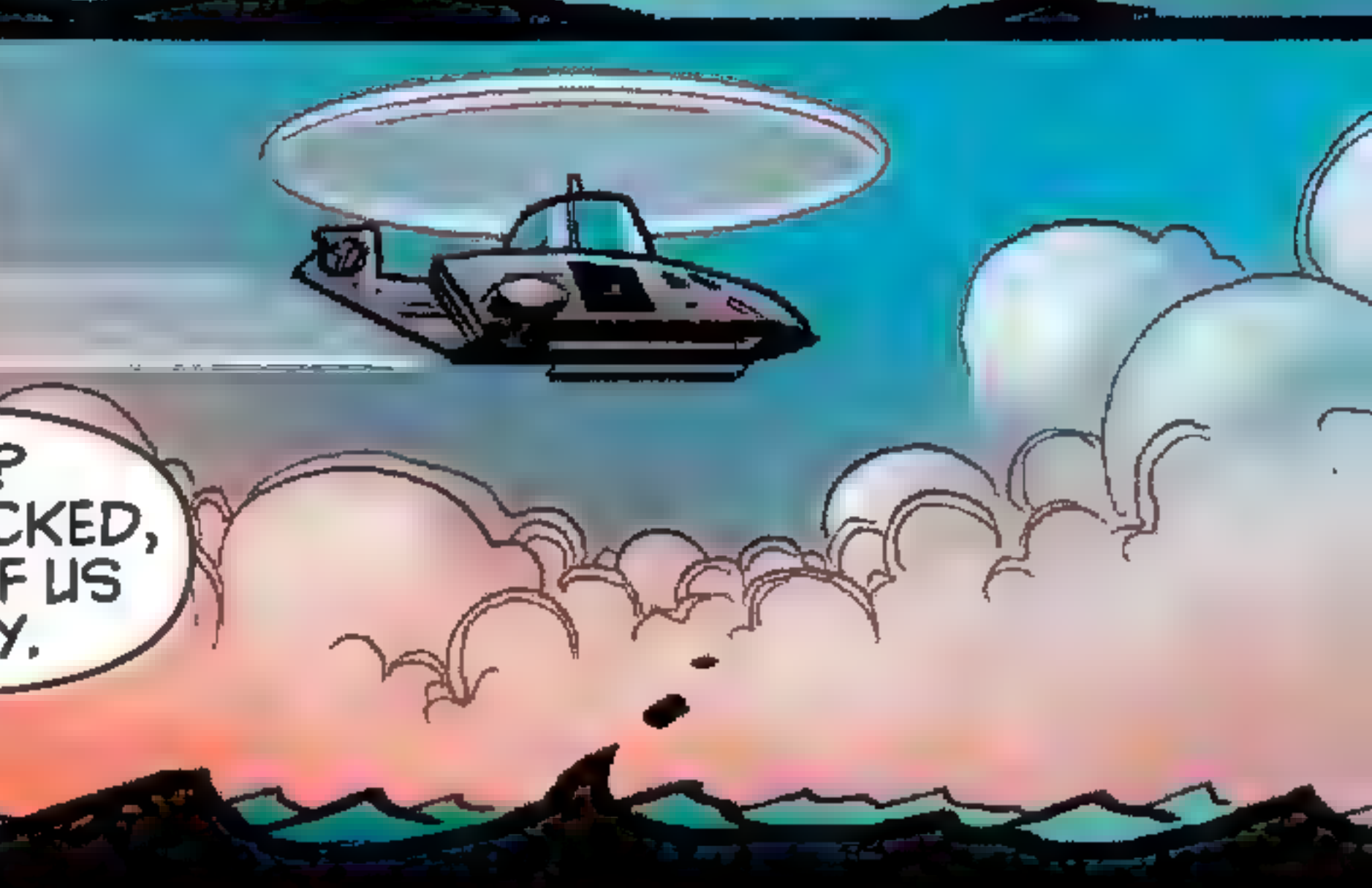
SHH... YOU HEAR THAT?



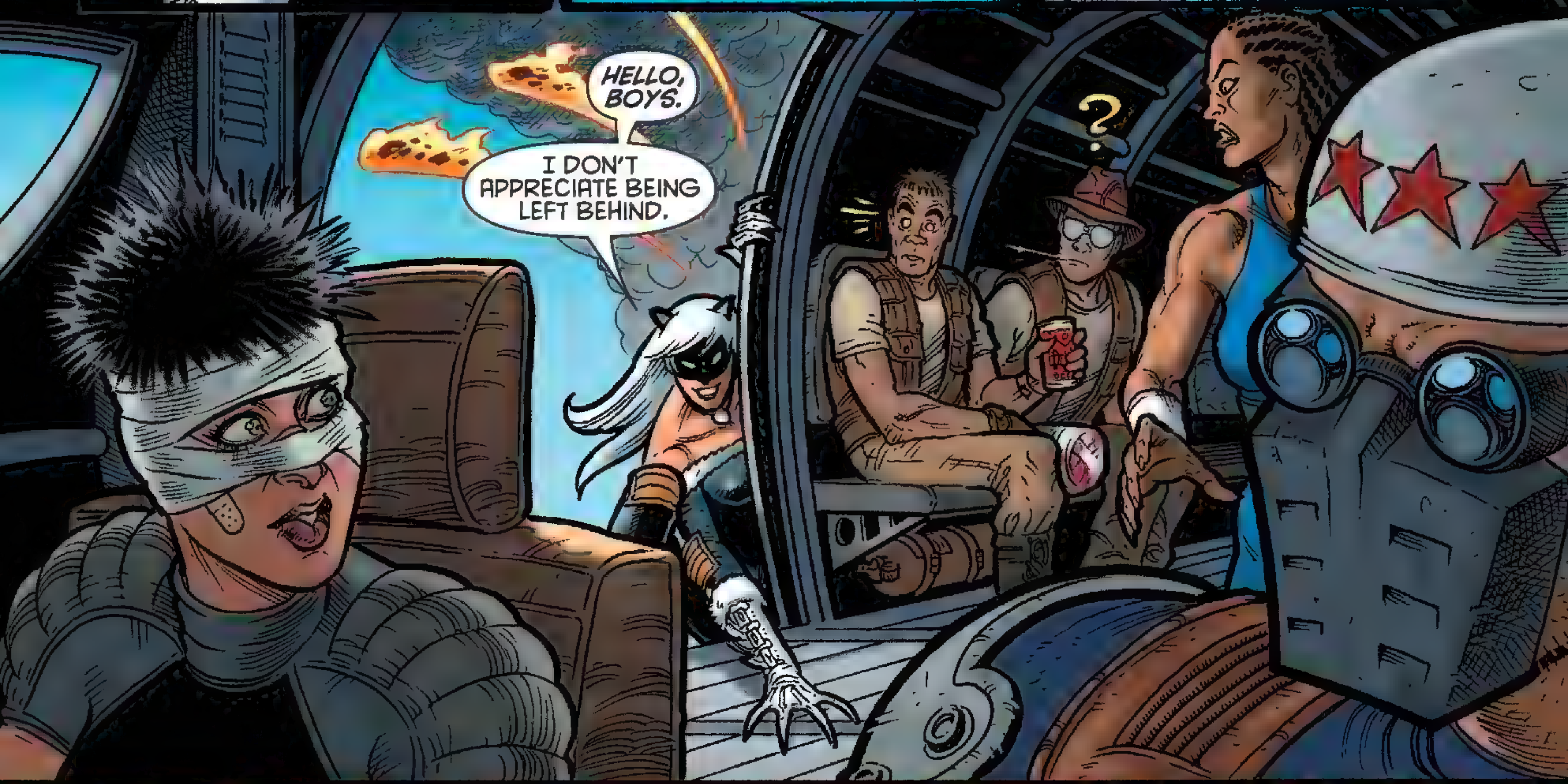
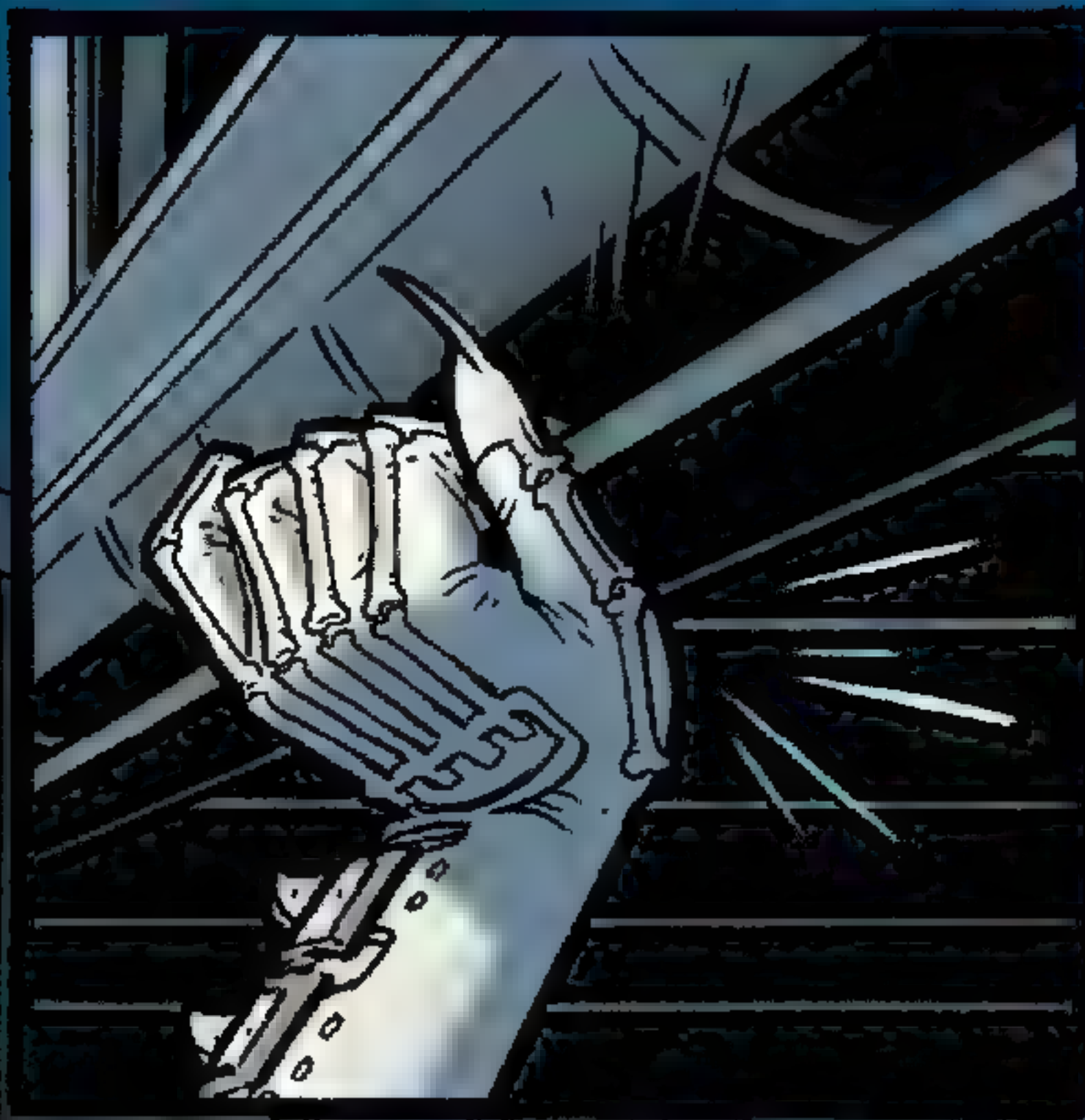
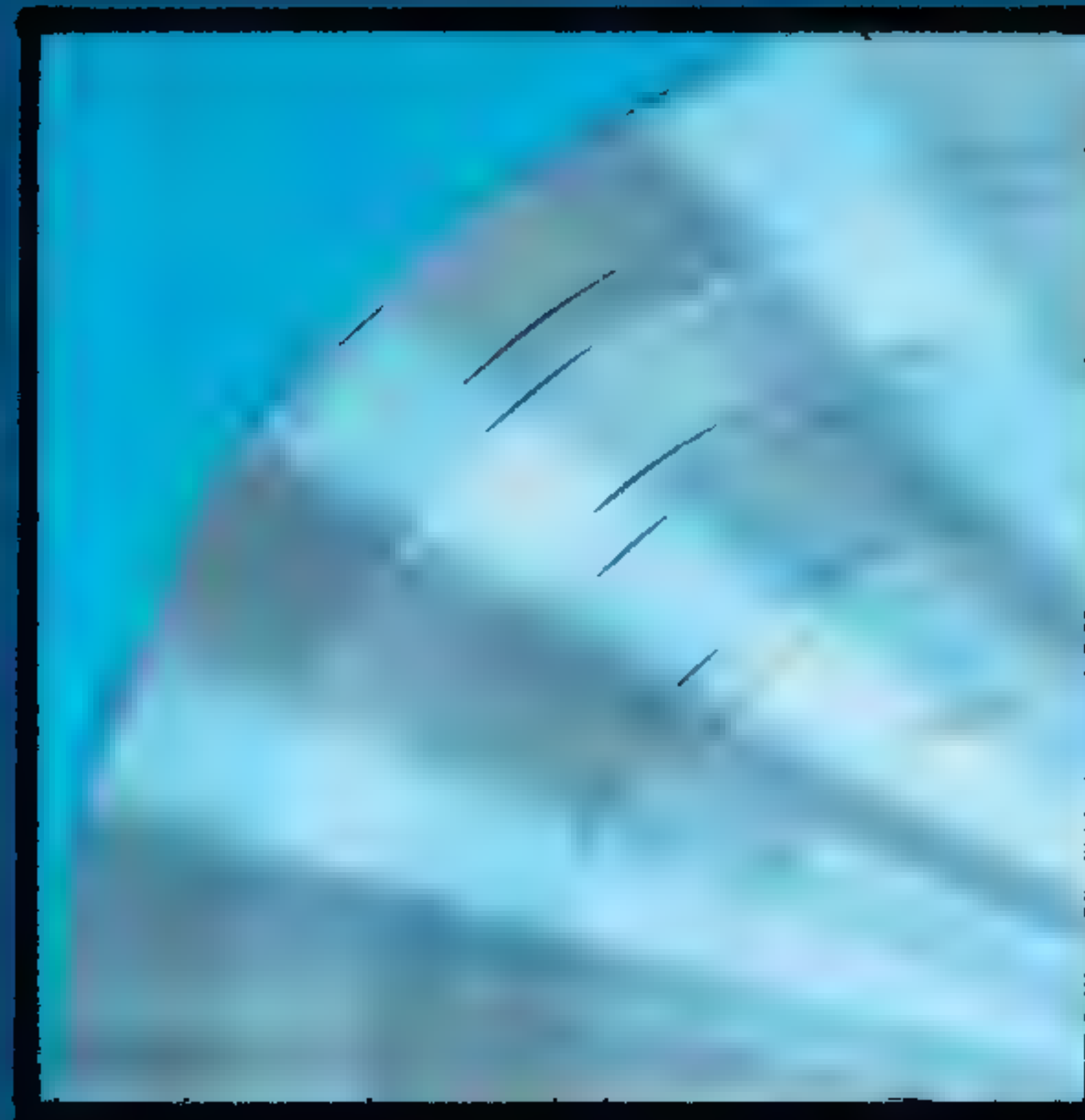
PLEASE TELL ME THAT'S A...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT... TOO MUCH WEIGHT ON BOARD, SO IT CAN'T GET MUCH ELEVATION... OH LUCKY DAY.

LUCKY? LAST I CHECKED, NEITHER OF US CAN FLY.



ME AND MY BIG MOUTH.





THAT
DAMN CAT
SURE IS TAKING
HER SWEET
TIME!



CRAP!



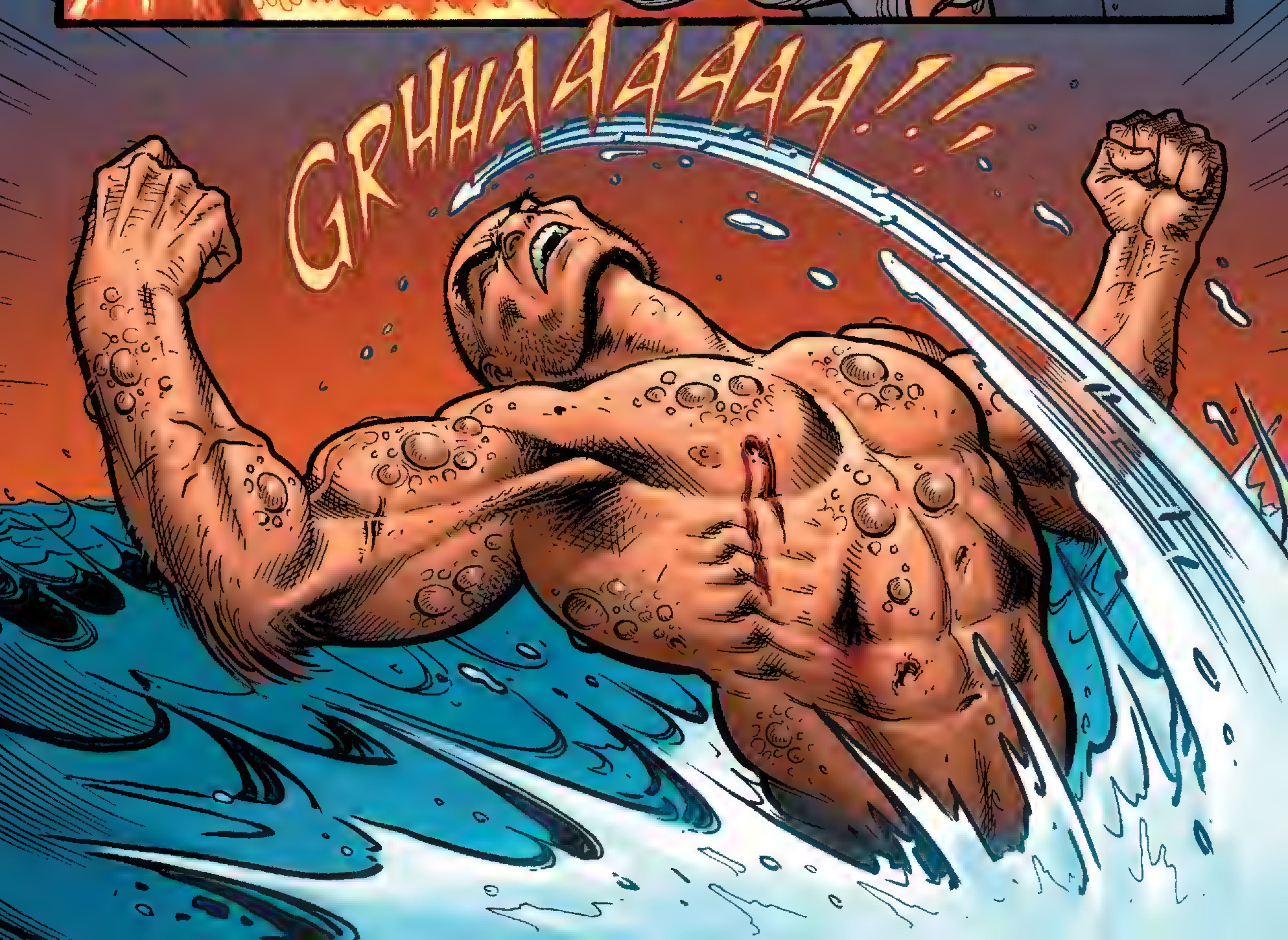
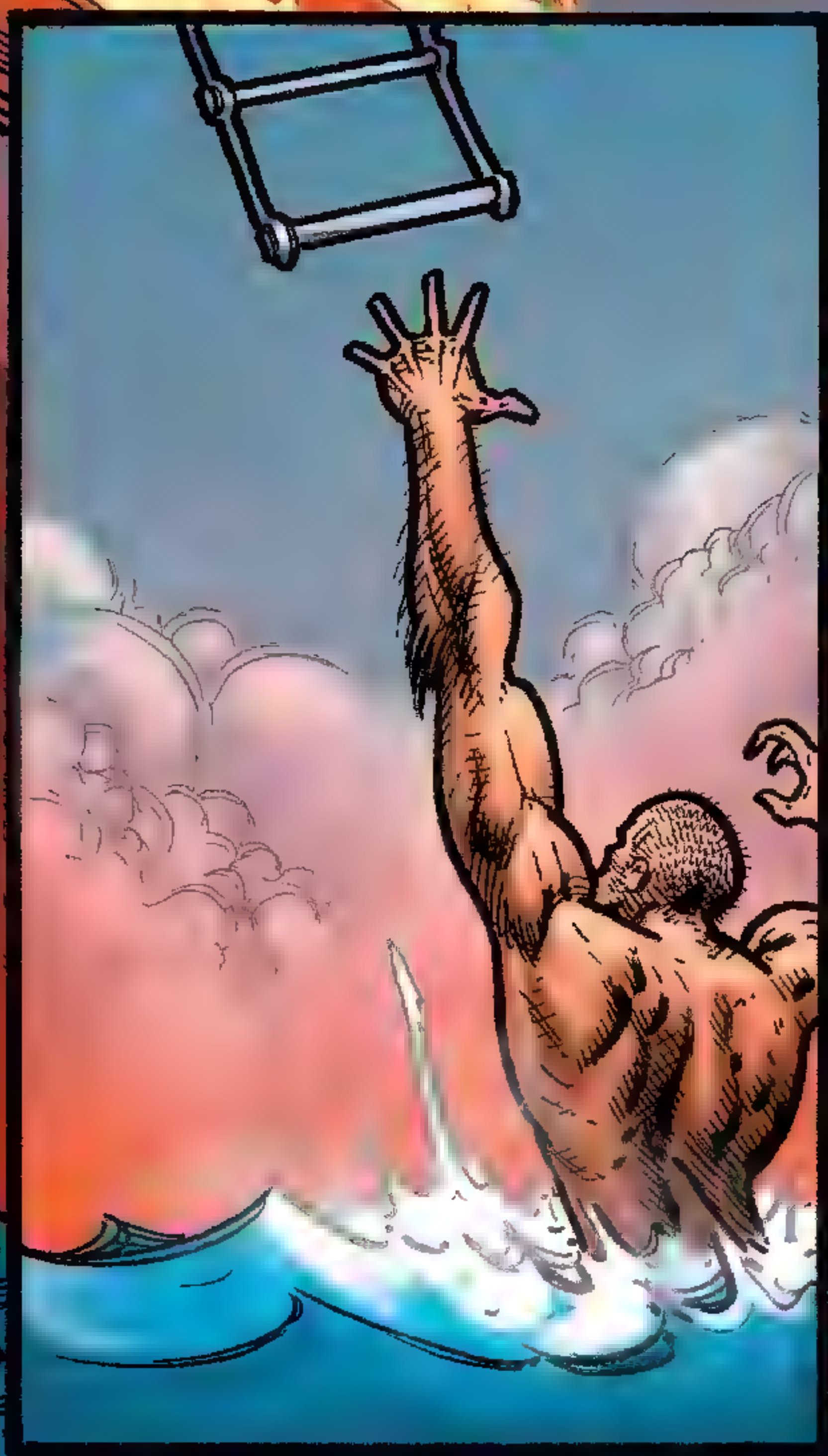
OKAY, JUST
LEMMIE PICK UP
THE RUNT, AND WE
ARE OUTTA
HERE!



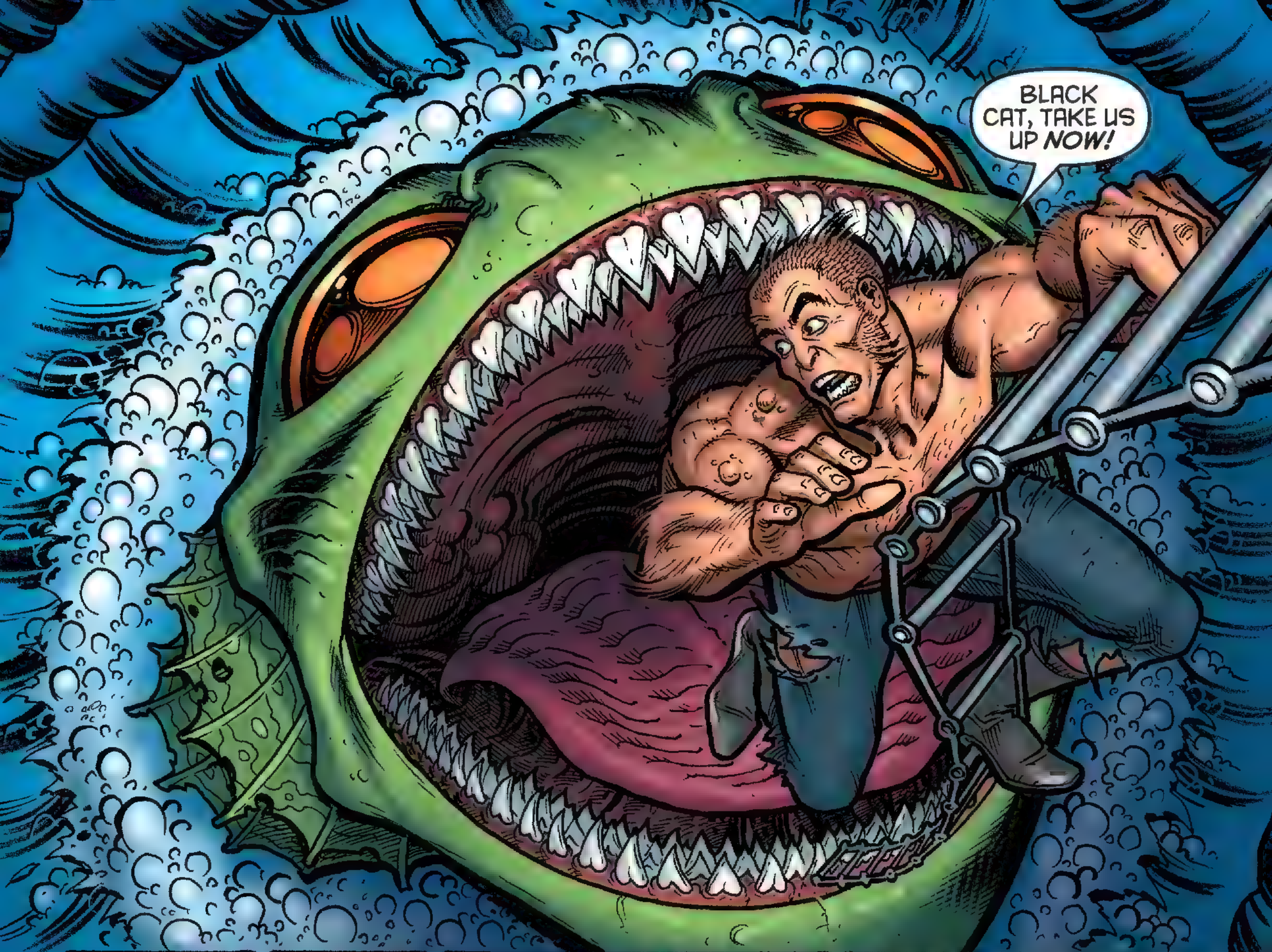
\$#@?!/



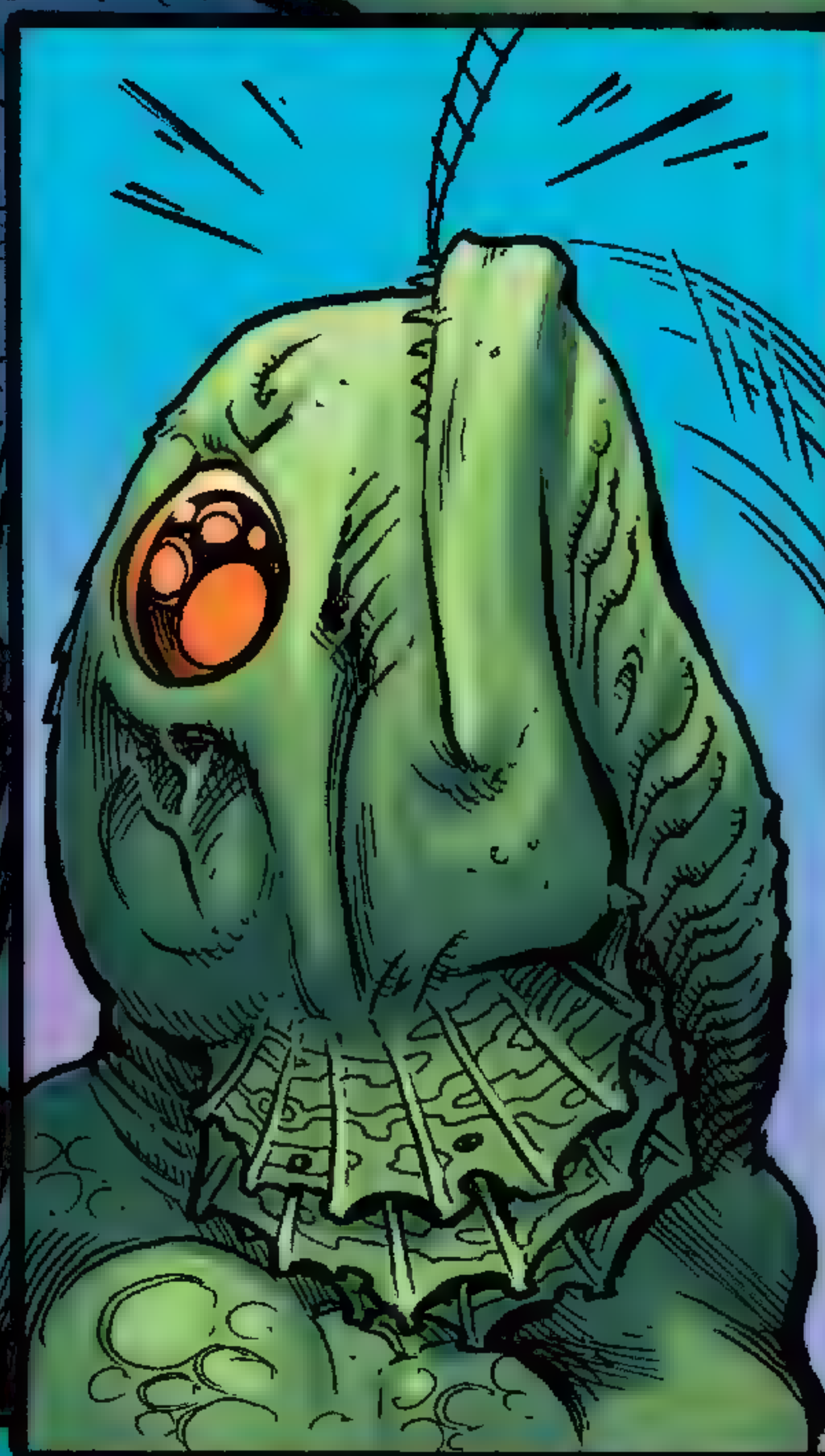
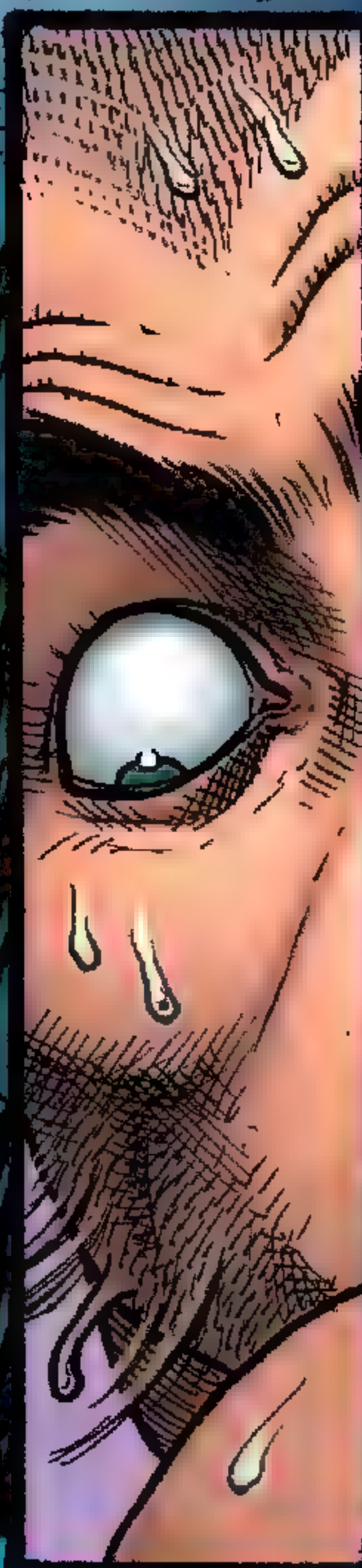
C'MON
BABY, ALMOST
GOT YOU --







BLACK CAT, TAKE US UP NOW!



WOLVIE?

AWW CRAP!



POOR LITTLE FELLA.

I GUESS I HAVE TO CALL THE X-MEN WHEN I GET BACK. THEY'LL WANT TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE GOOFY FUNERALS WHERE EVERYONE SHOWS UP IN COSTUME.

HMMM, MAYBE I SHOULD GIVE HIM A SECOND.

I HEAR MAGNETO THROWS A WICKED AFTER-PARTY WHENEVER ONE OF THE X-KIDS GOES DOWN.



DRUGGED.

CAUGHT IN A
PLANE CRASH.

STUCK WITH A
YENTA AND SHOT
FULLA ARROWS.

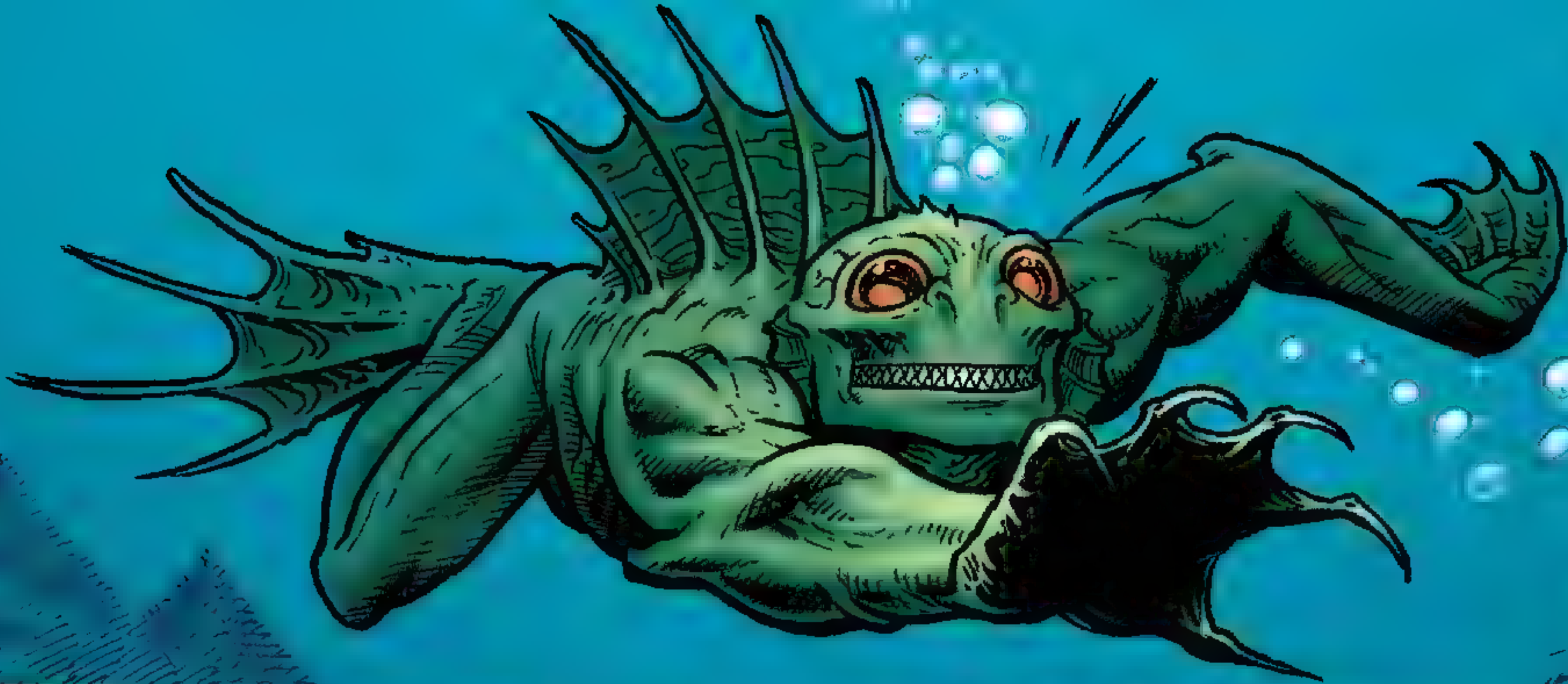
BLOWN UP.

GASOLINE
POURED ON ME.

BOILED
ALIVE.

BUT THERE IS NO WAY
IN HELL I'M GONNA GET
EATEN BY A FISH!

SWIFT!



THAT
HURTS, DON'T
IT?



LIKE
SWALLOWIN' A
BLENDER.



I'M GONNA
SMELL LIKE FISH
FER A WEEK.



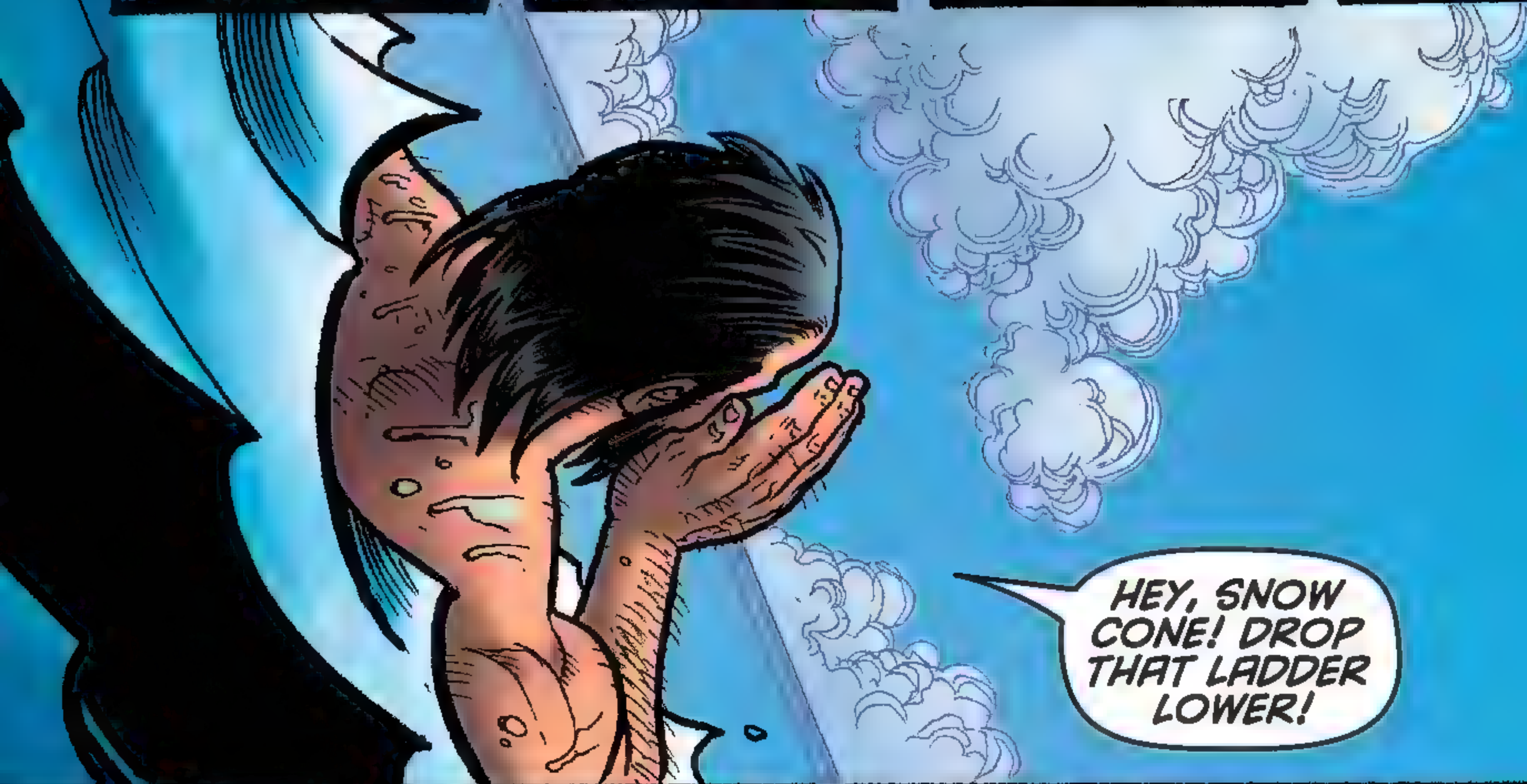
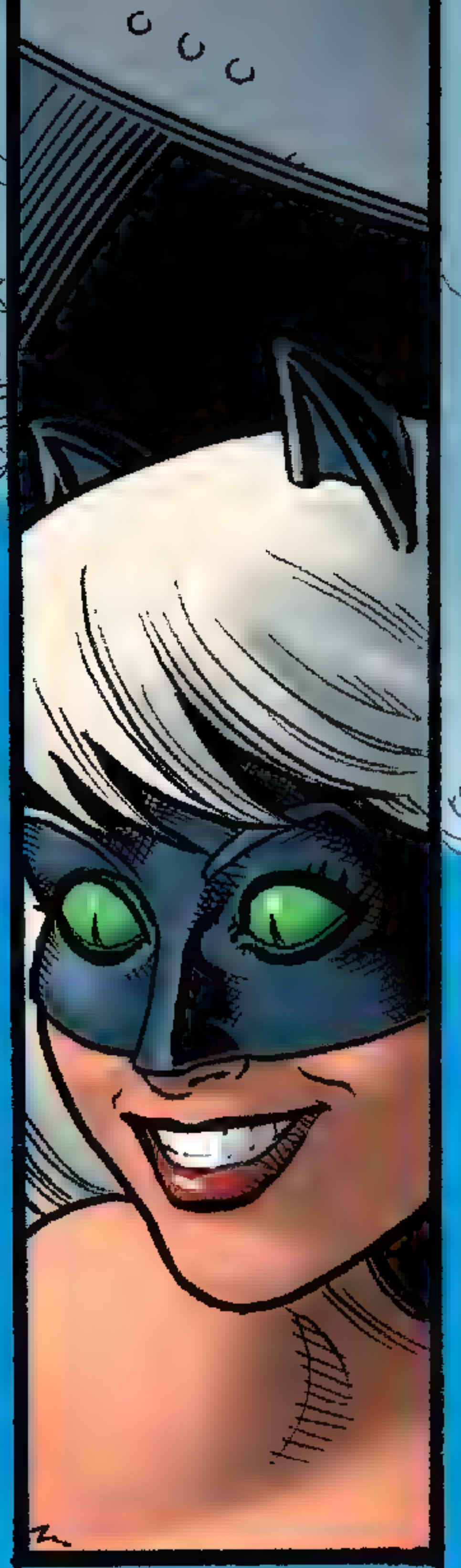
GOTTA COME UP
WITH SOMETHING WICKED
AND INVENTIVE TA DO TA
ARCADE WHEN I GET MY
HANDS ON HIM.

MAYBE HE CAN HOST
A BROOD OFFSPRING.

WELL, THAT'S LONG ENOUGH. WOLVERINE IS FISH FOOD.

IT'S A SHAME...

JUST WHEN HE WAS STARTING TO GROW ON ME...



HEY, SNOW CONE! DROP THAT LADDER LOWER!

OH GREAT, HE SURVIVED. NOW I'LL HAVE TO HEAR ABOUT HOW HE'S "THE BEST AT WHAT HE DOES" ALL THE WAY HOME.

I COULD PRETEND THE FISH ATE HIM AND FLY OFF WITHOUT HIM. NAH, HE'S GOT MY SCENT.

HE'LL JUST SWIM TO NEW YORK AND COME LOOKING FOR ME...HMMM, THAT MIGHT BE INTERESTING... I WOULD LIKE MY MEN CHASING ME FOR A CHANGE...

NO, PLEASE... TAKE YER FRIKKIN' TIME!





HOW EXCITING.

I'LL TAKE THREE.



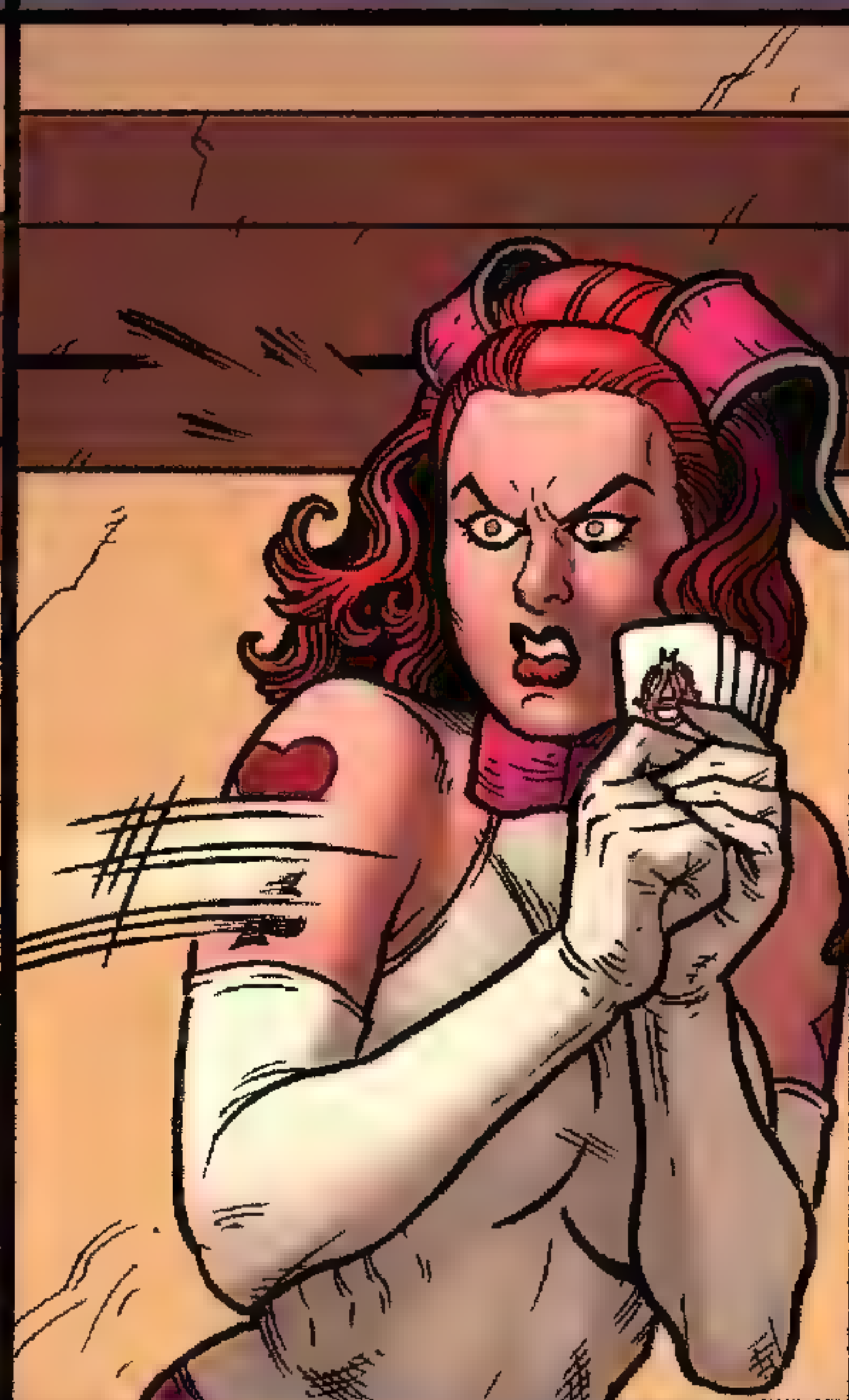
NOW YOU TWO WANT REVENGE FOR PLAYING A PRACTICAL JOKE? HOW MATURE.



YOU TRIED TO KILL US!



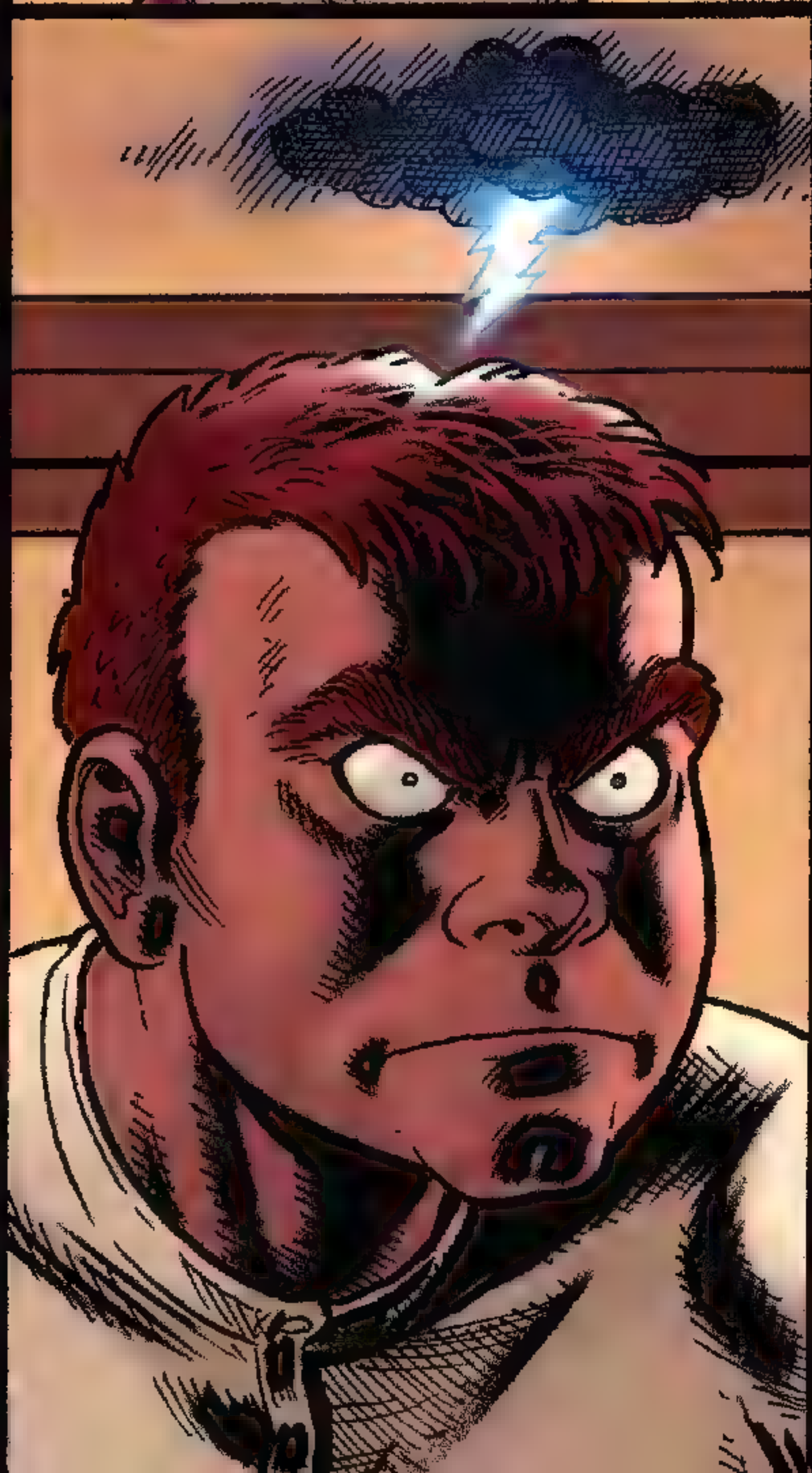
BE SERIOUS. LOOK AT MY TRACK RECORD... I NEVER KILL ANYONE IN A COSTUME.



I GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE AND EXPENSE OF CREATING ELABORATE TRAPS, BUT THEY NEVER SEEM TO WORK. SURE, I CAN KILL A BUSINESSMAN FROM OHIO, BUT YOU GUYS ALWAYS ESCAPE.

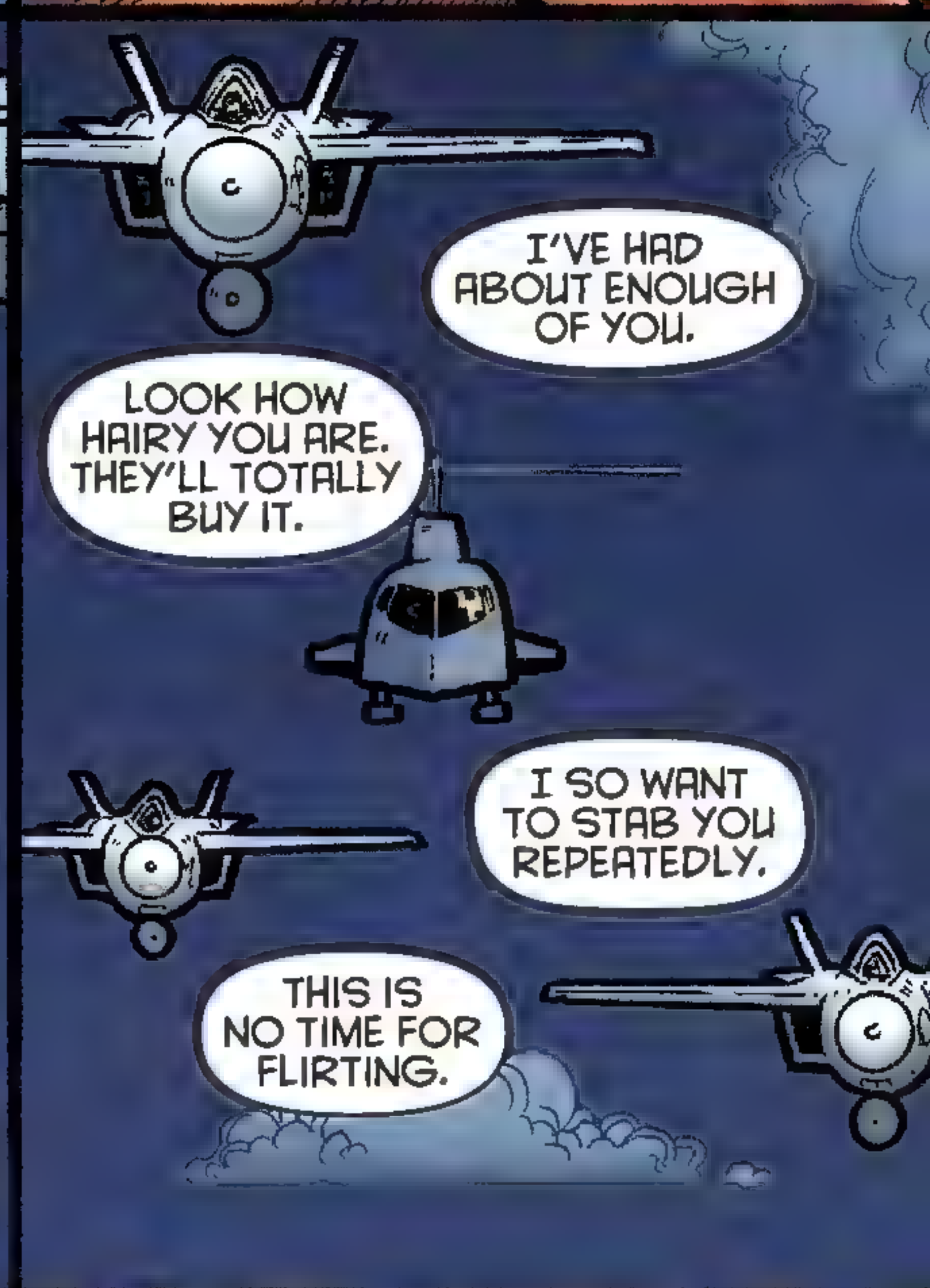


ISN'T CONSISTENT FAILURE PUNISHMENT ENOUGH?



I GUESS THE REST OF YOUR TRIP BACK FROM MY EVIL TROPICAL ISLAND WAS UNEVENTFUL?

NOT EXACTLY.





YOU HAVE A HEADACHE?

SHUT UP, I'M CONCENTRATING.



ON WHAT?

I'M TRYING TO TELEPATHICALLY CONTACT EMMA FROST.

NOW YOU'RE A TELEPATH? IF YOU HAVE THIS POWER, WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL HER WHEN WE WERE STUCK ON THE ISLAND?



SHHH!



RIGHT, I MAKE SENSE AND YOU TELL ME TO BE QUIET... WELL, TRY NOT TO BURST A BLOOD VESSEL.

EMMA, WHERE ARE YOU?



WHAT IS IT NOW, LOGAN?



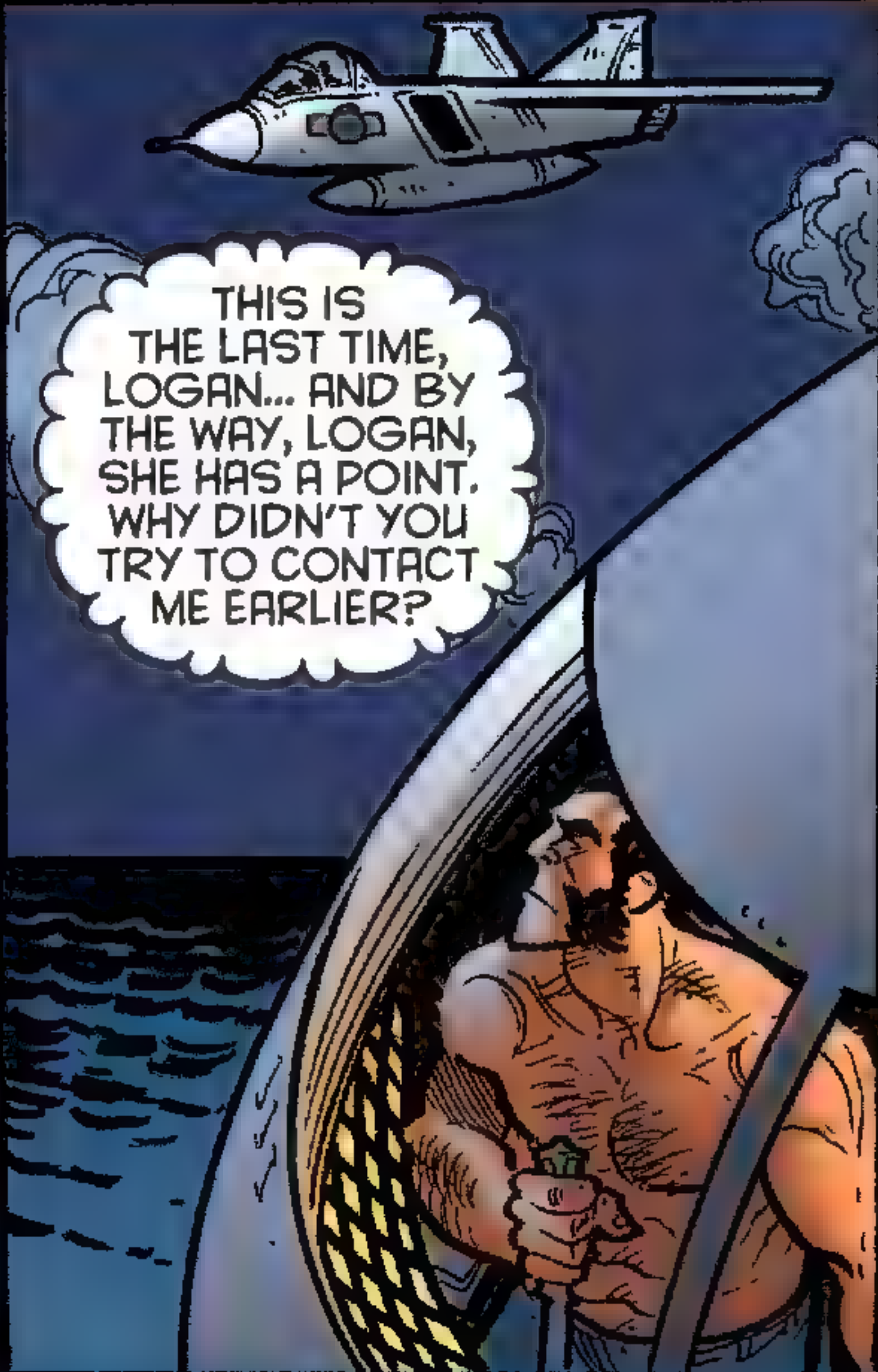
WOW, HEY EMMA!

HELLO, FELICIA.

I NEED A LITTLE HELP.



CAN YOU GET THESE GUYS TO GO HOME?

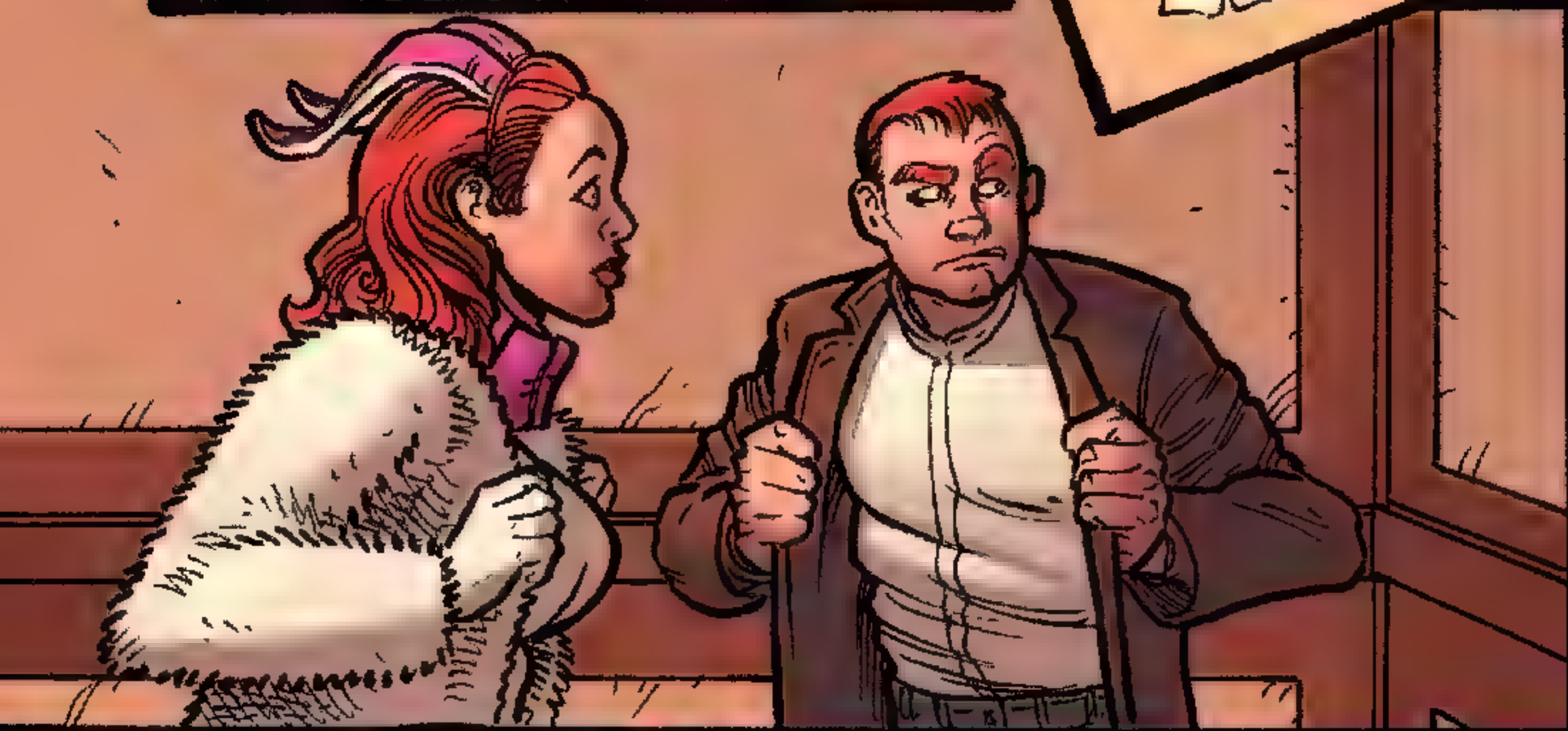


THIS IS THE LAST TIME, LOGAN... AND BY THE WAY, LOGAN, SHE HAS A POINT. WHY DIDN'T YOU TRY TO CONTACT ME EARLIER?



I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

GOOD ONE.



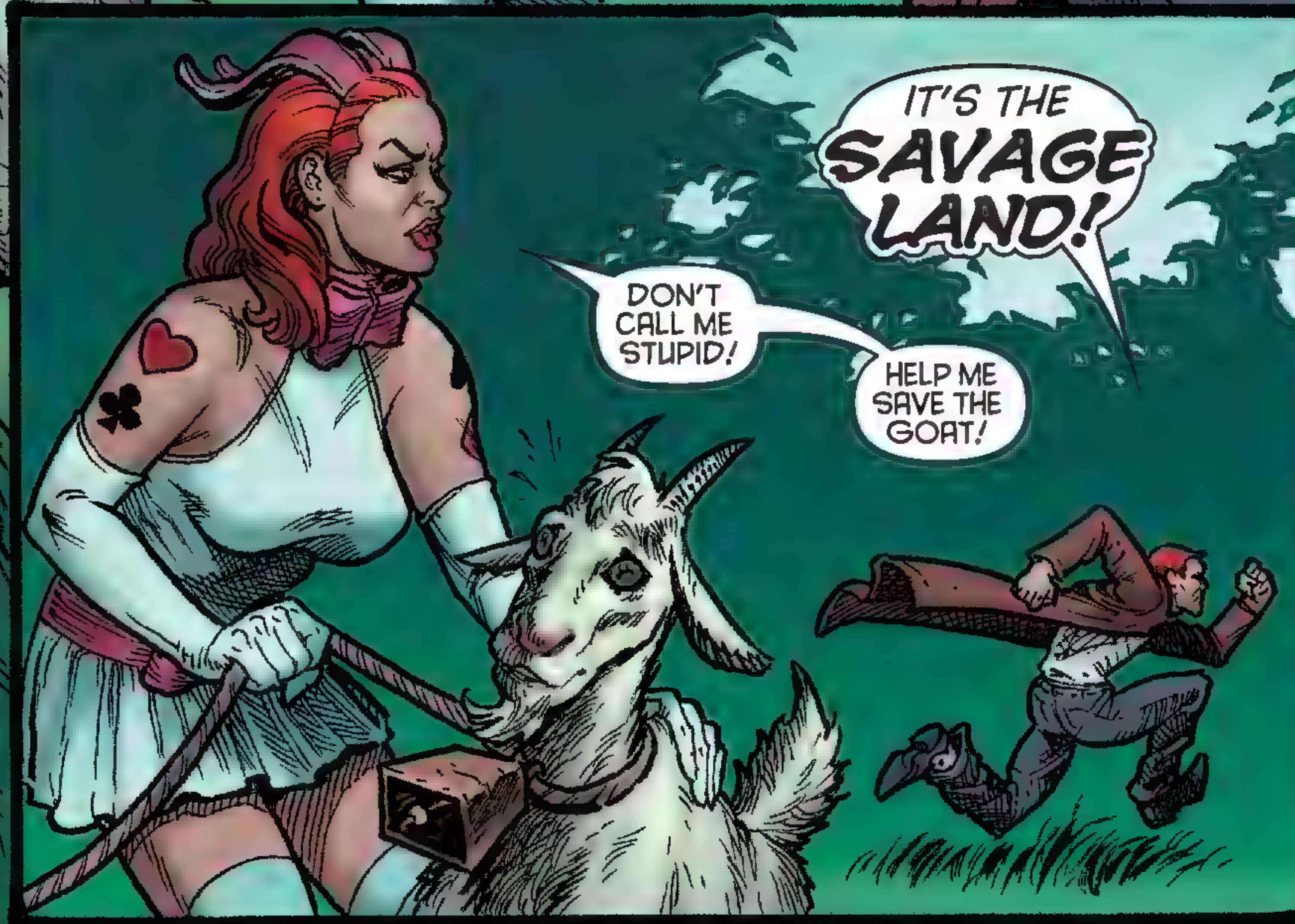




I KNOW
WHERE WE
ARE.

IS THIS
UNIVERSAL
STUDIO'S THEME
PARK?

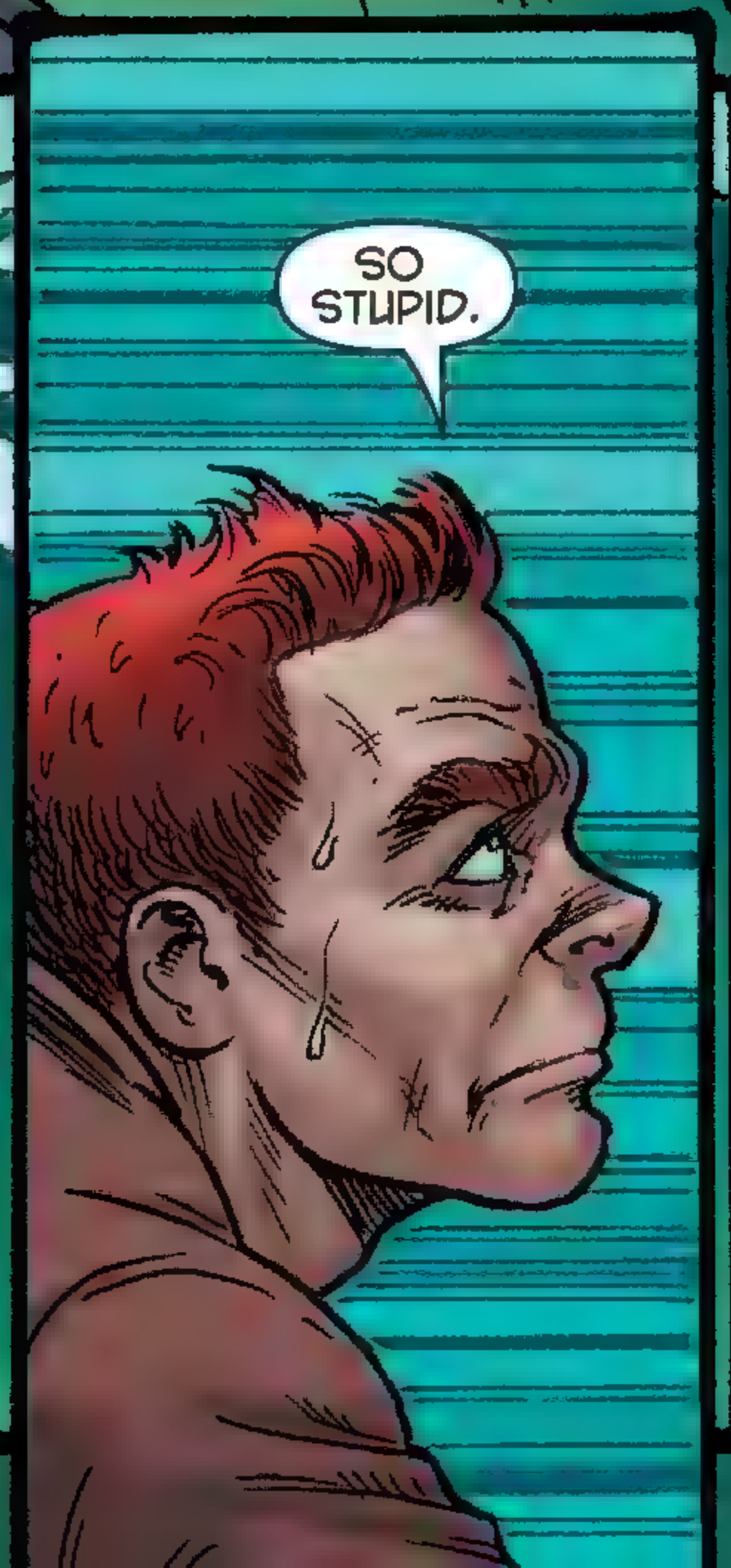
NO,
STUPID--



IT'S THE
**SAVAGE
LAND!**

DON'T
CALL ME
STUPID!

HELP ME
SAVE THE
GOAT!



SO
STUPID.

Manhattan,
New York.
Two days
later...

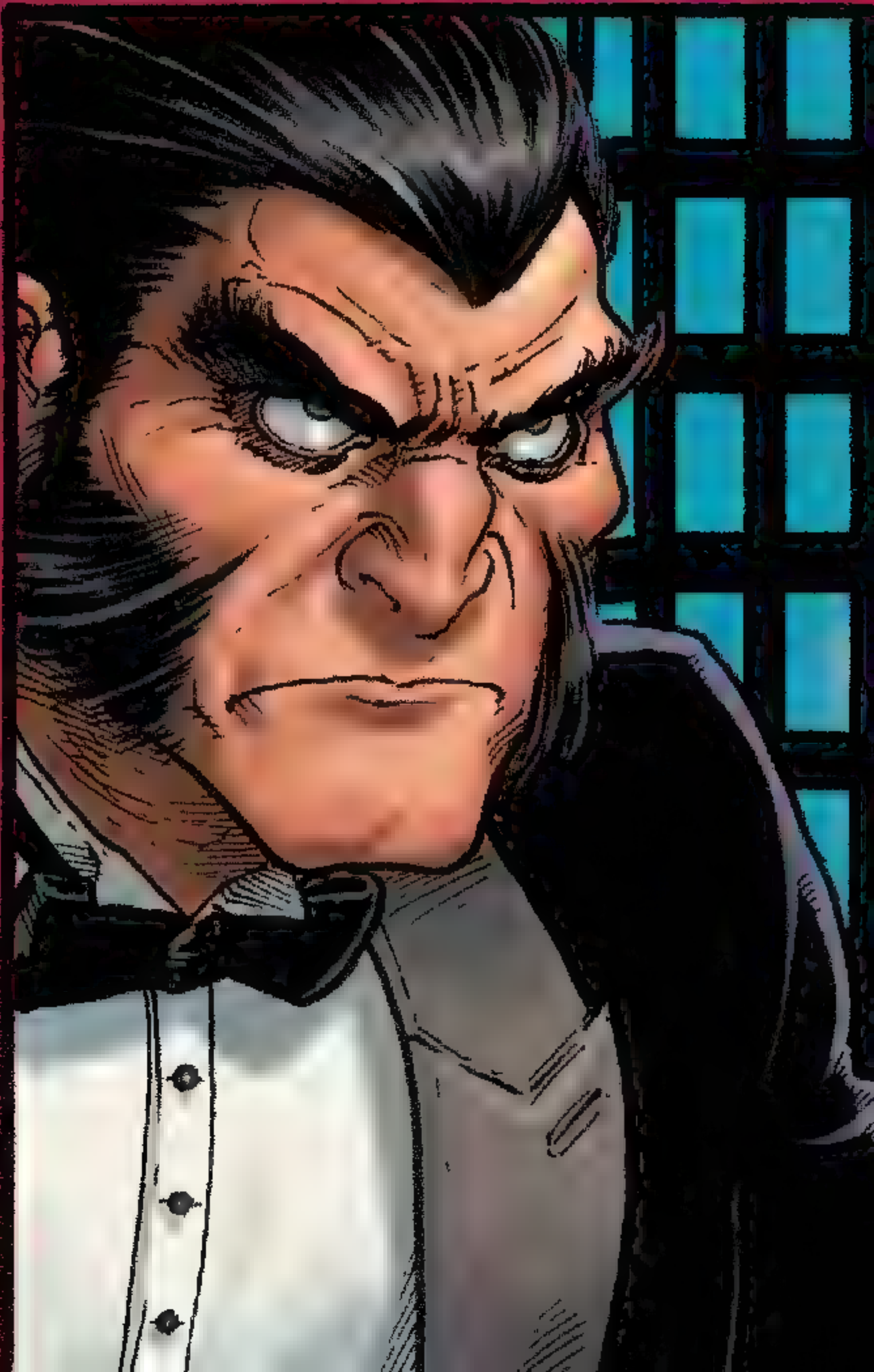
I TOLD
YOU I COULD SMELL
PHEROMONES.

OH
REALLY?

THAT'S
NOT WHAT THIS
IS ABOUT.

NO.

THEN WHY
THE ROMANTIC
DINNER?





YOU
NEED TO
LIGHTEN UP,
WOLVERINE.
SIT DOWN.
PLEASE.

I HAD FUN
IN THE JUNGLE...
SERIOUSLY. I HAVE
TO TELL YOU...WHEN
THAT FISH ATE YOU,
I SO WISHED I
HAD A VIDEO
CAMERA.

I'M GLAD
YOU ENJOYED
WATCHING ME GET
ROASTED AND
EATEN ALIVE.

I REALIZE
WOLVERINES ARE
KNOWN FOR THEIR
INTENSITY, BUT YOU'VE
GOT TO HAVE A SENSE
OF HUMOR ABOUT
YOURSELF EVERY
NOW AND
THEN.



I GOT
A SENSE OF
HUMOR.

HAVE. YOU
HAVE A SENSE OF
HUMOR.

I'M
GLAD YOU
AGREE.



WHAT
DO YOU THINK
ARCADE AND WHITE
RABBIT ARE DOING
RIGHT NOW?



I HOPE
THEY'RE BEING
EATEN.

WHAA-OOGA!!!

OOGA-WHAA-OOGA

I SAID I WAS SORRY, WHITE RABBIT.

OH BABY, I AM SO SORRY, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU! WE CAN WORK THROUGH THIS, BABY --

DID I TELL YOU HOW SKINNY YOU LOOK TODAY... THUMPER -- ?

ALL I'M SAYING IS YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED ME STUPID.

THE END



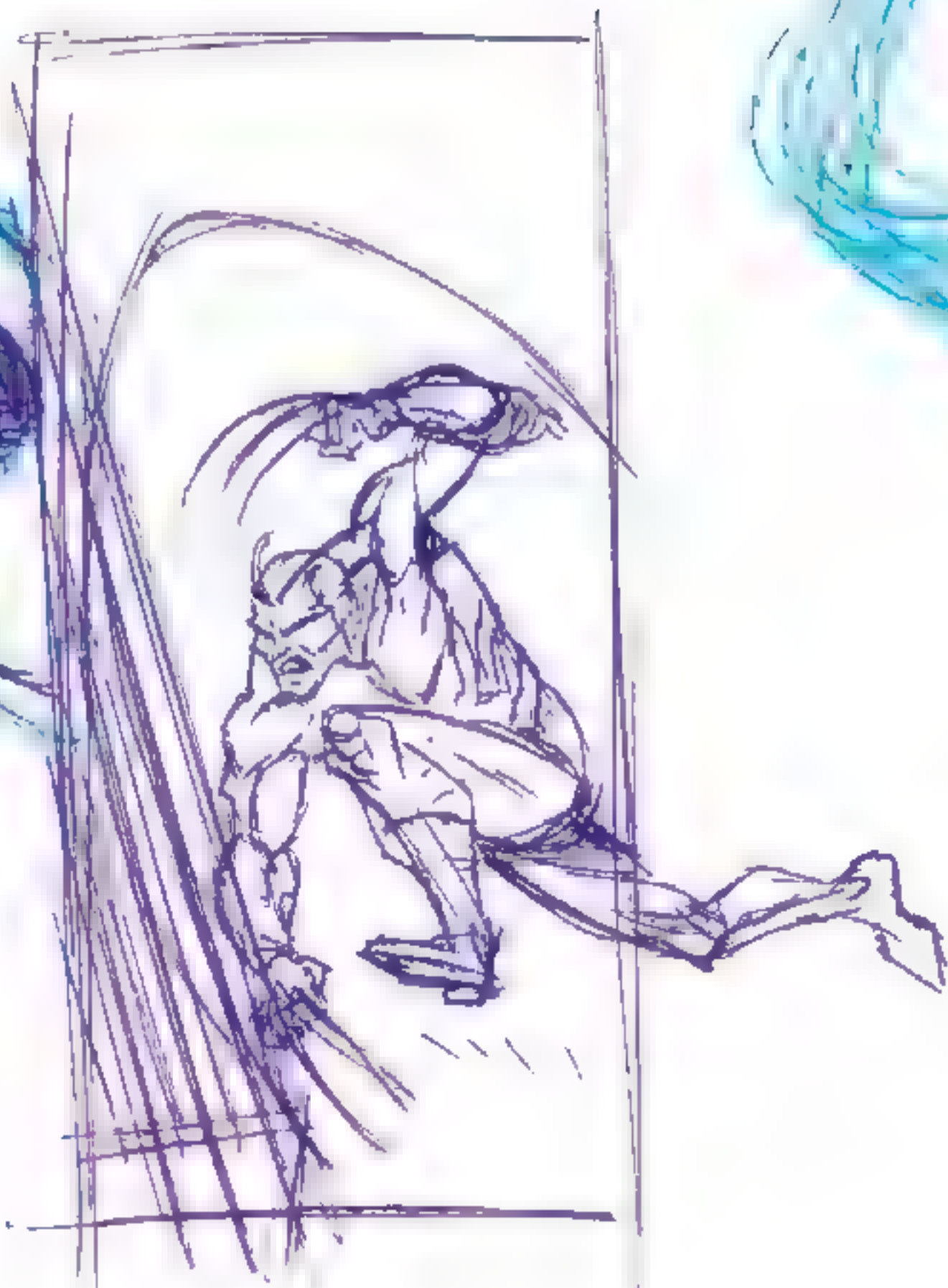
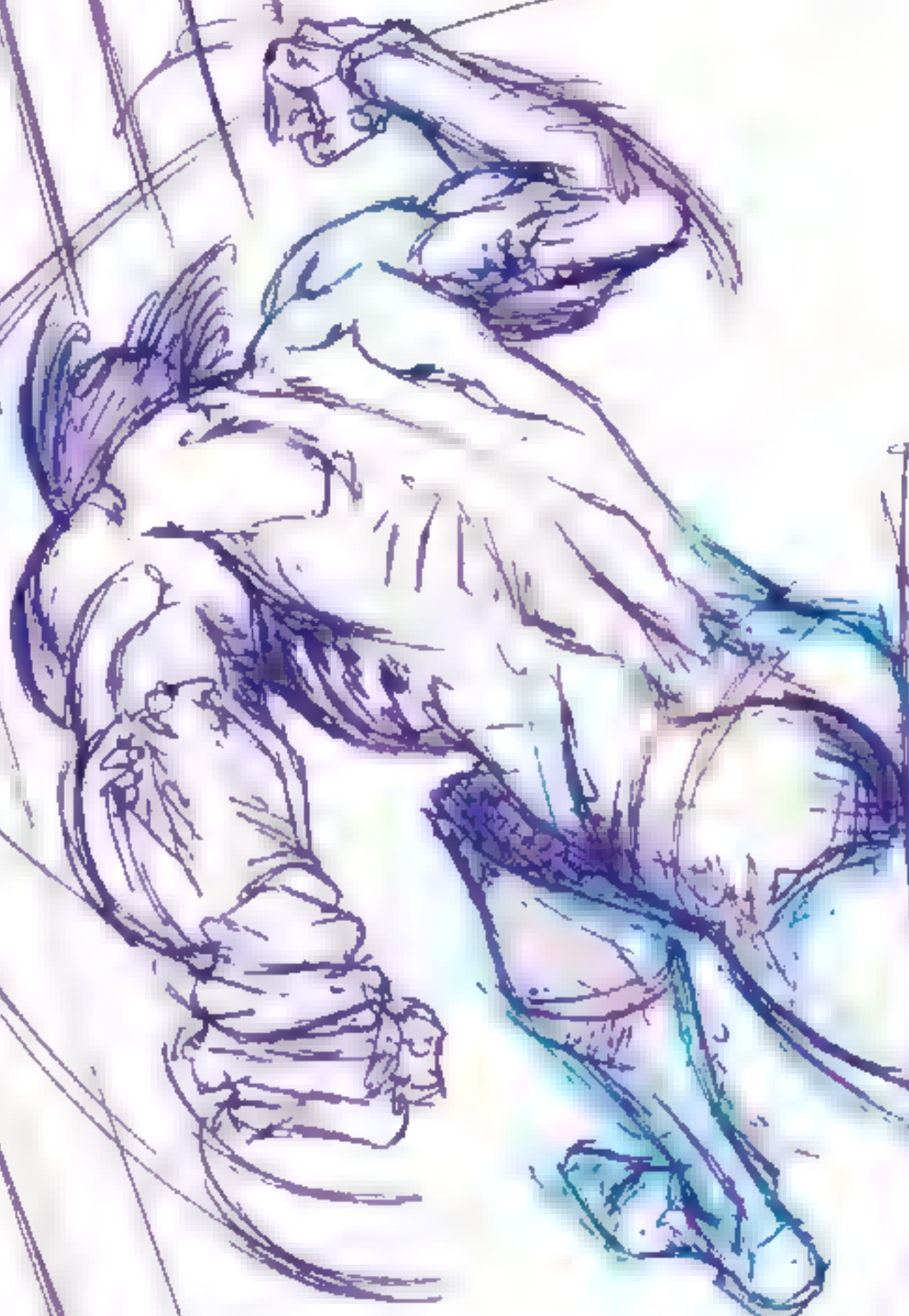
CLAWS

SKETCHBOOK

LINER
• 2006 •



PUSH IT!





The piece that started it all. I sent this over to Jimmy Palmiotti, he pitched it to Marvel, and they went for it. I had just finished a DAWN mini-series, and was looking for a more lighthearted project. I love Dawn to death, but she takes a lot out of me. I chose Wolverine and the Black Cat because I knew that I could have a great time drawing them. I asked Jimmy and his partner Justin Gray to come up with an action-packed story filled with snappy dialogue — lots of verbal sparring between our stars. I think they hit the mark.

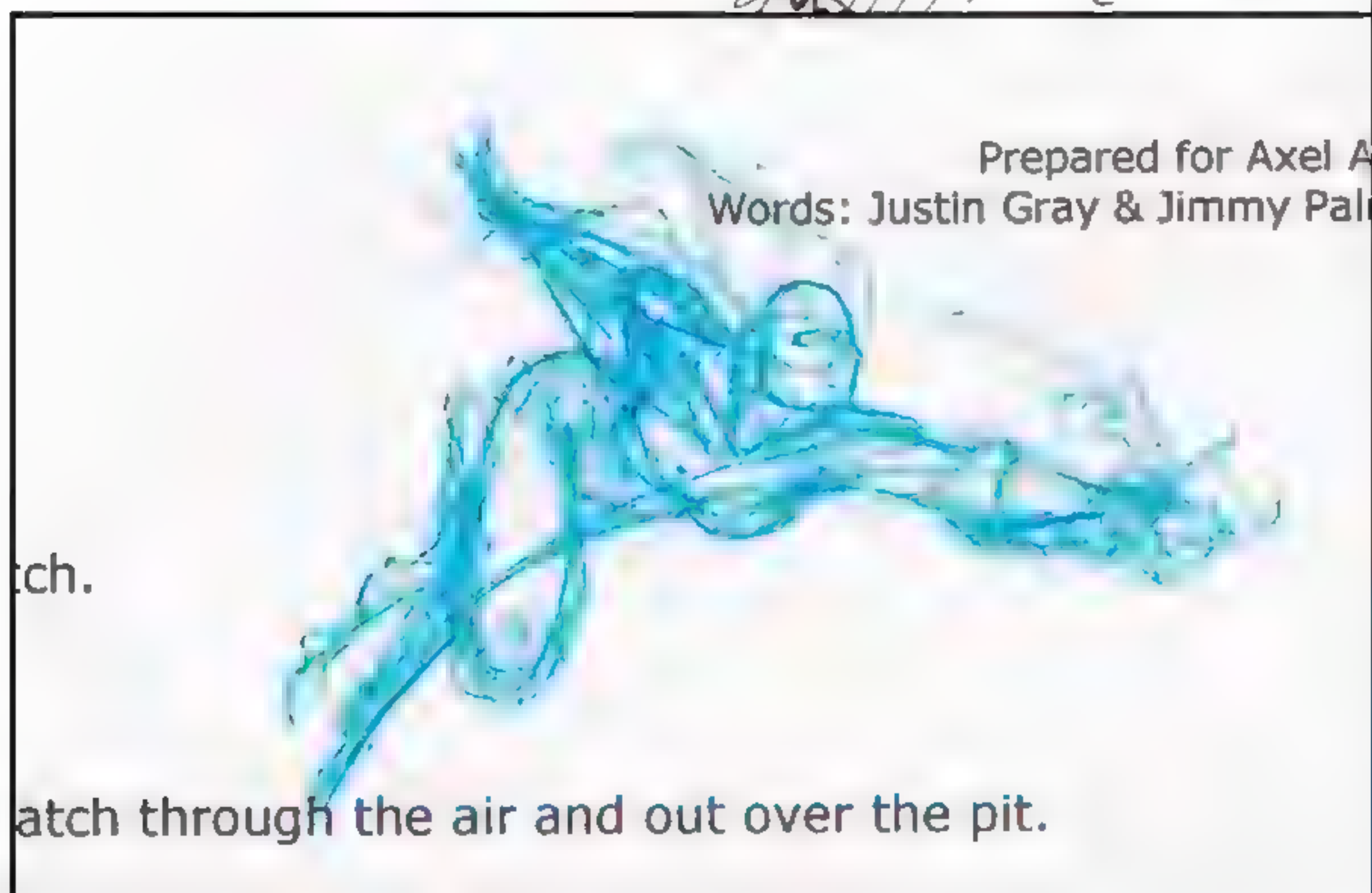


I really applaud Marvel for giving their artists so much creative freedom. I think that Marvel is realizing that their characters are bulletproof — their classic looks are eternal. Spider-Man will always return to his red-and-navy costume. Iron Man will always be red and gold. So why not let Chris Bachalo draw Captain America's mask with an eagle beak on his nose? Did anyone see that awesome painted *Loki* series? Esad Ribic tweaked everything his way, and it looked excellent.

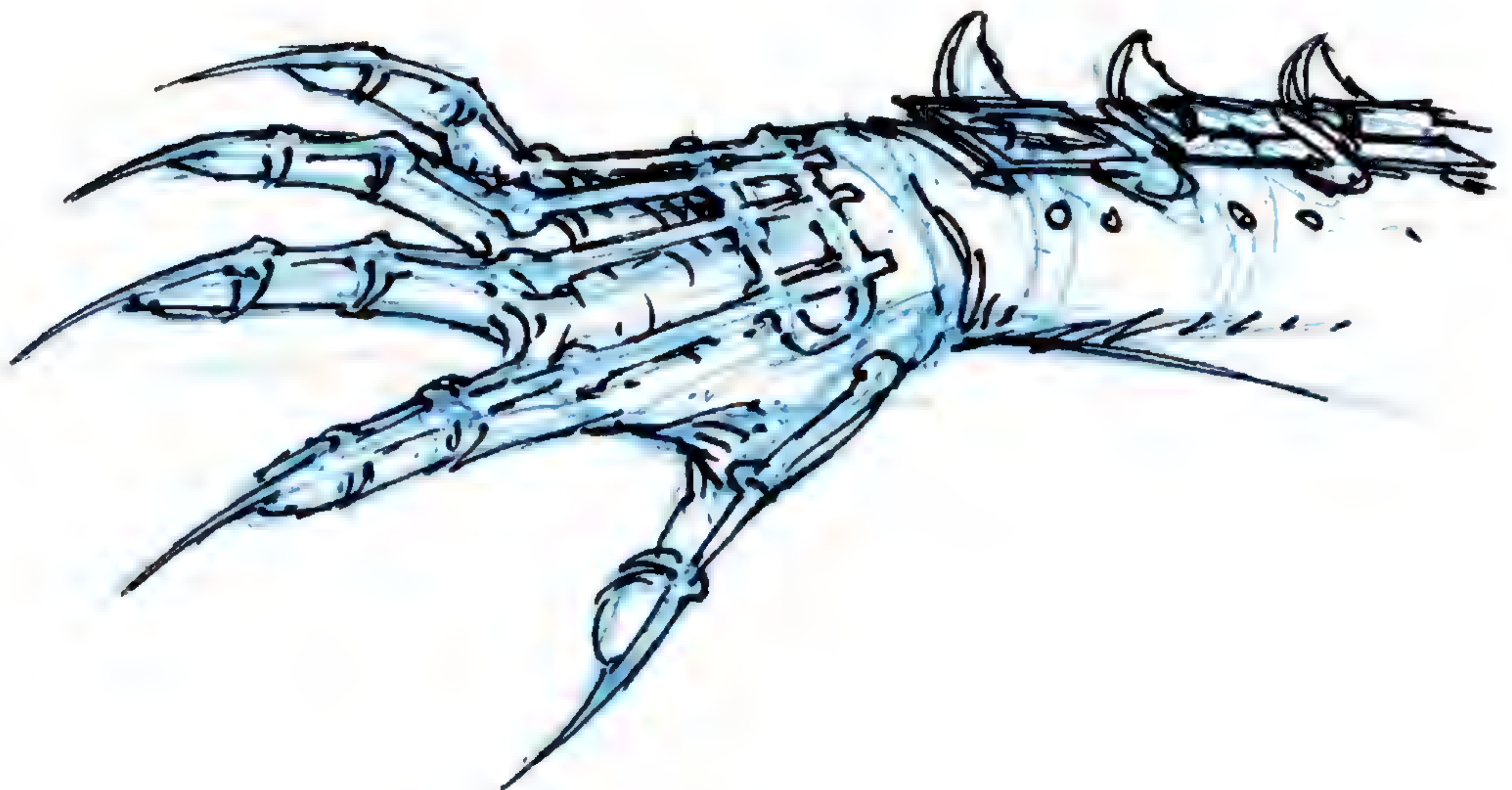




LINSNER
2006



With the Black Cat, I tried to add a level of practicality to her costume. I have always HATED her original mask — it is what I call an “idiot mask,”— as in it shows so much of her face that you would have to be a complete idiot not to figure out her secret identity. And a real pretty girl like the Black Cat would want to protect her face from broken noses and various other contusions — so for me, the fuller face mask made great sense.



The series is called CLAWS, so I gave her industrial-strength gloves. I wanted her to have some real cutting power. I didn't want her claws to look like Lee Press-On nails.

Wolverine, in my mind, should look very feral. Very wild. Almost like one of the middle stages of a wolf-man transformation. A perfect, rugged foil for the sleek feline sophistication of the Black Cat. With the husky-dog eyes, I wanted to put in a touch of irony; I thought it made a nice contrast to the rest of his brutal exterior.

EYES
LIKE
A
HUSKY
DOG.

I
SMELL...

PUSSYCAT!

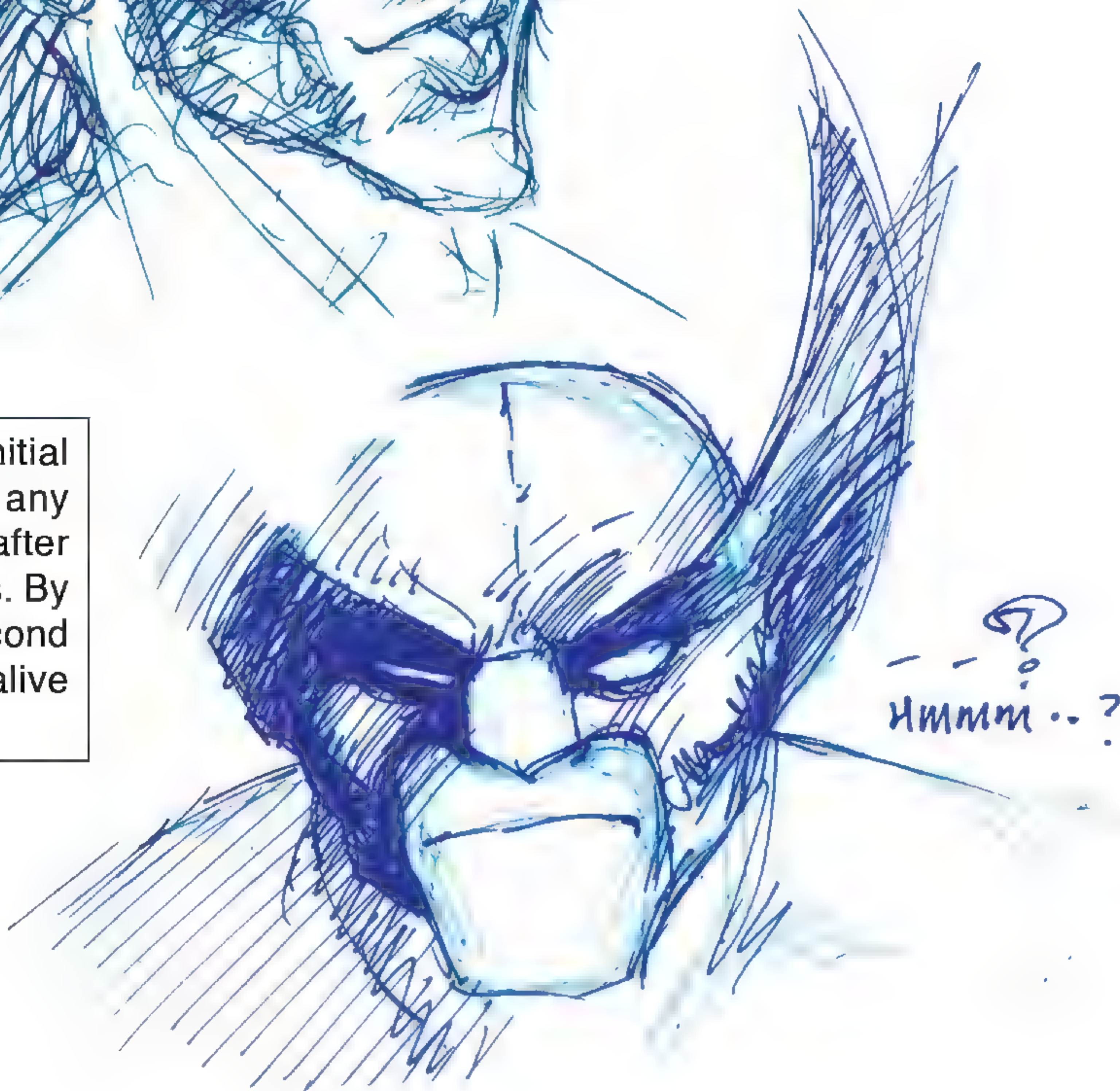
LINER. 2004.

"HE WAS HORRIBLE -- A BEAST! BUT...
HE HAD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EYES..."



WOOF!

These sketches represent my initial concepts for Wolverine. Like any character, they only come to life after you've drawn them for a few pages. By the time I started work on the second issue, Wolverine was completely alive and snarling in my mind's eye.

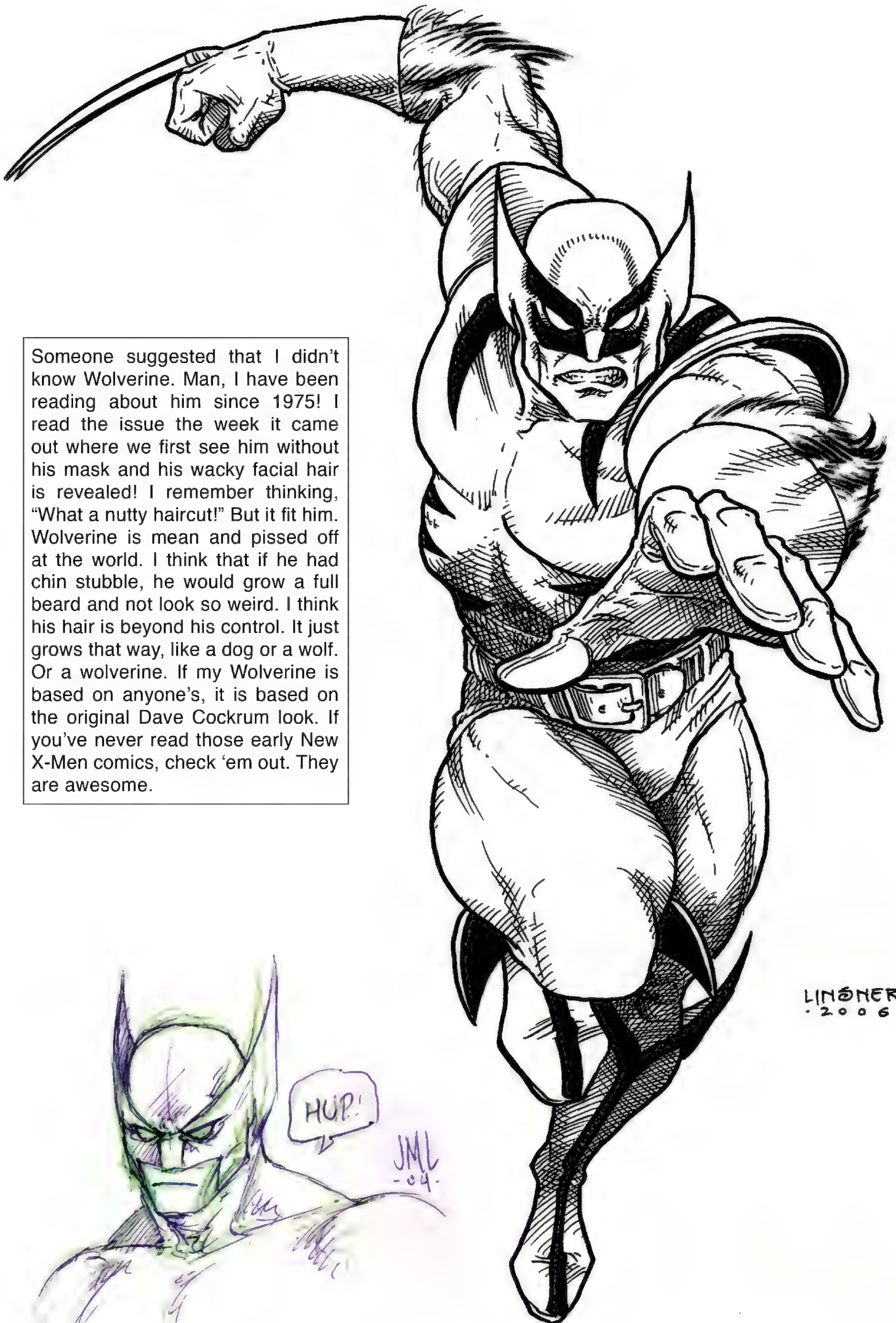


---? ?
Hmmm...?

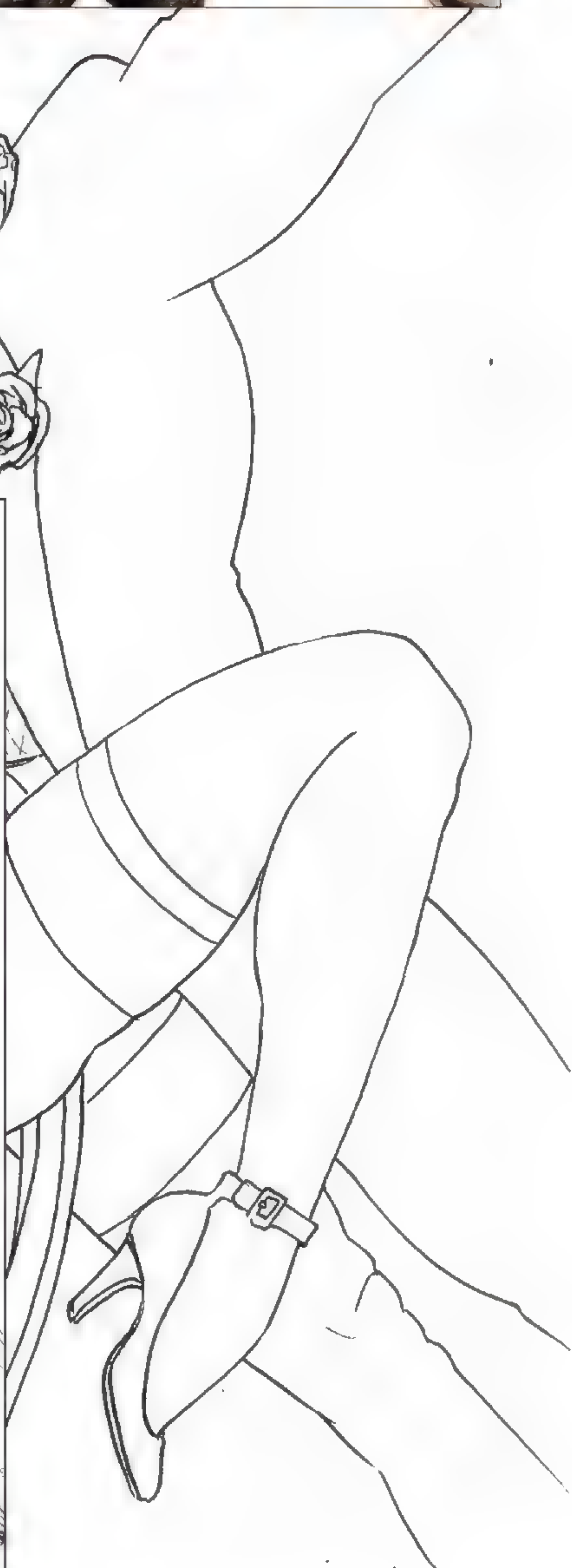


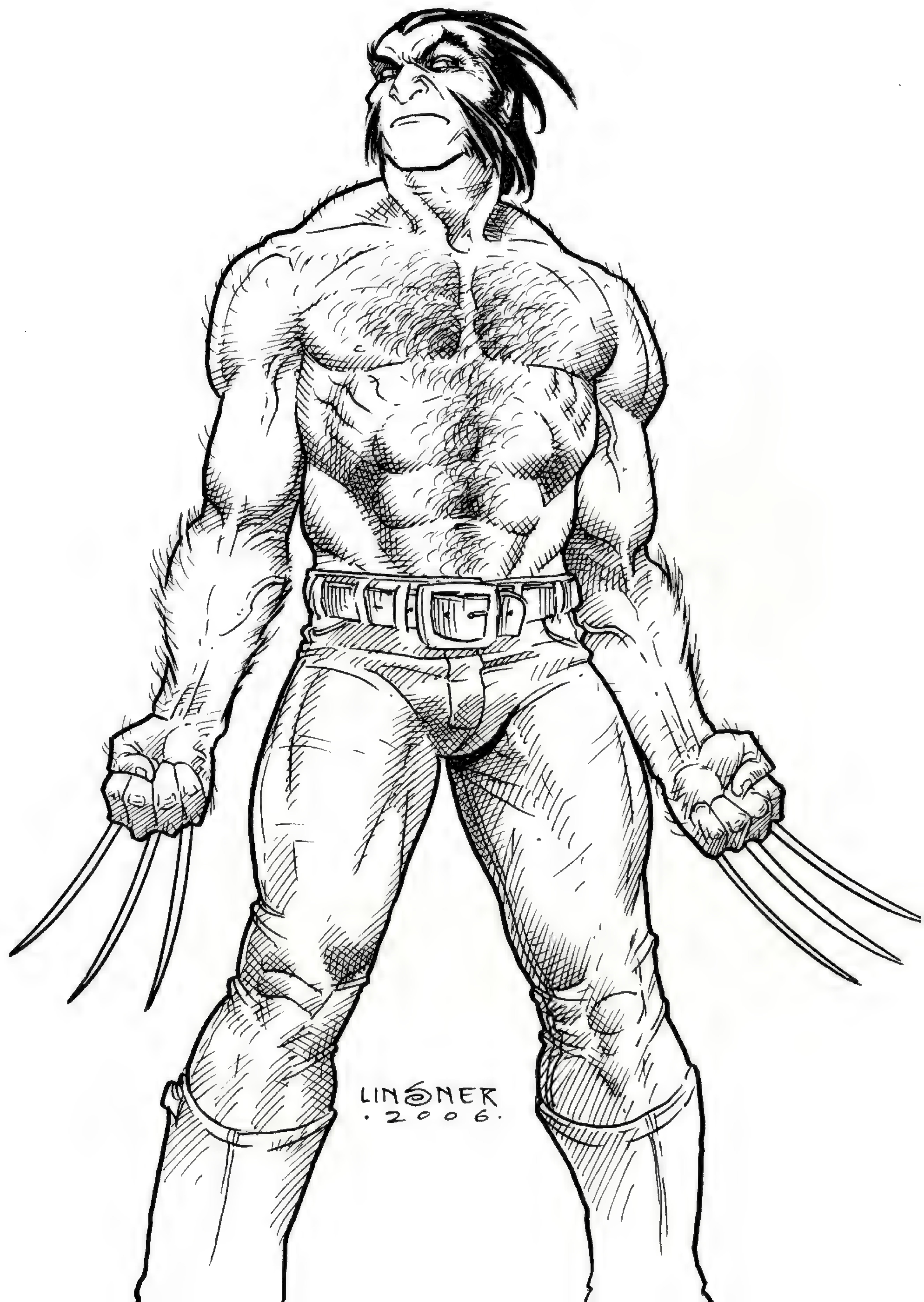
-LIN@NER.2004.

Someone suggested that I didn't know Wolverine. Man, I have been reading about him since 1975! I read the issue the week it came out where we first see him without his mask and his wacky facial hair is revealed! I remember thinking, "What a nutty haircut!" But it fit him. Wolverine is mean and pissed off at the world. I think that if he had chin stubble, he would grow a full beard and not look so weird. I think his hair is beyond his control. It just grows that way, like a dog or a wolf. Or a wolverine. If my Wolverine is based on anyone's, it is based on the original Dave Cockrum look. If you've never read those early New X-Men comics, check 'em out. They are awesome.





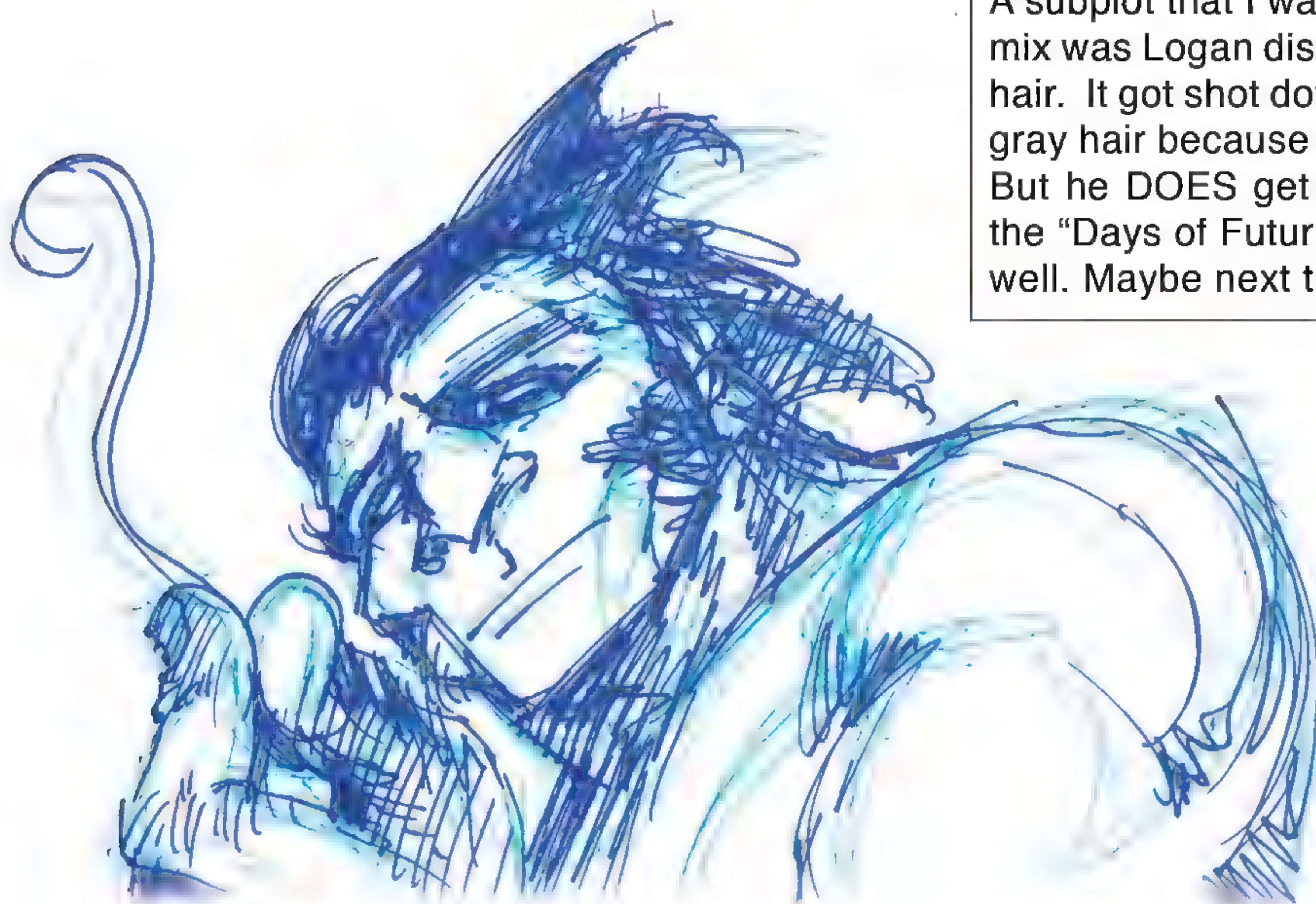


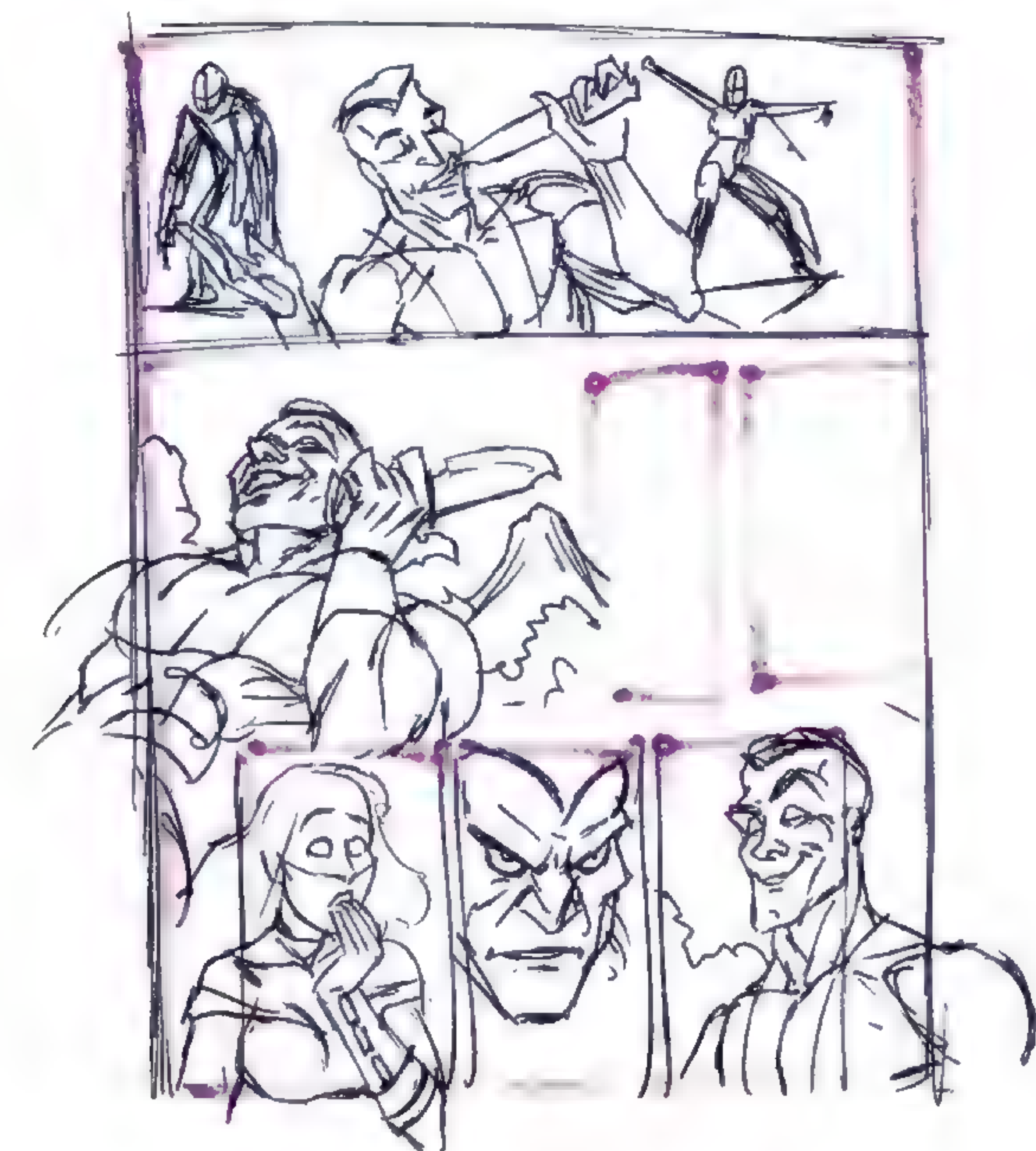




LINSNER
• 2006 •

A subplot that I wanted to throw into the mix was Logan discovering his first gray hair. It got shot down — “He doesn’t get gray hair because of his healing factor.” But he DOES get gray hair as seen in the “Days of Future Past” storyline. Oh, well. Maybe next time.





KRAVEN.



- LINSNER -
-05-



Art: Joe Linsner

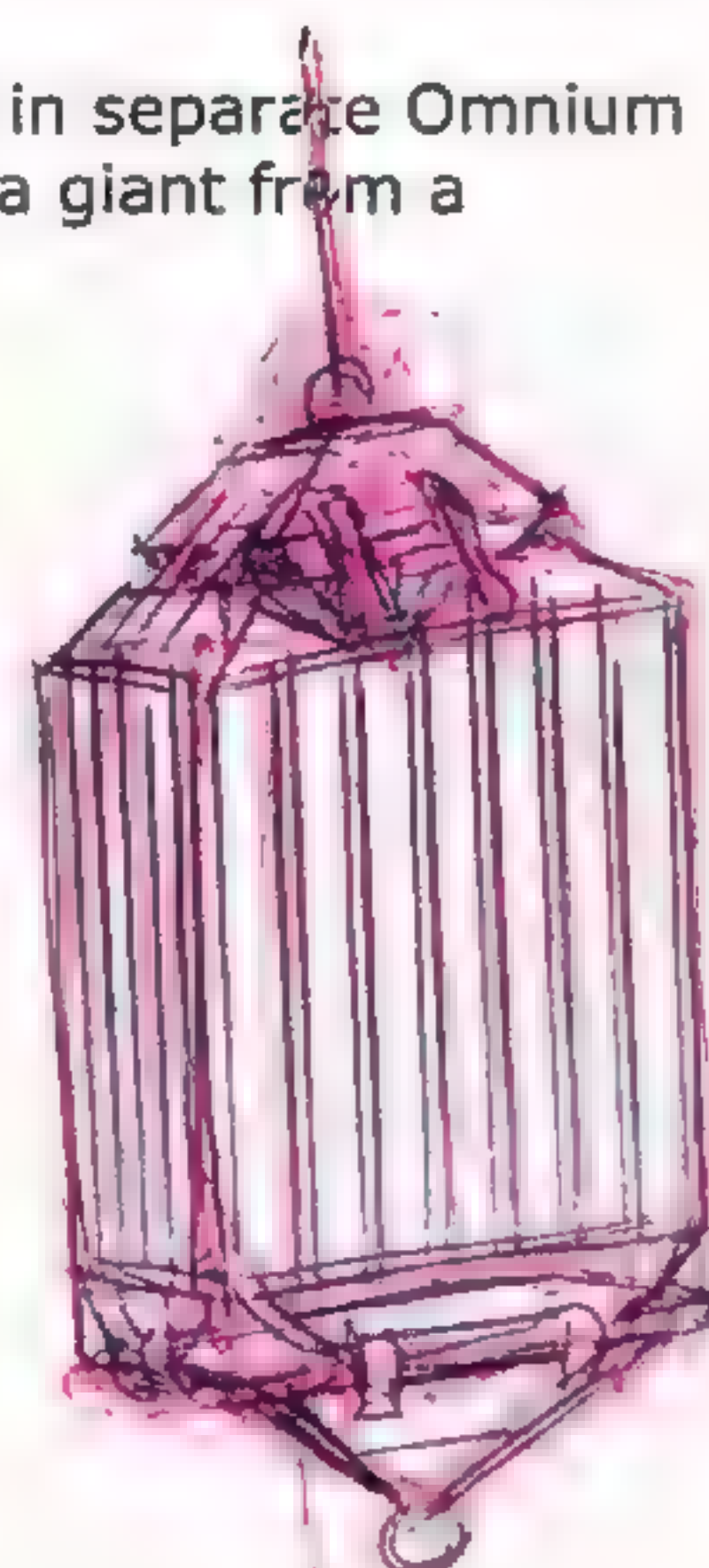
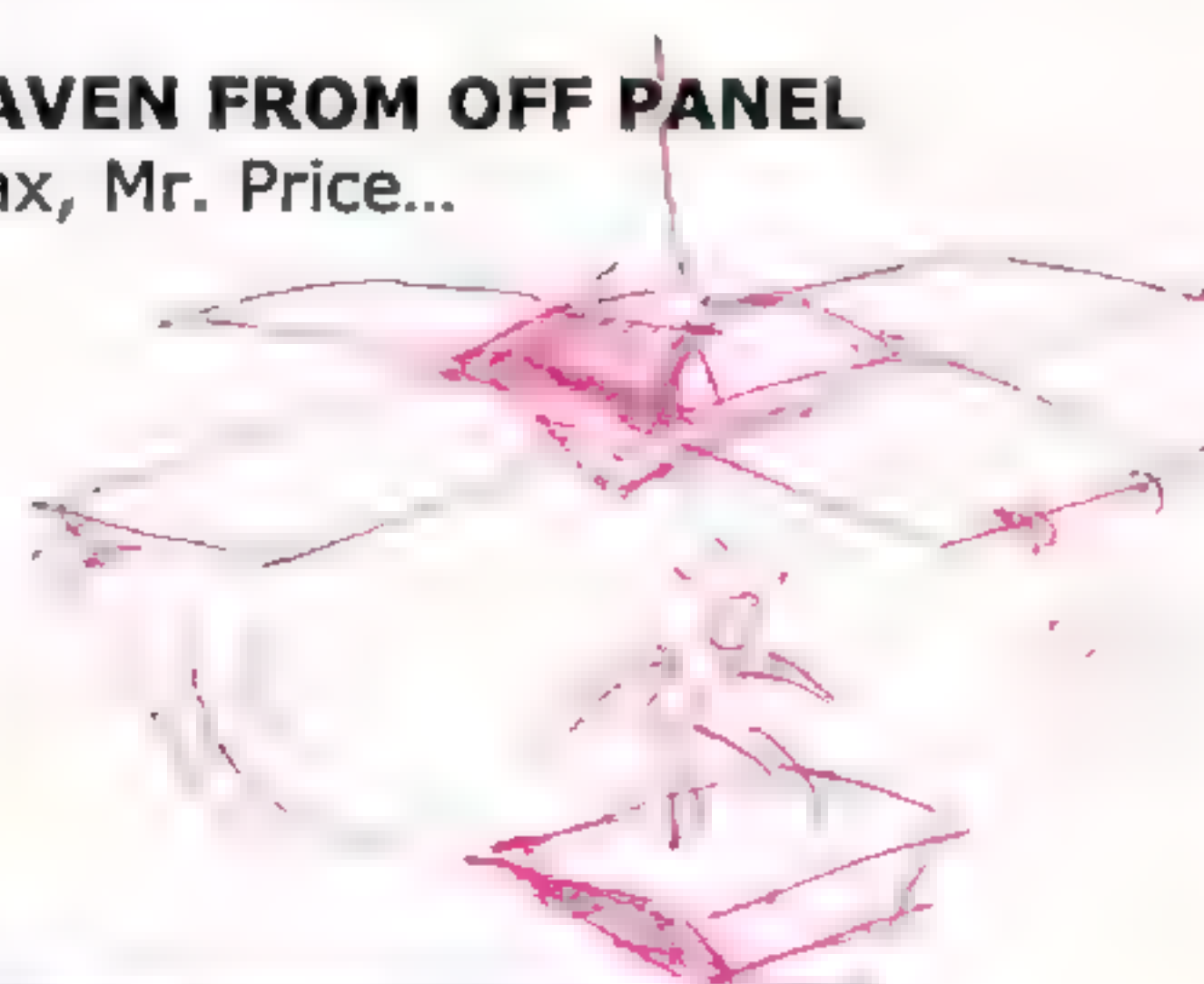
Words: Justin Gray & Jimmy Palmiotti

PANEL 4

Shot of Wolverine and Black Cat, both in costume, both in separate Omnium Steel cages that are hanging from a great big tree, like a giant from a rainforest. Both just waking up.

KRAVEN FROM OFF PANEL

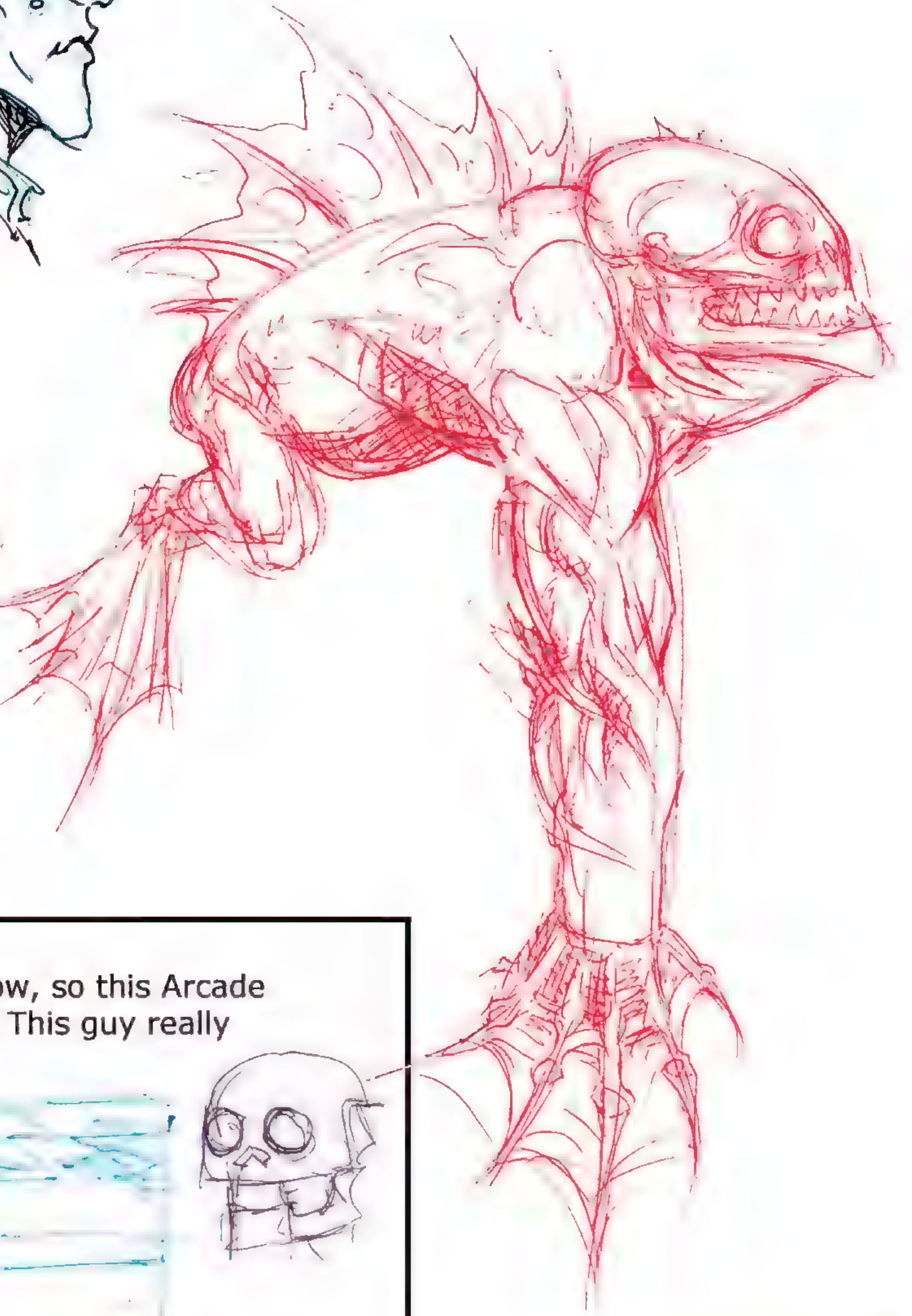
Relax, Mr. Price...



I had a great time drawing Kraven. I wish he was on more pages! I drew him as a cross between Jesse Ventura and Frank Zappa.

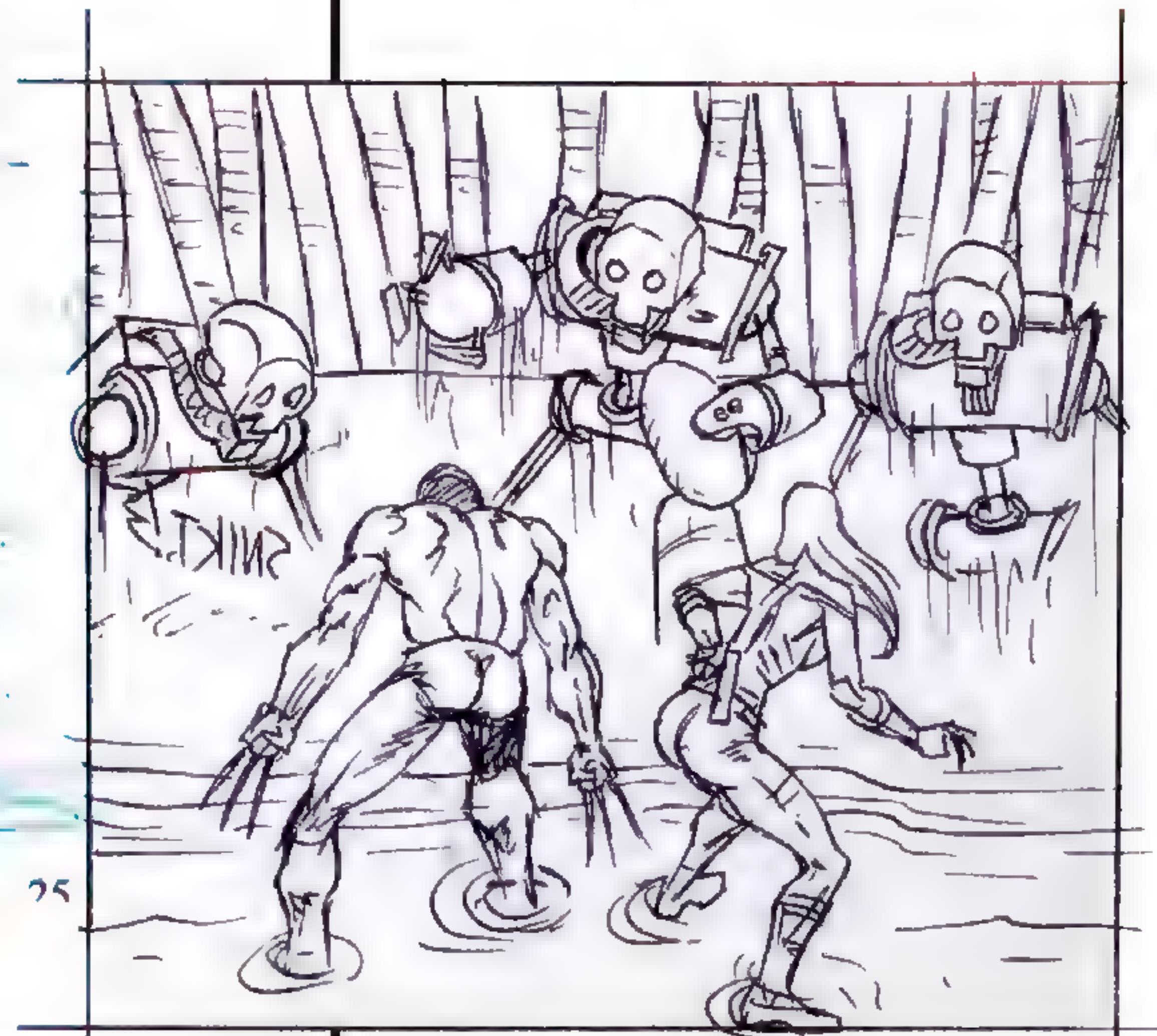
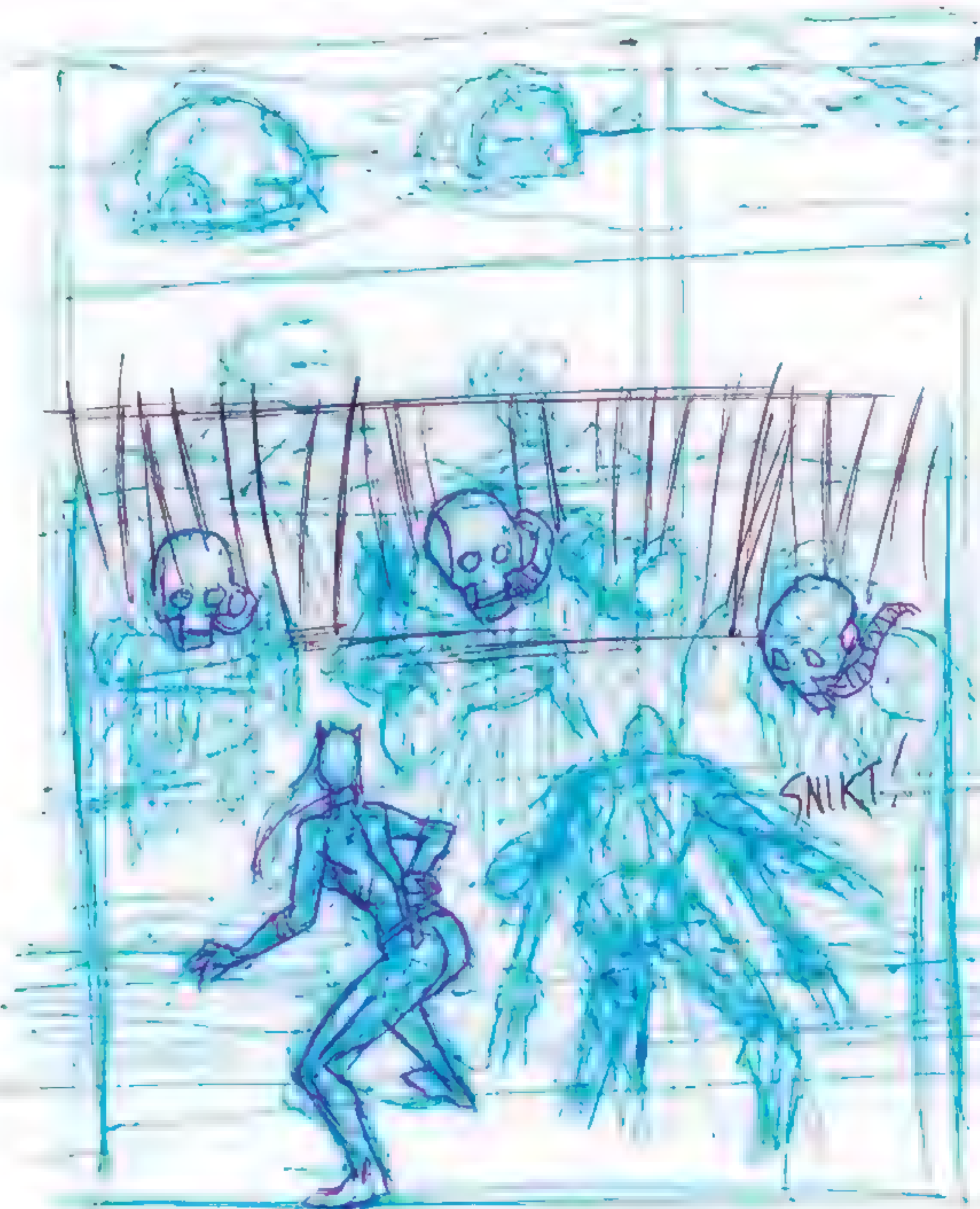
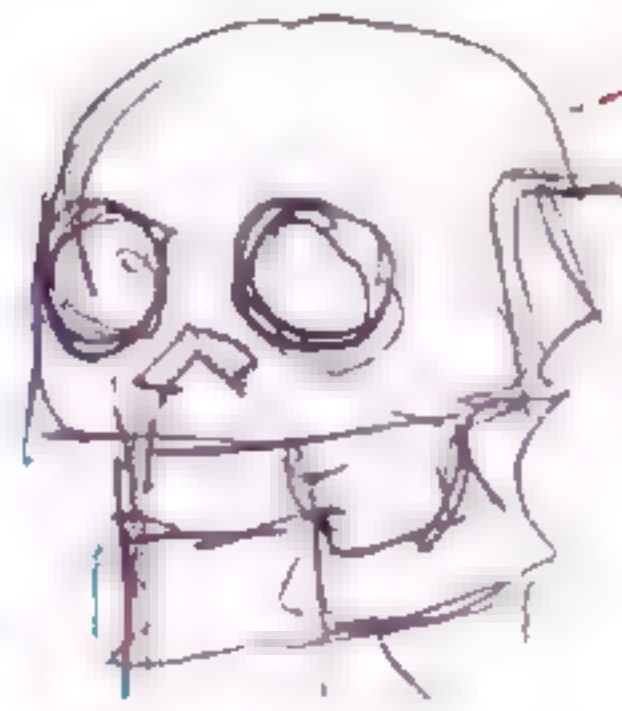


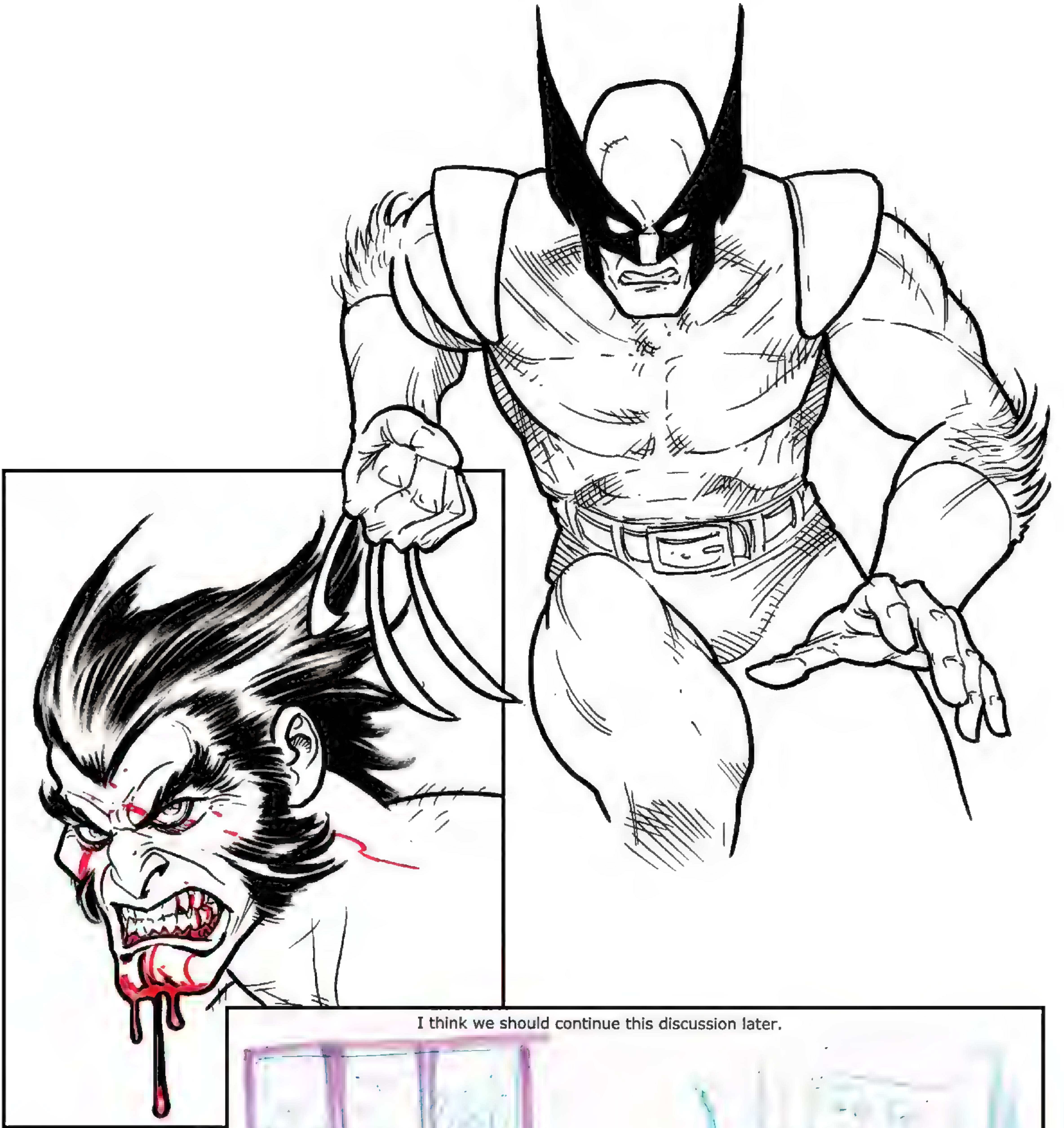
ARCADE-



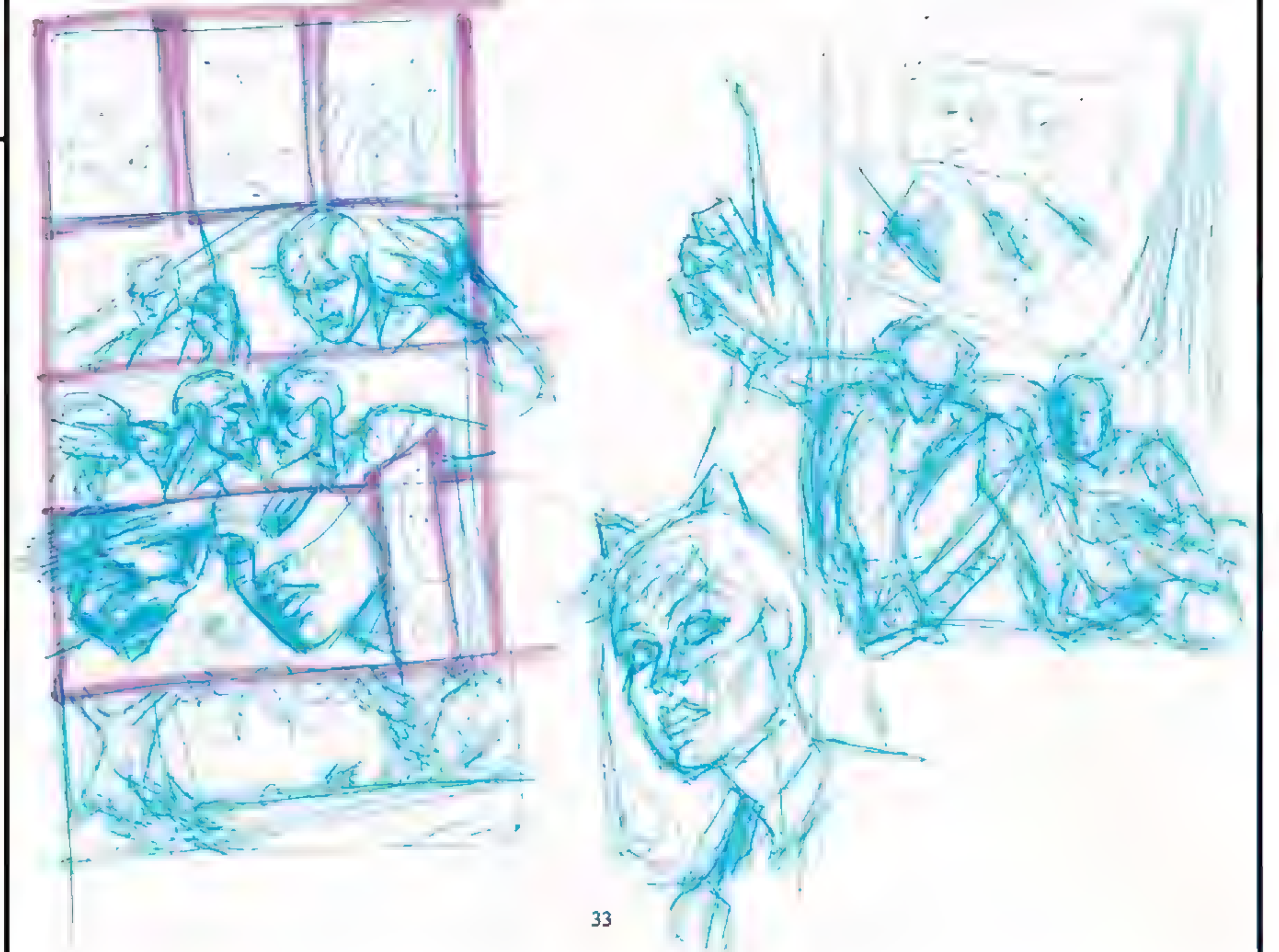
BLACK CAT

Oh I see...death by lava is too slow, so this Arcade fellow sends in the giant robots. This guy really has a unique sense of humor.





I think we should continue this discussion later.

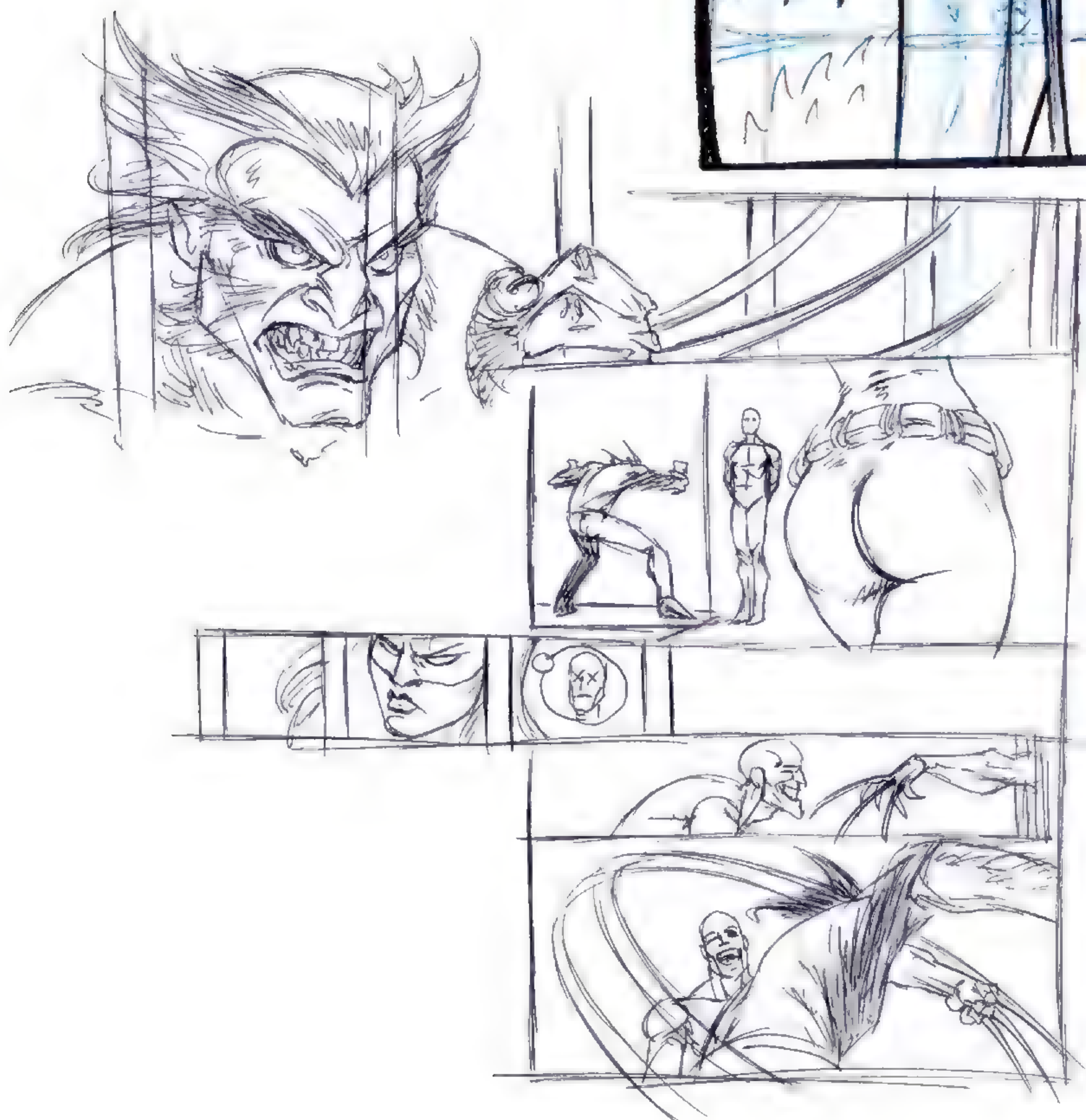




RED
MAYBE
FANNED

BLUE
RECEIVES

My personal favorite panel from the whole series, "I got a sense of humor."



FRONT
OR
BACK
...
ONE
MAYBE
BE
RED
...
BLUE

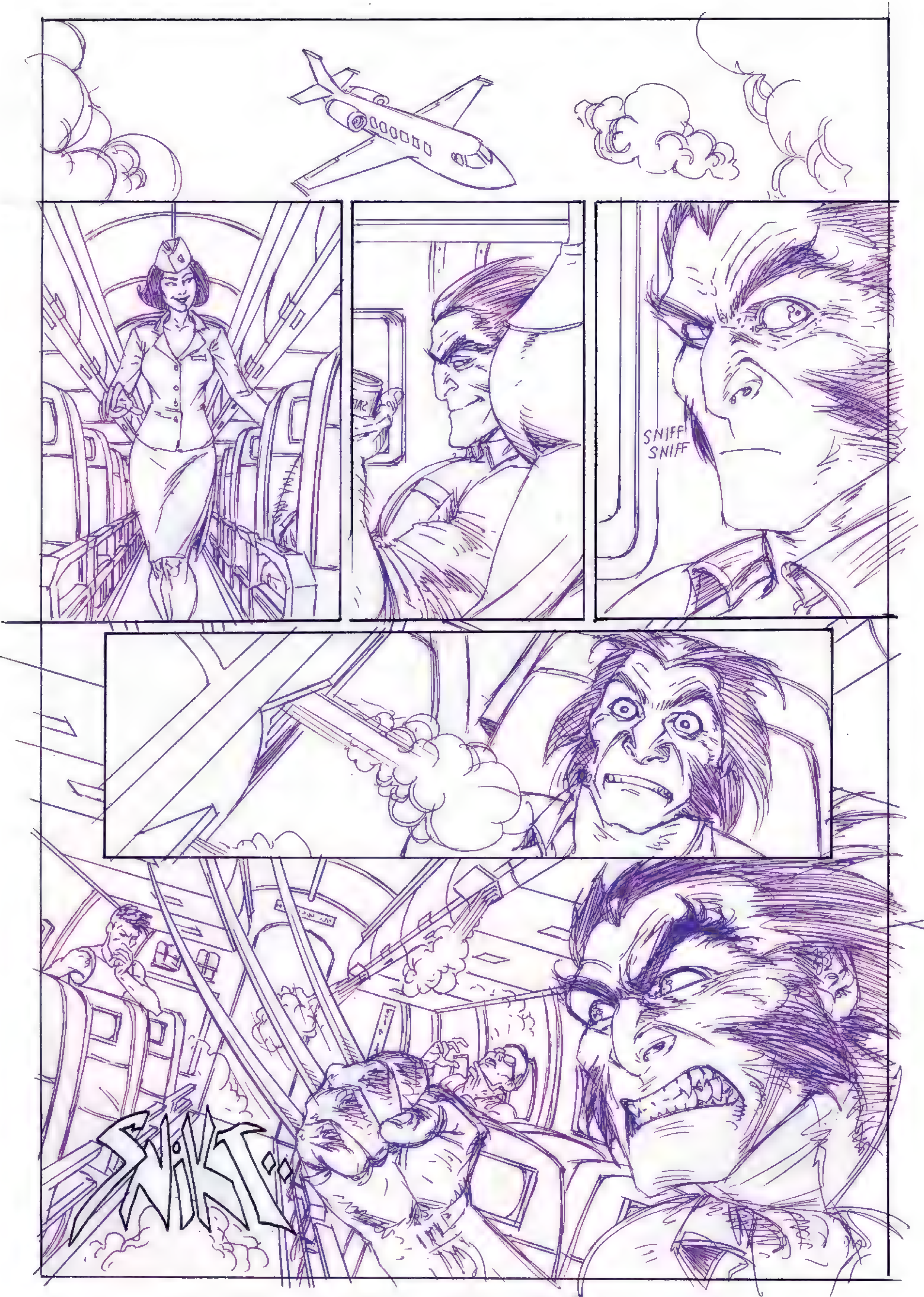
The Black Cat is usually very busty. I wanted to downplay her bust-line and concentrate more on her slinky figure. One of my key inspirations was Julie Newmar's Catwoman. Her bosom was downplayed but she was still sexy as all hell.



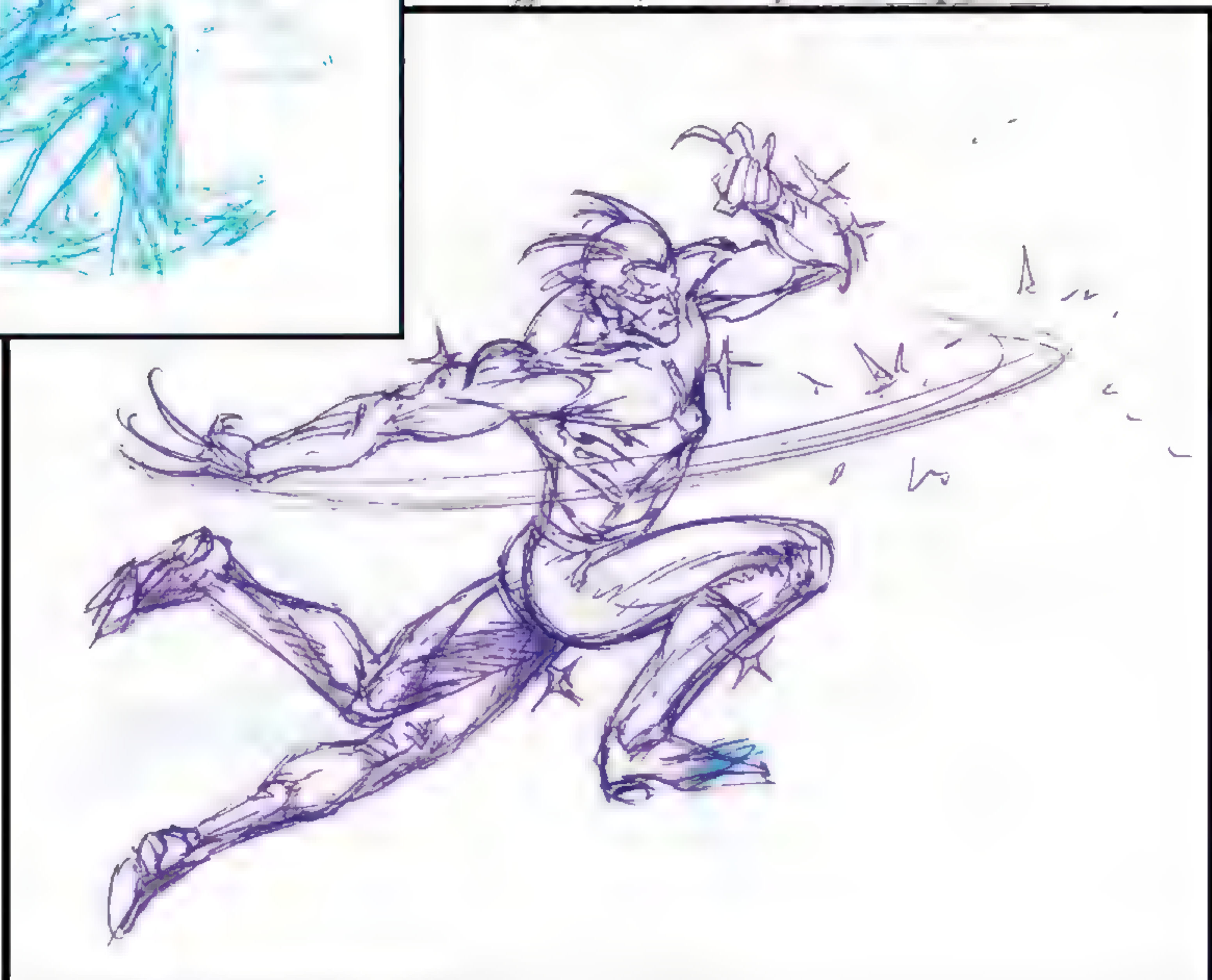
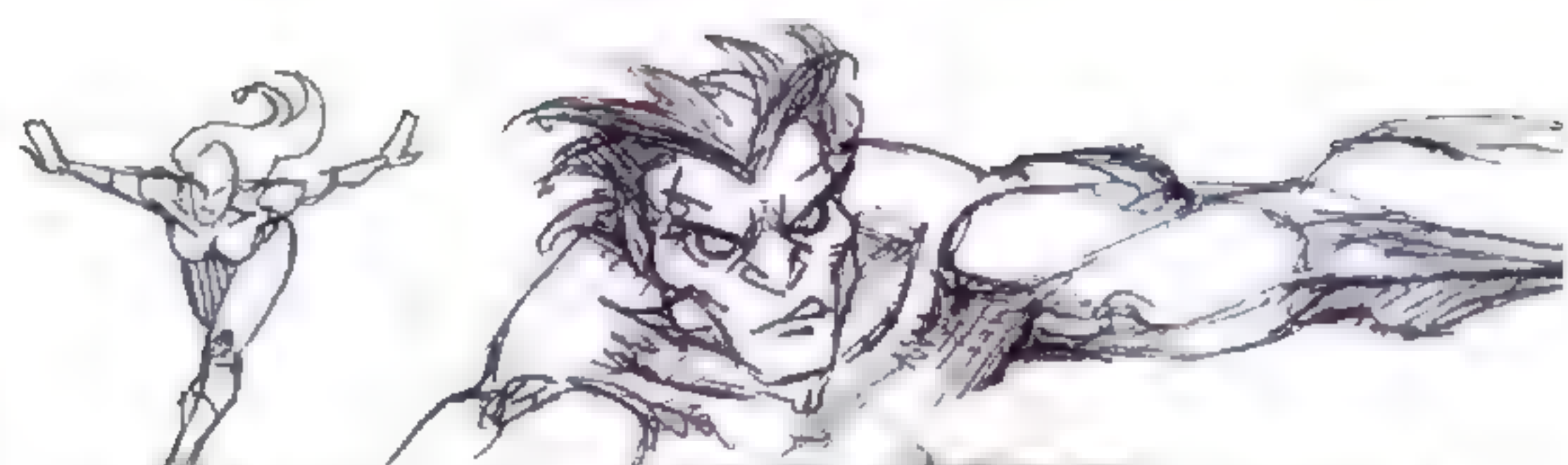
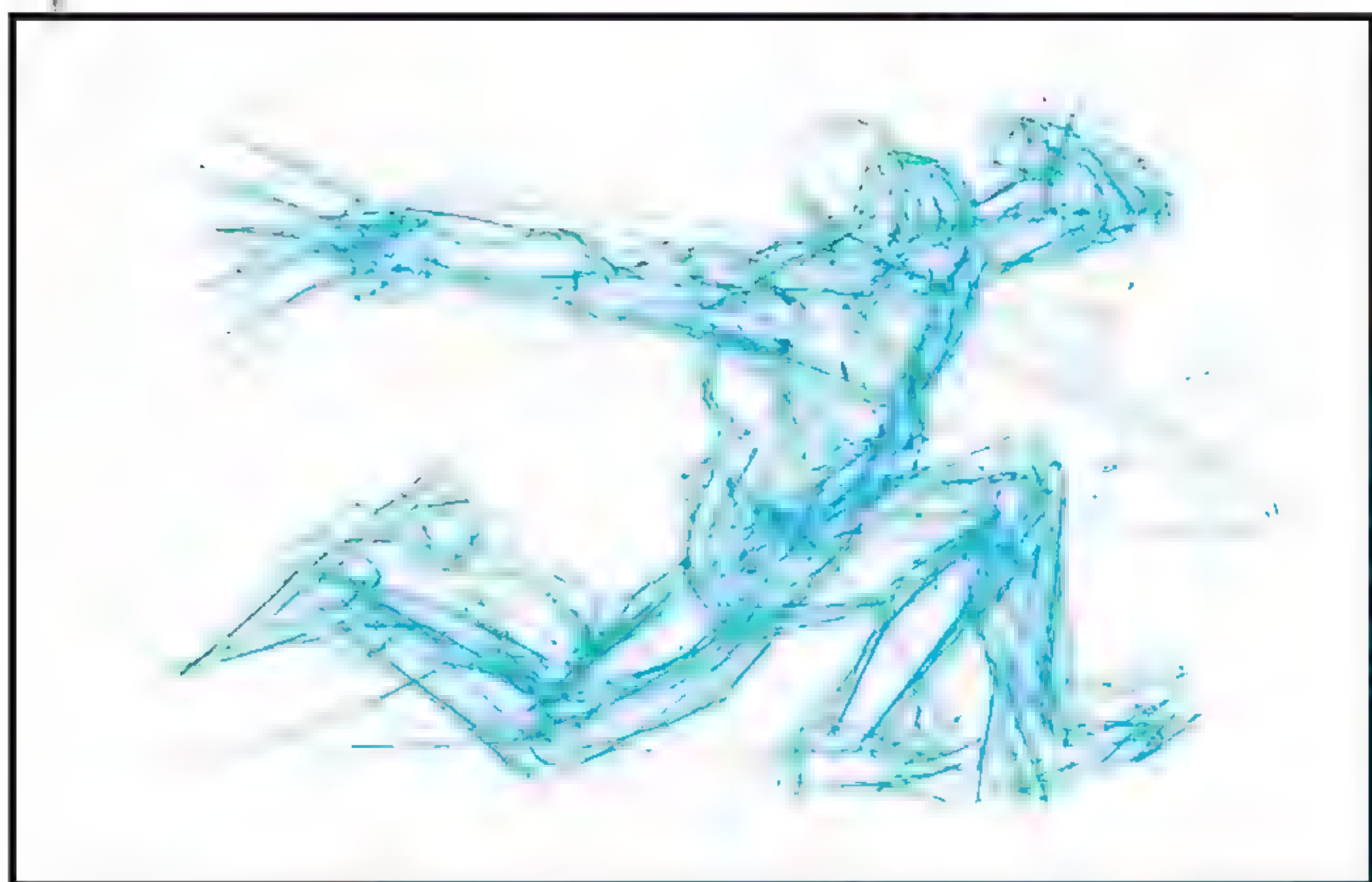
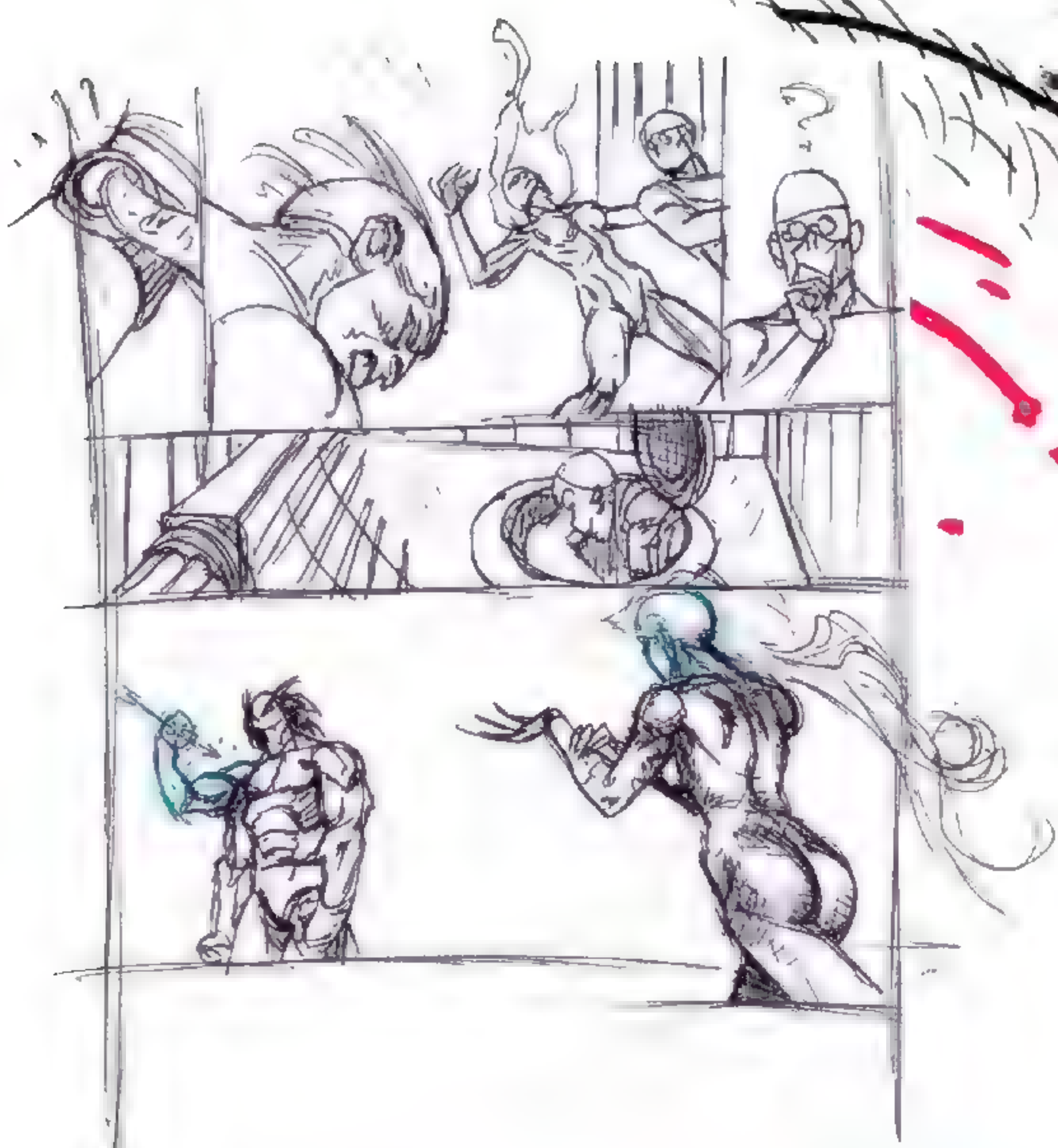


LINSNER
. 2 0 0 6 .

Between the ears and the green cat eyes, I wanted her to look more catlike. If you look at her present outfit, as she's pictured most often, you could call her the White Weasel and not have to change anything.



A moment I always dreamed of — my first professional “SNIKT —”





LINSNER.
2000.

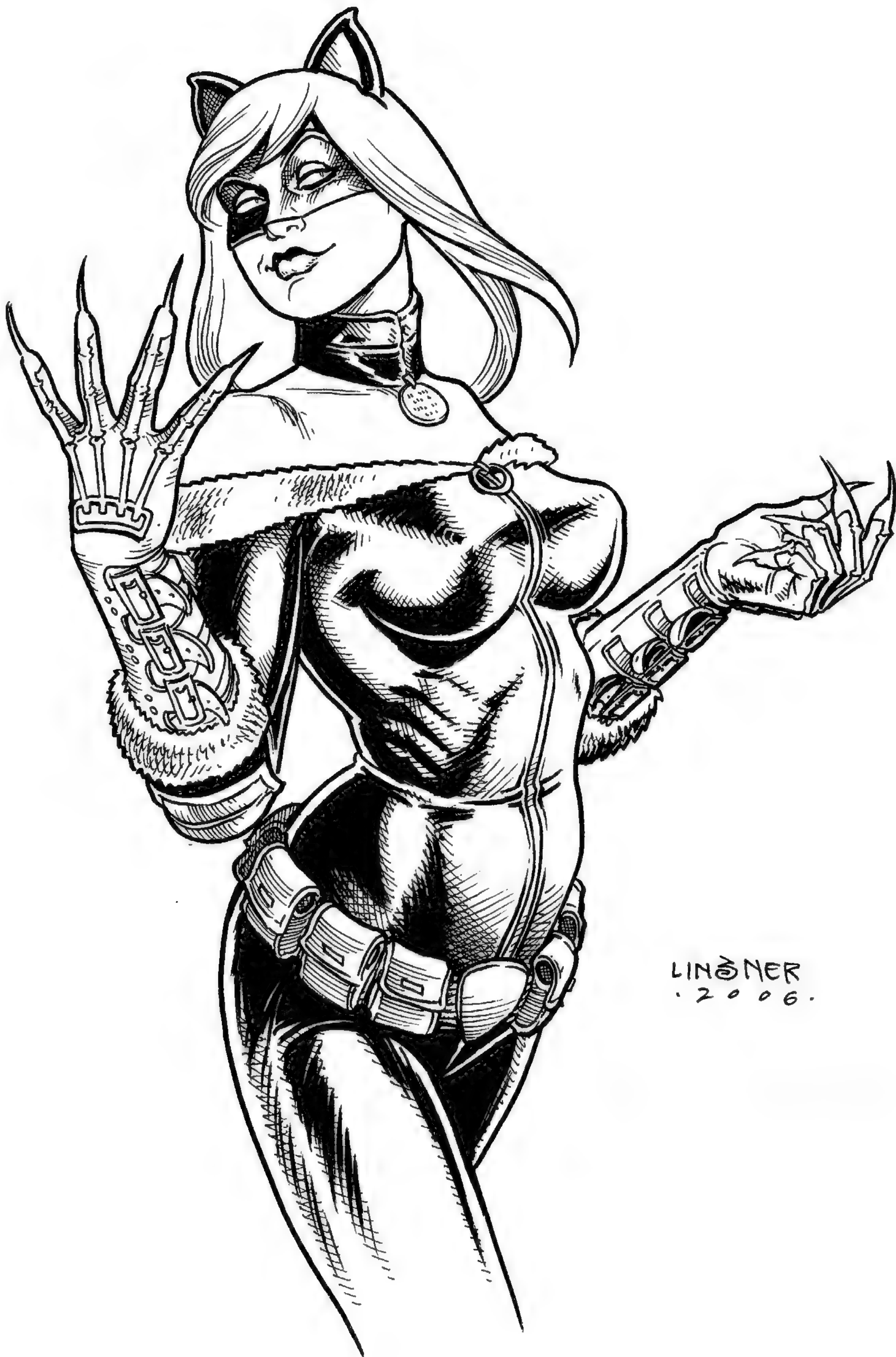


It was really cool getting to draw Spidey for a few pages. I'd love to do more with him someday. Mary Jane, too!

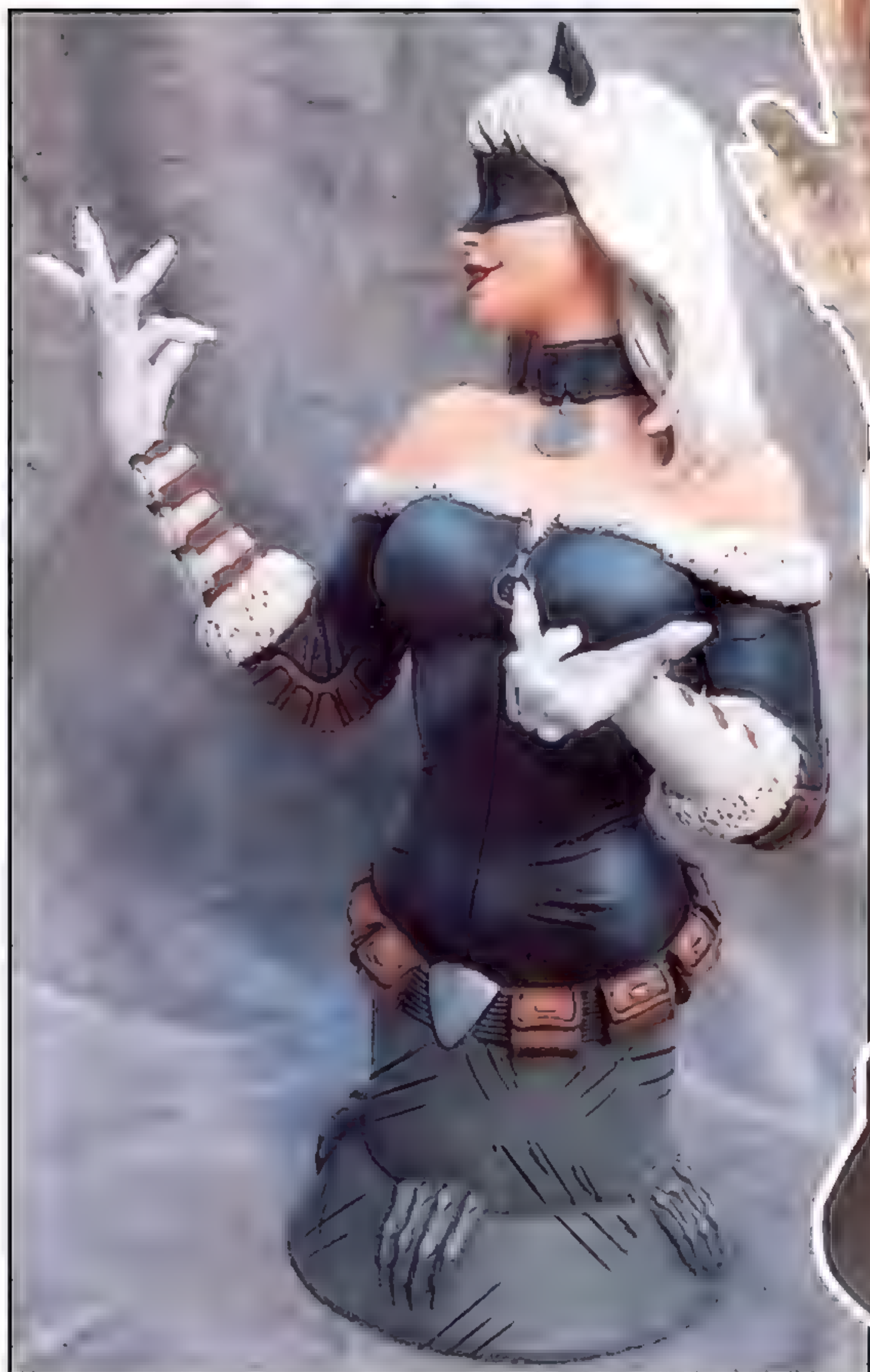
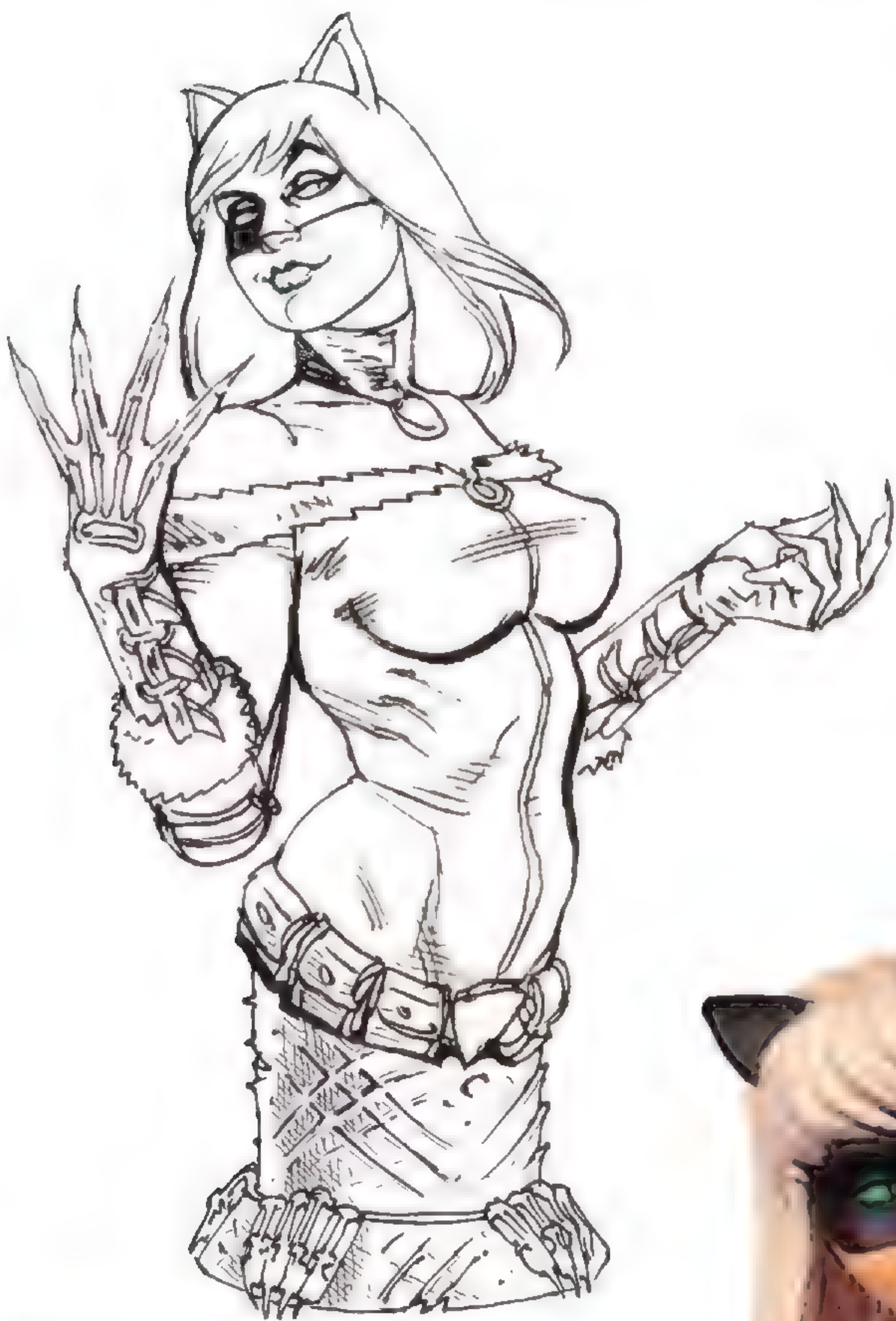


THE
SPIDER-MAN -





Diamond Select produced this very snappy bust based on my designs.



PAGE 9

PANEL 1

Bleeding from flesh wounds Black Cat is coming at us out of the water and looking pissed off. The red dust is completely washed off. This is a sexy wet black cat shot that should take up a decent amount of the page.

PANEL 2

The hunter that shot at her emerges from the woods in a Kevlar suit with a HUGE knife in his hands.

HUNTER

How many ways can you skin a cat?

PANEL 3

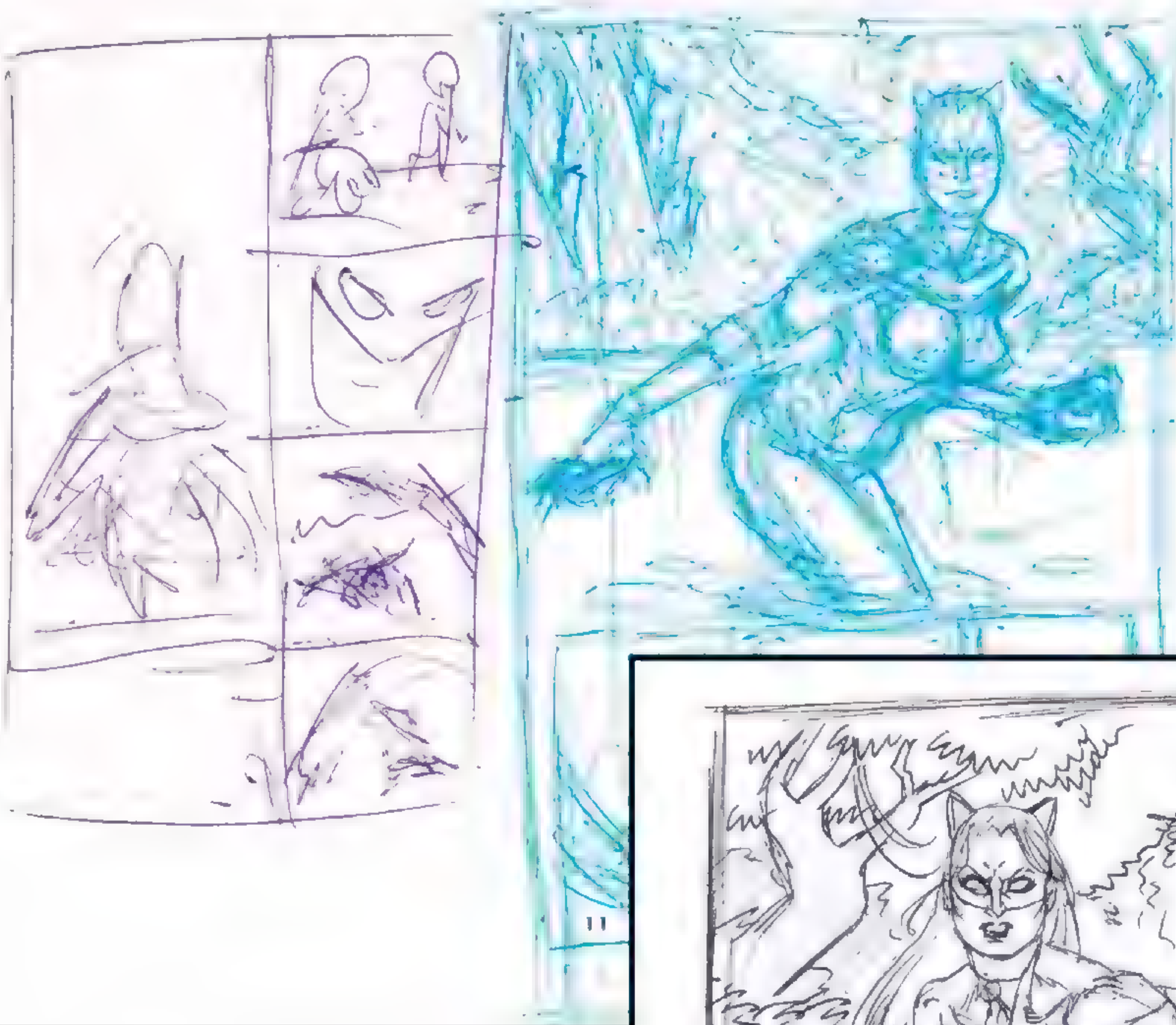
The hunter leaps at Black Cat with his knife.

BLACK CAT

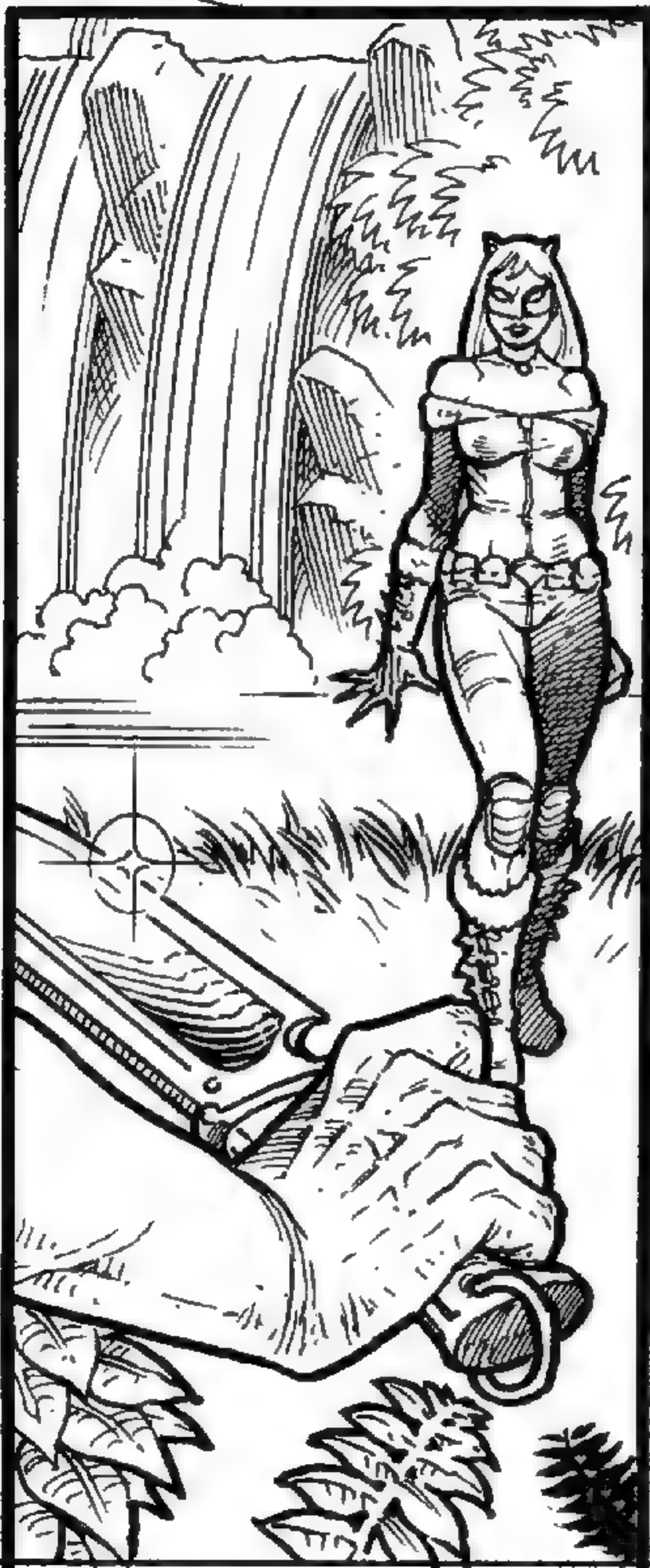
How dreadfully clever, and here I thought Spider-Man had the rights to all the lame cat jokes.

PANEL 4

Black Cat flips backward using the bottom of her feet to catch the hunter in the chest and propel him through the air and into the water.

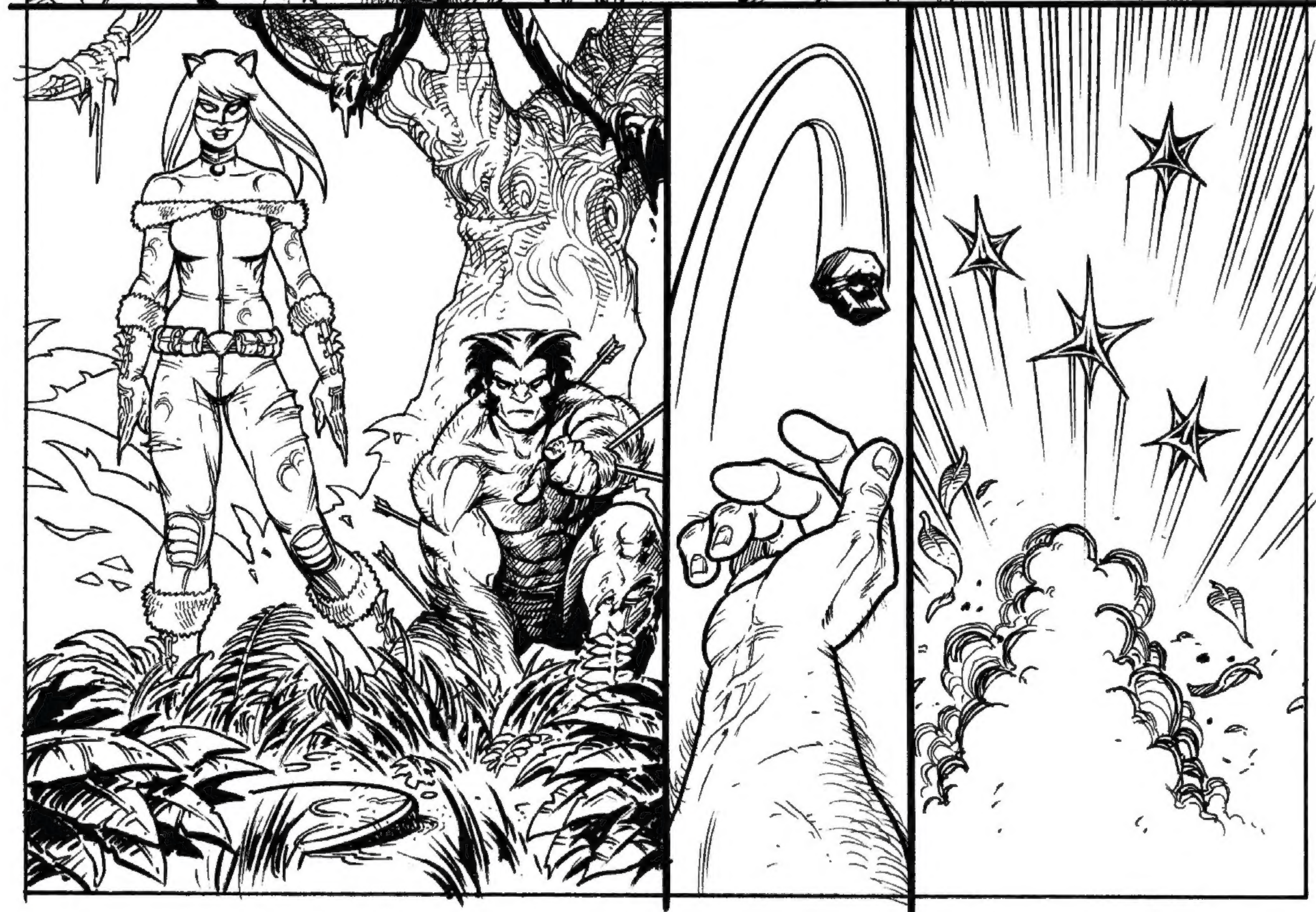


A lot of my initial breakdowns were done on both sides of the actual script. Often I had to scan in these 2-inch-tall drawings, blow them up and then lightbox them onto the actual finished art.





To me, there are two different types of mutants. Ones who can blend in with society (like Jean Grey), and those who look like freaks and will never fit in (Nightcrawler). Perpetual outsiders. Logan kinda straddles that fence, with a strong accent on the freakish. He will never fit in.



I would like to thank everyone who worked on this book for going the extra mile. CLAWS had a great team — we'll have to do it again someday.

Thanx for reading —

Joe Linsner
December 2006



SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!

Shanghaied and transported to a remote desert island, Wolverine and the Black Cat find themselves at the center of a deadly game. A team of filthy-rich hunters have slapped down some serious cash for the opportunity to hunt the most dangerous prey on the planet, and they've got the high-tech weapons to do just that. Like it or not, the key to Logan and Felicia's survival just might be their ability to cooperate long enough to evade their hunters and uncover the identity of the deadly ringmaster.

Collecting *Claws* #1-3, plus behind-the-scenes bonus material.



MARVEL

PARENTAL ADVISORY

